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VIENNA

AND THE VIENNESE

BY

MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE

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VIENNA AND THE VIENNESE.

CHAPTER I.

The Arrival—Formalities of Fifty Years Ago—Destruction of the Fortifications—Modern Improvements—The Old Town—Character of the People—Comparatively Small Proportion of Germans—Other Nationalities—A Portrait of the Emperor Joseph II.—The Stephans Platz—The Commissionnaires—The Graben—Photographers' Windows—The Jewish Quarter—Wealth and Influence of the Jews.

In these days there is no more trouble about getting into Vienna than there is about getting into Pekin. You are asked to produce neither papers nor passport, and the secrets of your baggage are respected. The Linien wall has fallen, there are no more gates at which, even as late as the year 1890, you were required to pay the sum of four kreuzers (less than two cents) to a uniformed tax collector for wear and tear on the street paving. Beyond this toll, however, even then you had no further concern with the authorities.

Fifty years ago all this was very different. At that time—about the middle of the nineteenth century—

one would have supposed the Austrian capital to be situated in the kingdom of the elect, so difficult was it of access. Permission to enter could be obtained only as a special act of grace, and must be accompanied by letters of introduction to saints in good standing. Besides this, some "well-known personage" had to be found willing to answer for one throughout the term of his sojourn, a precaution that did not at all deter the police from dogging the stranger's footsteps, keeping a strict watch upon all intercourse he might hold with the citizens, and tampering with his mail.

One had, to be sure, the satisfaction of knowing that all the foreign ambassadors were subjected to a supervision if anything more severe and irritating. On one occasion a certain English ambassador, who was something of a wag, aware that all his letters passed through the *cabinet noir*, conceived the idea of making a very slight alteration in his seal. The change passed unobserved, and his letters continued to reach their destination bearing the old seal. Encountering M. de Metternich at a reception one day, he said to him carelessly, "Oh, by the way, Prince, you might mention to your people that we have altered our seal at the Embassy; they seem not to have noticed it." "Dunces!" muttered the Prince, between his teeth, and marched off without another word.

The day finally came, however, when Francis Joseph gave his people a constitution, and Vienna, throwing off the fetters of the middle ages, suddenly emerged

into the wide freedom of modern times. The transition was sudden, and it took the ancient monarchy a long time to recover from the shock. Fancy a ship, constructed solely to ride at anchor in a protected harbor, suddenly finding herself in mid-ocean, assailed by winds from all four quarters at once. Yet such was very much the position in which Austria was placed almost without preparation.

These political changes were promptly taken advantage of by the city of Vienna to improve her material condition. The fortifications that for so long had imprisoned her were overthrown; on the sites but lately occupied by frowning battlements or yawning moats, extensive boulevards appeared. Charming gardens were laid out; and magnificent buildings, reached by flights of marble stairs, their façades glittering with frescoes and gilding, arose as if by magic; for in Vienna everything, modern as well as ancient, is on a grand and imposing scale. No capital in Europe, indeed, has undergone such startling architectural changes in so short a space of time. In 1858 this city, which has occupied the same site since the beginning of the Christian era, was still inclosed by walls and moats, and confined within the same restricted area that had been deemed only sufficient for its needs in the thirteenth century. Suburbs had, of course, grown up in the course of the centuries, but these were separated from the city proper by fields and meadows. Within the walls the overcrowding was

very great. But small space could be spared for highways, and the narrow streets and tortuous lanes, twisting in and out among the lofty, fortress-like palaces of the nobles, were plunged in perpetual shadow.

It was very picturesque, this mediæval town, preserved almost intact to our own day, but it was also very uncomfortable. The Glacis-Gruende, as the system of ramparts and moats was called, was, to be sure, provided at intervals with stone gateways and bridges leading to the open, sun-lit fields beyond; but the populace preferred, for the most part, to repair for air and exercise to the summits of the wide walls themselves, which thus became a popular resort, serving in lieu of the public gardens, which the restricted area of the town was unable to afford.

The fortifications which served this peaceful purpose probably followed the line traced out by Otakar, King of Bohemia, who fortified Vienna in 1275, in anticipation of an attack by Rudolph, the founder of the House of Habsburg. As time went on and the outer defences, or Linien wall and Graben, were constructed, it might have been supposed that those ancient walls had fulfilled their destiny, and had no further work to do beyond that of quietly crumbling into oblivion; but such was not the case; they had still a conspicuous mission to perform.

"Architecturally," says one observer, writing in the year 1884,[1] "Vienna has had a great opportunity, and

[1] Letter to *The Nation*.

has made the most of it. This opportunity lay in finding space[1] for grand buildings just where it was most desirable for them to stand, and that, after the city had become large enough to need them. It was then discovered that the greatest curse of Vienna might be turned into its greatest blessing. The high wall was tumbled down into the deep ditch, and thus a fair foundation was laid for the edifices demanded exactly on that inner ring, by the State, the city, and all industrial interests. The belt thus opportunely discovered was two miles long and about fifteen hundred feet wide. It was a relief to the inner town, so long laced in too tightly for breathing, and to the suburbs, so long vainly pressing toward the metropolitan centre. Ample room and verge enough being thus vouchsafed, such an array of majestic buildings, as I nowhere remember in a consecutive series, straightway began to rise each side of a Ring street one hundred and fifty feet wide—wider than the Parisian boulevards or any other street of equal extent. . . . No sooner had the ramparts fallen, and the value of the land thus thrown open become apparent, than the title to that inheritance began to be disputed. It was too rich a windfall not to be claimed by more than one heir. The State, the city, and the Imperial family, each said it was all their own; but the contending parties compromised, and each thus secured not only standing-room for the

[1] The ground formerly occupied by the Glacis-Gruende, leveled in accordance with a decree of the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1858.

structures it needed, but a residue of land the sale of which to private parties materially helped to erect them. This new Vienna has breathed a new spirit alike into the city proper and the outlying suburbs; everywhere are improvements that would never have been thought of but for the example of Ring Street. The changes are so great that an officer told me to-day that, coming home from ten years of garrison duty, he was at a loss to find the house he was born in. In forty-two years the population has doubled."

The "Ville" or city—the old and business part of Vienna—is like a dark island, well nigh engulfed in the white sea of the new suburbs. There is found the core and centre of mercantile, political and social life. The pick of the "modern improver" has spared, to a certain extent, those winding streets and tiny squares, crowded with ancient landmarks, and still instinct with the life and spirit of the old monarchy. There, hidden away in the labyrinth of dark, picturesque streets, that turn and twist and cross and re-cross one another, may still be found towering, six-storied houses, with enormous arched doorways, flanked by massive caryatides. These transport one in spirit back two or three hundred years; their carved and ornamented tourelles, rising skyward like a forest of stone, soften the grim angles and lend the look of castles to these ancient walls, behind which feudal power and personal might were once so strongly entrenched.

In order, however, to enjoy to the full these architectural beauties, one should make a tour of the city upon some fine moonlit night. Thread the captivating maze of those ancient streets, all of which appear to be playing at hide-and-seek, or flying hither and thither in a mad effort to escape from the wind; note the romantic beauty of the scene, the exquisite effects and unexpected revelations that meet one at every turn. One-half of the town is plunged in a sea of black shadow; the other is bathed in floods of light, limpid and silvery as the dawn, and under the influence of these alternate reflections of agate and opal the bearded faces of the caryatides seem to work with the contortions and grimaces of living creatures. One would say that those great naked bodies of fauns and satyrs were struggling to throw off their cases of masonry, and to join the nymphs who, like themselves but half free, can be seen starting out, with breasts thrown forward and writhing hips, from their stone prisons, like the nymphs of the old-time oaks of fable.

In the brilliant light of the winter moon the polished tiles of the Cathedral shine like the scales of a monster fish. On the Salzgries, in the neighborhood of the Danube Canal, a group of soldiers gaze dreamily up at the stars, as they smoke their pipes beneath the archway of a huge barrack. From thence some flights of stairs bring one out opposite the façade of the Church of Maria Stiegen, with its Gothic clock-tower and sculptured porch. The moon's

reflections cast a shining mantle over those old stone saints, forever praying for the living and for the dead. Utterly alone in the deserted streets, which wind about like silver ribbons, a sensation of dreamy melancholy gradually steals over the senses, and one lingers to gaze in silence over the city, sleeping beneath its silvery canopy, as though surrounded by the stillness and icy lifelessness of a cemetery.

In Vienna one is confronted at every step with ancient institutions and ancient buildings, as well as with evidences of the solid foundations of that Habsburg dynasty that has endured for over six centuries. The handsome shops, the procession of magnificent equipages, the animation and gaiety of the streets—everything bears witness to the presence of a truly Imperial Court and of an aristocracy at once wealthy and distinguished, and which alone, perhaps, of all the societies of Europe has succeeded in preserving some of the characteristics of the age of chivalry. Vienna is a rallying point for races and for trade, and serves as the common meeting-place of all Germany and the countries of the East. Life is simply charming among this frank, cordial people, who are never out of humor. Joseph Richter doubts "if they have a better time in Paradise; true, it frequently happens that when Monday comes there is nothing to eat; but what does that signify, provided one has enjoyed himself on Sunday?" It is indeed the land of "blue Mondays" and "green Thursdays."

Immediately on arriving one begins to feel at home; it is like falling in with friends of the good old time, who still know how to laugh, drink, talk and sing. Everywhere throughout the whole town you inhale the atmosphere, as it were, of a familiar house; and everything is so paternal, so engaging, so open and friendly, that only a heart of bronze could fail to love the place.

"If you cannot spend your life in Paris, then by all means spend it in Vienna," wrote Patin, an eminent Parisian doctor, in 1673. With its pleasant, simple customs and easy-going ways, its love of pleasure and its friendly attitude towards foreigners, Vienna is the Japan of Germany. And, like Paris, Vienna should be visited in the winter time; it is never more itself than when enveloped in its furs and mantles. In summer the notabilities go off to their country places, and the middle classes scatter about among the neighboring resorts — Baden, Döbling, Weidling, or farther afield to Ischl, Gmunden, Aussee, and so forth, and the town is deserted. But from the first of October to the first of April the theatres are crowded, the violins set all Vienna in motion, and the whole place is under the spell of Strauss's fiddle-bow.

It is asserted by German writers that Vienna is not a German city. "Overrun for centuries by Slavs, Magyars and Italians," they say, "Vienna has not a single drop of pure German blood left in her. Here, as at Prague, there is a Bohemian theatre; you will

find Italian opera, Hungarian and French singers, and Polish clubs. In a crowded omnibus it sometimes happens that one cannot exchange a single word with any fellow-passenger, no one understanding German. In some of the cafés, Hungarian, Zech, Slavonic, Polish and Italian newspapers are found, and but one in German. If one has been but a short time in Vienna, he may himself still be a German of pure stock, but his wife will be Galician or Polish, his cook Bohemian, his children's nurse Dalmatian, his man a Servian, his coachman a Slav, his barber a Magyar, and his son's tutor a Frenchman. A majority of the Administration's employees are Zechs, and the Hungarians have most influence in the affairs of the government. No, Vienna is *not* a German city!"

A recent estimate of the relative proportion of the German and other nationalities in Austria gives ten and a half millions, out of a total population of about forty-two millions, as German. "Of the remainder, seven and a half millions are Magyars, two and three-quarters Roumanians, half a million Italians, and twenty and a half millions are Slavs—Poles, Czechs, Serbs, Slovens, Slovaks, Croats, Ruthenians, Dalmatians, Istrians, Bosnians. Of the above total, fourteen and three-quarter million Slavs, eight and a half million Germans, and the five hundred thousand Italians make up the population of Austria; while five million Slavs, two and three-quarter million Roumanians, two million Germans and seven and a

half million Magyars are in Hungary. To these must be added the eight hundred thousand Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who, with those enumerated above, although diversified in dialect as much as, and in religion even more than, the different Latin races of Europe, are nevertheless united by a vague, though widely prevalent faith in a common origin and national destiny." [1]

Observe attentively the passers-by on a Vienna street. Out of a hundred of those whom you meet, twenty perhaps will have German features. Among the women the difference is even more striking; they have the vivacity of the Slavonic races; they are well formed, slender, nervous; their feet are pretty, with well-arched insteps, altogether unlike the Bavarian goose-foot, or the elephant pad of the Prussian. Their hair is superb, and their teeth even and as white as milk; some of them have dull complexions, like the Parisians, but others have skin as clear and fresh as an English woman's, or again the brilliant, dark hue of the Italian. The women of Vienna are, moreover, endowed with a temperament, and it is in this particular, more than in any other, that the contrast is most marked between them and their lymphatic, impassive sisters of Germany, whose lives are passed in the atmosphere of a kitchen garden.

Of the Viennese architecture Mme. de Staël re-

[1] Article by "An Eastern Diplomat," in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1898.

marks that, except for some Gothic buildings recalling mediæval times, there is nothing that reminds one of other parts of Germany. In the inner city one comes across little streets as tortuous, and also as dirty, as the obscure Venetian *calle*, which they resemble. The stone Christs in the courtyards, and the statues of saints that one sees on the stairways, likewise recall Italy; and there was even, until comparatively lately, a portrait of the Emperor Joseph II., depicted as Saint Joseph, surmounting a doorway in the Graben. It is said that one of this Emperor's favorite ministers had bought a house, and, anxious to give public expression to his gratitude for the many favors heaped upon him by his master, could hit upon no more suitable device than to hang a portrait of the Emperor over his doorway. He had, however, reckoned without the police, who promptly reported the matter to the Emperor. The minister was summoned.

"You know perfectly well," said Joseph, "that it is forbidden to employ the Emperor's portrait for a sign."

"But, sire," protested the horrified minister, "this is no sign, unless indeed it be in sign of homage—veneration. I placed you there over my door to represent my protector, my guardian angel, my patron saint—"

"We will, if you please, leave the saints out of the question. I am out of touch with the entire celestial hierarchy."

"I merely meant," continued the minister, "to testify in some public way my gratitude to you."

"The sentiment appeals to me; but I cannot allow people to post me up like that on the fronts of their houses, unless possibly—" added the Emperor, but did not finish his sentence.

"Speak, sire, I implore you—speak," said the minister.

"Well, then, although I must confess that I do not feel the smallest vocation for filling the rôle of such a saintly personage, if you can find an artist who will undertake to change me into a Saint Joseph, I will allow the picture to remain."

Off went the minister, enchanted with his success, and on the following day a skillful brush converted the flowing white wig of Joseph II. into locks of glossy black, the imperial robe became a long tunic, such as was worn by the Jews, and the sceptre blossomed into a *fleur-de-lis*. Finally, to guard against any possible mistake, beneath the picture were inscribed the words, "To Saint Joseph."

There are a number of buildings in Vienna dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the fifteenth century architecture took there a remarkable flight, and the Cathedral of St. Stephan soared far above those of either Strasburg or Cologne; its spires may be seen from the most distant points of the horizon—to remain for all time a common rallying-point for all the peoples and races that go to make up the

monarchy. It is of vital importance that a nation should have a flag; whether it be of silk or of stone is of less moment—it stands for country.

The Stephans Platz is the heart of the city; there is the central station for the various omnibus lines which communicate with nineteen different districts; there are the banking houses, the leading tailors' establishments, the headquarters of the licensed Commissionnaires (*Dienstmänner*)—a service, by the way, of the greatest use. The charge is extremely low, and the employees are obliged to show their tariffs on demand. They are dressed in a distinctive uniform; a metal badge, fastened on the left breast, displays the number, which is repeated on the facing of the coat; and on their red leather caps are small metal badges, on which is engraved the word *Dienstman*.

These men are employed for every sort of work—to bottle wine, clear out pipes, clip dogs, beat carpets, pack trunks; above all, to carry letters and packages. A Viennese lady out on a shopping tour may be seen closely followed by a Commissionnaire, whom she loads like a pack-mule. As a rule the men employed are both reliable and intelligent, and one can confide the most delicate matters to them without risk, and set them to follow up the most obscure scents. There are sixteen hundred Commissionnaires in Vienna alone.

From the Stephans Platz it is but a step to the Graben—the Graben, whose broadside of shops arouses

Interior of Cathedral Church of St. Stephan

every dormant sense of covetousness, appeals to every taste, and can satisfy the caprices of the most fastidious; the Graben, with its *cafés dorés*, provided with red velvet couches, but whose patrons swarm over the sidewalks in summer time, protected by quantities of coquettish little awnings; the Graben, always crowded with promenaders, both men and women—the Boulevard des Italiens of Vienna. There the fashionable world and all strangers assemble in the morning, and again in the evening. During the afternoon every one drives in the Prater or on the Ring Strasse. Here—on the Graben—from ten A.M. to mid-day, and from six to nine P.M., there is a constant coming and going—a rush and palpitation of life, the *demi monde* especially turning out in force.

Among the Graben's chief attractions are the photograph and engraving shops, before whose windows crowds are always collected, workwomen and mechanics elbowing fashionable dames; soldiers, bakers' apprentices and cobblers' boys push in between young diplomats and old bankers, and strangers come to town on business or pleasure. Among all the attractions displayed, the most popular are the photographs of that charming corps, the Viennese actresses, almost as unpretendingly attired as was Eve before the fall, or Venus when she rose from the waves. Nor is it alone the favorites of the stage who here rendezvous, and transfix one's heart with their coquettish glances; all those ladies of the aristocracy, whether married or sin-

gle, whose beauty entitles them to the distinction, compete in this way for public favor; their photographs sell at the same rates as those of the comediennes and ballet dancers. No one seems to see any impropriety in this custom, and the photographers reap the benefit.

Sixty or seventy years ago, however, this was not the case, for an English traveler of that day regrets that "it is not possible here, as with us, to enter a print shop and obtain an excellent portrait of any lady of distinction, whose countenance has particularly captivated your fancy. . . . I confess I regret that I cannot carry away with me a select portfolio of female heads."

In a place like Vienna, where lounging is such an interesting and agreeable occupation, how one comes to regret the universal sameness in manners and customs that is rapidly killing out the last vestiges of individuality in even the most remote countries. One never meets now on the Graben a Hungarian wearing his boots, his embroidered dolman, his plait of hair; a Pole, with his circular-cut hair and short redingote; a Wallachian, with his braided breeches; a Serbian, with his little jacket and a dagger thrust in his belt. Only the Turks and the Galician Jews still wear their national dress. If, however, on leaving the Graben, you will cross the Hoher-Markt into the Jews' street, you will think that you have strayed into a Carpathian village. In Vienna these picturesque ethnographic surprises still occasionally break the universal common-

place sameness of modern life. The morning is the time to visit the *Judengasse*, for it is between the hours of nine and eleven that those old houses, dark and sinister as the dens of wild beasts, pour forth their streams of unwashed, uncombed inhabitants, clad in long, black, greasy surtouts and high hats. They have pointed beards and pale blue eyes, their large flat ears are half hidden beneath long side locks which fall from either temple and frame their thin, pallid faces. Forming in compact groups, all these old clothes dealers begin to ply their trade, selling and reselling, bargaining, beating down, counting, speculating, with many gesticulations and much jabbering of Israelitish patois and shaking off of fleas. There are those whose flexible fingers grasp ear-rings, watch-chains, strings of coral; one might easily mistake them for raiders of the fifteenth century, just back from the pillage of a castle. Here one holds out a pair of old shoes, torn and down at the heels, while he clasps to his bosom a battered clock or a worn-out coffee-mill; another has flung a pair of convict's breeches across his shoulders, stained, frayed, worn—a mere heart-rending bunch of rags—while from the gaping pocket of his foxy surtout the head of a Dresden shepherdess or court beauty peeps mournfully out, as though from a prison window.

Yonder a small, yellow-haired Jew displays, with an air of triumph, a pair of the daintiest Turkish slippers imaginable, each one a solid mass of pearls

and spangles and embroidery. He shakes them mischievously under the very noses of his elders, who smile indulgently in their long beards. What fairy or goddess once encased her pretty feet in these charming slippers, which, with their foundation of blue velvet, suggest the sabots of the Virgin? From whence did they come? What journey, or rather what shipwreck, could it have been that ended in casting them into the dirty paws of this Jew broker? What a pretty tale might be written under the title, "Travels and Confessions of a Pair of Slippers!"

This street of the Jews has preserved much of the forbidding aspect of a ghetto of bygone days; it is dark, dirty, gloomy. The houses are leprous colored, and the window-panes are covered with a gray, sticky, ooze-like slime. The shops resemble caves; to enter them, you must push your way through garlands of old shoes, mangy furs, tattered silk dresses, all sorts of filthy rags, mixed indiscriminately with perfectly new liveries, long cloaks of the kind worn by priests, and military uniforms. These strange shops are the sewers into which filter all the various forms of wretchedness of a great city; they are the burial-ground of all luxuries, receptacles of crime and of virtue—the final end of vanity. And yet, even here, there sometimes appears in the half light of a doorway the radiant face of a young girl, a dark-skinned Rebecca, with the dazzling teeth and great aquamarine colored eyes of the Orient.

At certain hours of the afternoon the whole neighborhood is as dead as though placed under an everlasting curse; no sound of labor, no more cheerful bustle of trade—all those spiders now go about the business of spinning their webs in utter silence. Even the children have ceased their games and deserted the street; only here and there one sees some poor, pale, little creature, coughing painfully and showing the effects of the damp, unhealthy atmosphere.

The interiors of the houses are unspeakably squalid. As one ascends the stair the rickety banister sticks to one's fingers, and the walls on either side ooze. Entering a small, dark room, the ceiling is covered with soot, the furniture is crowded close together. On a crooked chest of drawers are ranged some old cups, and on a shelf near by a few pewter vessels. Behind the porcelain stove sits an old man, glassy-eyed, doubled up, muttering to himself. Hearing a strange voice, he painfully raises his head and blinks.

"Ah," he says, "it is you, Rebb-Katz. I am glad —very glad, indeed. . . . Think of it! Yerouchoulam has been rebuilt in spite of all the prophecies of the *gois* (Christians). We are to start to-morrow, are we not, Rebb? The face of the whole world is going to be different now; those who had no country are to find one again at last. As for me, Rebb, I want to live near Solomon's Temple. . . . Ah, in a fine new city the Meschiach might well come. . . . What rejoicings, Rebb! We will eat a lamb!"

"Pay no attention to him," whispers his wife. "He is so old that he has become quite childish."

And the quavering voice continues to mutter:

"Oh, Yerouchoulam!"

"Ah, old man," one might reply, "Jerusalem has indeed been rebuilt; but you do not have to cross the seas to find her. The new Jerusalem rises on the shores of the Danube. You are in the promised land of Israel here."

Who have built all those great palaces, which have placed Vienna on a pinnacle above every city in the world? The Jews. Who owns the Austrian press? The Jews. In whose hands are the funds of the monarchy? In those of the Jews.

"Vienna," runs a sentence in the *Guide Humoristeque*, published during the Exposition—"Vienna has 18,398 banking houses, two of which are controlled by Christians."

Among the patrons of the Jewish money-lenders may be found the Polish, Hungarian and Galician nobility. Do you happen to want thirty thousand florins? Nothing is easier; there is no hurry at all about returning the loan, only you will kindly sign notes for the sum of fifty thousand.

In this way was brought about the ruin of a certain prince, who had formerly been so rich that on the occasion of the coronation of Alexander II. he had caused handfuls of gold to be scattered on the streets. They seized everything, even his gala dress, the

diamond buttons of which were afterwards sold in London.

The Vienna Bourse is quite as beautiful as Solomon's Temple. The Leopoldstadt is inhabited by forty thousand Jews. Half of the total number of scholars educated at the Academic Gymnasium are Jews. At the very popular College of the Benedictine Fathers, where, some thirty years ago, not a single Jew was to be found, they now number a large proportion of the students. At the School of Commerce more than half the scholars are Jews; and in other schools it is the same story, many Jews from the provinces being sent to Vienna to be educated. The majority of both doctors and lawyers are Jews, and there is no profession that does not number them among its members. There are, in short, more Jews in Austria than in any other country of Europe, Russia alone excepted. In the large cities, such as Vienna, Budapest and Prague, they assimilate with the mass of the population, and are only distinguished by their religion; but in the small towns and country districts, especially in Hungary and Galicia, they preserve their national dress and language—a sort of German jargon—and publish books and newspapers in Hebrew.

The Jewish family is often more moral than the Christian. With them the primitive law of parental authority and filial obedience has been preserved intact, and for the most part they present the simple

and impressive picture of the patriarchal home-life of the Bible.

The emancipation of the Jew was not fully consummated until the year 1856. In 1849 no Jew was allowed to spend a night in Vienna without a police permit, which, moreover, he was obliged to renew every fifteen days. In 1425 a rumor was circulated in Vienna that a certain old Jew, named Israel, had obtained possession of a consecrated wafer, which he had made use of in a sacrilegious performance, gotten up to parody the office of the Mass.[1] The excitement caused by this tale was so intense that the Emperor Albert II. proceeded to shut up all the Jews in the country. Some of the unfortunates submitted to baptism, in order to save their lives; others hung themselves, or opened a vein, while in their cells. On the 12th of March a hundred of them were burned, and hardly were the flames extinguished when the poorer University students began to grope among the ashes for any gold pieces which the wretched creatures might have concealed about their persons. All their property was confiscated.

"How the times have changed!" observed a Viennese, one day, after furnishing these details. "Now it is the Jews who confiscate our belongings!"

[1] This is the same story that has been circulated in all countries and in all ages as a preliminary to a Jewish persecution. It is probably always unfounded.

CHAPTER II.

The Hoher-Markt—Christmas Eve—Vindobona—The Hof—Civic Arsenal—Pius VI. in Vienna—The Emperor Joseph's Reforms—Revolution of 1848—Murder of Count Latour—The Wipplinger Strasse—Old Rathhaus—Church of Maria Stiegen.

The Hoher-Markt, or Upper Market, from which the Jews' quarter is entered, is an open square, filled with stalls. An effort was made in Vienna, as in Berlin, to erect a central market, but without success. The retail dealers go every morning to the market-houses, near the Wien, to lay in supplies for the day, carrying their purchases away in little carts drawn by dogs.

In the Hoher-Markt are to be found a complete assortment of vegetables, fruits, fish, game and pig's-meat, though the choice of vegetables is naturally somewhat restricted in a city where cauliflowers are sold on the Graben, side by side with lemons and oranges. Pears and apples, on the contrary, are to be had in great abundance; they are brought down from upper Austria on rafts, heaped up in great pyramids. Game also is very cheap; it is not at all unusual for as many as ten thousand hares and three or four hundred pheasants to be killed in a single hunt. The

Bohemian pheasant, in particular, is very highly esteemed. Napoleon III. used to have five hundred of them sent to Paris every year for his Tuileries dinners.

In the Viennese markets are to be found the usual supply of viragos, whose flow of invective is the wonder and envy of all the less highly gifted. Joseph II. one day overturned a basket of eggs belonging to one of them, for the pure pleasure of hearing her expend her rich vocabulary.

The time to visit the Hoher-Markt, however, is Christmas Eve. A forest has suddenly grown up there in a single night—a forest as marvelous as that of a fairy-tale, illustrated by Doré. Ribbons of colored paper entwine the fir trees like a tropical bindweed—blue, red, yellow, violet. It looks as though a magician had waved his hand over a rainbow and turned it into myriads of serpents. Gilded nuts sparkle among the branches, like star-fruit on trees of Paradise. At night, when the whole square is lit up, the effect is still more fantastic. The ground, covered with snow, and the wooden booths arranged like streets underneath the dark fir trees, give the place the character of a scene in the Black Forest. The crowd presses close to the gaily-decked booths, lit up like so many altars, and loaded with gilded drums, rocking horses, rabbits that squeak when you punch them in the stomach (an effect not confined to toy rabbits), dolls decked out in furbelows, parrots in cages, Noah's arks, wooden swords, and all those thousand-and-one varieties of

The Hoher Markt

toys that the approach of Christmas casts up like a rising tide on the thresholds of the shops.

In proportion as the crowd increases, the forest grows less; long files of Commissionnaires shoulder the fir trees and disappear into the surrounding darkness, like the giants of northern fables, until at last the whole wonderful scene has melted away like a dream.

A Latin inscription on the façade of Baron Sina's palace, on the corner of the Marcus Aurelius Strasse, states that it occupies the site of the Roman Prætorium, and that the Markt Platz was the Forum of the Roman city of Vindobona, where, as every one knows, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius died. The Platz is ornamented with a horrible monument, in the most rococo style, loaded with ornament, turned and twisted like a madrigal done in stone; it is dedicated to the Virgin, but the Cupid-like cherubs who frolic and turn somersaults in the marble clouds, are more suggestive of a confectioner's decorations for a wedding breakfast than of anything to do with the Queen of Heaven. Not far away is the Hof, one of the largest and finest squares of the city. In the centre rises another ugly column, shaped like a cup and ball, a copy of those in the Hoher-Markt and Graben. The building which rises on the left, massive and solid as a fortress, is the Civic Arsenal, owned by the city. The valuable collection of fifteenth and sixteenth century arms and armor, formerly kept here, has now been moved to the new Rathhaus. Almost directly opposite

the Arsenal, at the other end of the Hof, rises the palace of the Papal Nuncio. From its balcony, which overlooks the square, Pius VI. gave the Papal benediction to the people on the occasion of his fruitless visit to Vienna in 1782.

Joseph II. found himself seriously impeded in his tremendous scheme of reform by the intolerance, wealth and superstition of the Church. He accordingly determined to sweep these away at a blow. Edict followed edict—freedom of the press, freedom of religious belief and worship, freedom of the Austrian Church from all obligation to Rome, save in strictly spiritual matters. These and similar enactments reduced the clergy and the country at large to a state of breathless stupefaction, and a careful report of every measure was sent, by the Emperor's order, to the Vatican. Pope Pius VI. saw his Austrian revenues dwindling and disappearing before his very eyes, while in his ears was the sound of mourning raised by thirty-six thousand inmates of religious houses, which the Emperor had suppressed with a single stroke of the pen. Vigorous remonstrances were presented through the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, and when these had no effect, the Pope, who believed that his Romans had not given him the title of *Il Persuasore* for nothing, determined to himself go to Vienna and wring concessions from its mad Emperor. He would come in person, he said, to reason as a father with his son; and he added that he would lodge with his Nuncio. Joseph replied that he

considered it a mark of the greatest benevolence, on the part of the Pope, to take this long journey solely to see him; that it would not cause him to alter his policy by so much as a hair's-breadth, and that he could not think of permitting him to stay anywhere but in his own Hofburg; and then proceeded to have every entrance but one to the said Hofburg walled up, so that his guest would not be able to hold secret interviews with any one during his stay. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, a brilliant and influential aristocrat, had, in fact, to pay a heavy fine and leave the capital for conducting an "illegal correspondence" with the Pope during this visit.

Pius was greeted throughout his journey from the frontier with the most gratifying exhibitions of veneration and loyalty, but when he was met by the Emperor on the outskirts of the city, the latter, instead of kneeling and kissing the slipper, embraced his Holiness affably as an equal. The visit was entirely fruitless, and its only result was a loss of prestige for the Holy See. Frederick the Great was heard to remark afterwards that he might after all have come to believe in the infallibility of the Pope—"but—but that journey to Vienna!"

On the left of the Hof is the War Office, and directly opposite it stood the lamp-post, which played so conspicuous a part in the horrible drama enacted there on October 6th, 1848. During the night word had been brought to the War Minister, Theodor

Count Baillet Von Latour, that the Richter battalion of Grenadiers, under orders to proceed to Hungary the next morning, had fraternized with the suburban National Guards, and had promised, with the latter's support, and that of the students of the Academic Legion, to refuse to march. Orders were issued looking to the suppression of the threatened revolt, and at an early hour on the morning of the 6th all the Ministers, as well as a number of Generals and other officers of high rank, had assembled in the War Office. News of tumults at the Tabor bridge, and of the death of General Bredy, was quickly followed by reports of risings in other parts of the city. In every direction barricades were being thrown up; some Civic National Guards, who had sought to prevent the mounting by the students of two cannons from the Arsenal, had been forced, after an interchange of shots in which some lives had been lost, into St. Stephen's Church, where the struggle had continued to the very steps of the altar. The crowd in the Hofplatz was increasing every moment, and by three in the afternoon it was deemed prudent to close the main gate, placing the one cannon in the inner courtyard so as to face it, with a guard of some two hundred grenadiers, cannoniers and members of the Civic Cavalry to defend it. Their orders were, in case the gate should be forced, to discharge the cannon and then to hold back the assailants at the points of their bayonets. Had this programme been carried out, the subsequent tragedy might have been

averted; but, unfortunately, at four o'clock, when the fall of the gate was momentarily expected, the War Minister suddenly resolved to throw it open and admit the mob, apparently hoping by this unexpected move to check the fighting, and to win the besiegers' confidence long enough for a parley. The result was most disastrous; the mob poured in; the grenadiers, whose previous orders had been hurriedly changed to a command not to fire, were thrown into confusion and disorder, and in a short time the insurgents, many of them drunk, and all crazy with excitement, had taken possession of all but the upper part of the building, and were actively engaged in destroying or plundering everything they could lay hands on, and searching through all the papers they could find in the hope of discovering proofs of Count Latour's treason. An intercepted correspondence between Jellachich, the Croatian General, and Count Latour had been printed and widely circulated in Hungary. From this it had appeared that the real object of the advance of the Croatian army was to support the Emperor's advisers in resisting the demands of the Diet and the people. Supplies furnished by the Minister of War were acknowledged, and plans for dissolving the Academic Legion, reorganizing the National Guard, and declaring Vienna to be in a state of siege were exposed. It was these revelations, capped by the attempt to remove the German battalion of Grenadiers, always friendly to the Viennese peo-

ple, that aroused the popular resentment against Latour.

The War Minister now dismissed the Generals and other Ministers who had been conferring with him, and they all succeeded in effecting their escape. His own attempt to reach the loft of a neighboring church having failed, he hid in a small, dark room at the top of the building. In the meantime the mob had grown more violent; cries of "Death to Latour!" could be heard rising above the tumult. Some officers of the National Guard, who had accompanied the insurgents, now tried vainly to hold them in check. "You think we are not going to avenge ourselves?" yelled one frantic voice. "How about my father, who has just been killed?" "And my brother?" howled another. "And my mother?" came from still a third. "Death to Latour! Death to the traitor!" shrieked the whole ragged, furious, savage throng.

First Vice-President Smolka, who had been sent from the Diet to protect the War Minister, in order to gain time now circulated a report that the latter was no longer in the building; then, seeing that sooner or later he was sure to be discovered, and that each fresh delay only served to infuriate the crowd still more, Smolka mounted hurriedly to the fourth floor and begged Latour to give out his resignation.

"It is your sole chance, Excellency," he said.

Latour, without answering a word, reached for a

sheet of paper, and wrote the following lines: "I am ready, with his Majesty's approval, to send in my resignation as Minister of War."

"Excellency," urged Smolka, after reading the paper, "you had much better make no allusion to the Emperor. It will only serve to stir up fresh grievances. In your place, I should simply announce my resignation."

"I will not alter a word that I have written," said Latour, coldly.

Whereupon Smolka folded the sheet and went out. "Latour has resigned!" he began to call out, at the top of his voice, as soon as he reached the lower floors, where the insurgents were still immersed in their patriotic work of hacking the furniture to pieces.

"Read the paper aloud!" called out a number of voices, interrupted by cries of "Then he is up there, after all," from a group of tipsy workingmen, who had rolled up their sleeves, as though they were butchers.

Smolka found himself obliged to read the resignation aloud; but hardly had the words "with his Majesty's approval" passed his lips, when his voice was drowned by savage howls.

"Where is he hiding? Where is he? We want to see the Minister. . . . We want to talk to Latour," came from all sides.

"It is out of the question for all of you to come," cried Smolka. "Let twenty of you follow me; but

first you will have to swear that Latour's life is to be spared."

"Very well," said some of the National Guard. "We promise that he shall have a hearing before a council of war."

Smolka thereupon led the way to the upper story, followed by twenty insurgents, who had been detailed from the crowd. On reaching the room where he had left the Minister, however, he found it fastened. Just at this moment the mob poured up by another stair and overflowed into all the corridors of the fourth floor, yelling:

"Make him come out! We want Latour!"

Suddenly a door opened, and the Minister appeared before them.

"Here I am," he said. "You say you wish to take charge of me yourselves, and accordingly I confide myself to your protection."

They at once forced him to descend, amid storms of imprecations. His appearance in the courtyard, where the patriots were drinking and feasting, was the signal for such a savage outburst that he blanched and trembled. It was plain to be seen that the lust of blood had risen to the brains of the crowd and maddened them.

"Oh!" cried a workman, close by, with a loud burst of laughter, "you are scared, are you? Here, this may revive you!" And he spat in his face.

"I have faced bullets many a time without flinch-

ing," Latour was heard to murmur. "Rather a bullet than this!"

"You will have your wish immediately," said the man, raising his gun and taking aim; but as he was drunk he missed fire.

The smell of the powder among those close at hand, and the sudden report of the gun, heard all over the courtyard, was all that was needed to tear away the last vestige of restraint.

"Kill him! kill him!" shouted a number of voices at once.

The men surrounding the prisoner were dispersed with kicks and blows,[1] and a burly blacksmith, heavy-lipped, leaden-eyed, with a brutal expression and powerful muscles, still wearing his leather apron, deliberately raised his hammer and brought it down on the gray head of the unfortunate Minister. Almost at the same moment he was struck with an iron bar, and received thrusts from a sabre, a bayonet and an iron pike—the last was probably the blow that killed him. Latour fell heavily to the ground, bathed in blood, just as the clock of the War Office struck a quarter to four o'clock. The crowd pressed forward, striking and slashing the body, which still gave signs of life. With insensate rage, it was then raised for the people to see, and in response to yells of "Hang

[1] In the subsequent investigation it was shown that some at least of these faithfully tried to protect the prisoner, and themselves received injuries.

him! hang him!" a cord was tied around the neck and the body fastened to the grating of a window. The cord almost immediately broke, and its ghastly burden fell, only to meet with renewed indignities. The clothing was stripped off and torn to shreds, to be distributed as souvenirs, and the naked body, after being dragged by the feet out of the main gateway and across the Platz, was strung up to the iron bar of a lamp-post, and a number of the National Guards fired a volley at it.

As nightfall drew on, the lights were lit and the assassins held high revel in the Platz, eating and drinking, singing and dancing, in the very shadow of the mangled, swinging corpse, some women of the streets even dipping their handkerchiefs in the pool of blood collected beneath it, and carrying them off triumphantly as ensigns.[1] At a late hour, when the Platz was finally deserted, a member of the Legion, who had remained on guard, bought a piece of muslin from a neighboring concierge and covered that hideous Thing which but a few hours before had been called Latour. Some time after midnight two or three of the National Guard of Penzing, in defiance of the remonstrances of one of the Academic Legion, took the body down and carried it to the Military Hospital.

[1] The verdict of the physicians who examined the body and testified before the court states that the War Minister, Count Latour, was tortured to death, thirty-one of the forty-three wounds found on the body having been inflicted while he was still alive.

The investigation by the Imperial Royal court-martial into the murder of Count Latour brought out the fact that it had been deliberately planned, and announced some time before. In the "Aula,"[1] in particular, it had been spoken of openly; one student had declared in a speech that the Diet had condemned the War Minister. Latour himself said on the morning of the murder that he had received warnings from at least twenty different sources. In the confessions of some of those implicated it appeared that a certain sum of money had been promised to every one who should take a hand in the murder. This was to be paid in the Aula; and one of the assassins, Jurkovich by name, a member of the National Guard, was very bitter over the fact that he had failed to receive his pay—thirty guldens—saying that he was sure he deserved the same reward as "the man with the hammer." Ninety-nine persons were arrested and examined by the court, eleven of whom were found guilty and condemned—three to death, and the remainder to terms of imprisonment varying from eight to twenty years.

From the scene of this tragic occurrence a short street, close to the Arsenal, leads to the Wipplinger Strasse, one of the longest and oldest thoroughfares in Vienna. No. 8 is the Old Rathhaus, now abandoned, but worthy of a visit. The interior dates from

[1] Aula—a hall, a court. The general assembling place of the University students of Vienna.

the fifteenth century, and the façade from the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the great council hall are some interesting frescoes and stained glass, and the Gothic courtyard has a fine fountain, ornamented with mythological figures—Perseus and Andromeda.

In the next street, the Salvatorgasse, is the Bohemian Church of Maria Stiegen—Maria am Gestade, or, on the river bank. This church is a veritable jewel in stone, chased and cut, its exquisite open-work dome surmounting a fine fifteenth century heptagonal tower. It has some good old stained glass.

An odd ceremony took place here in the year 1622, when two dwarfs, measuring respectively two and a half and two feet, were married, with every accompaniment of pomp and circumstance. The pair were escorted through the streets by fifty dwarfs, graded according to their height, like the pipes of an organ. After the ceremony there was a grand banquet, given by the city of Vienna, the bridal couple being seated on gilded chairs, covered with velvet and placed beneath a canopy. The celebration concluded with a number of toasts to the Emperor and others, proposed by the diminutive master of ceremonies, who had to be hoisted up on the table for the purpose.

CHAPTER III.

The Telegraph Office — Viennese Portiers — Schottenring — Stock Exchange—The *Krach* of 1873—Ring Theatre Disaster—An Old Man's Curse—Votif Kirche—Attempted Assassination of Emperor Francis Joseph—Franzensring—University—Viennese Latin Quarter — Rathhaus — Historical Museum — Arms and Armor—Marshal Loudon—Andreas Hofer—Mementoes of Belgrade—Hofburg Theatre.

On the left of the Wipplinger Strasse, as one goes towards the Ring Strasse, is the palatial building of the Central Telegraph Office. At the entrance one of those distinctively Viennese portiers may be seen, marching majestically back and forth, and arrayed as though about to take part in a comic opera. Every inch of these magnificent beings is covered with gold lace; they wear cocked hats and carry long staves, surmounted by silver balls. These portiers represent the last vestige of the Spanish habits and customs introduced into Vienna by Charles VI. At that period every noble had a hundred or more persons attached to his establishment—negroes, huntsmen, pages, footmen, a hairdresser, an apothecary, a secretary, and so on—and always one of these resplendent portiers, whose military hat and raised baton were worth in themselves a whole regiment of guards.

The telegraph office is a model establishment. It does not deal with telegraphs alone, but forwards sealed letters destined for any point within the line of the suburbs, delivering them as expeditiously as telegrams by means of a system of pneumatic tubes. The majority of the employees belong to the fair sex, among whom a Countess was at one time numbered—Madame the Countess of Wimpffen, the daughter of the Inspector General of Telegraphs, who, moreover, received a diploma from the Minister of Commerce.

To those conservative persons who persist in thinking that the telegraph has not been a benefit to humanity, and that the world got along just as well without it, the following anecdote is dedicated:

A certain citizen of Munich went to Vienna at the time of the great Exposition, and, overjoyed at finding Bavarian beer so worthily represented, pledged his beloved compatriot so frequently and generously that he could not for the life of him recollect at what "Hôtel Garni" he had put up; and here is where the admirable usefulness of the telegraph comes in. Hastening to the office, he sends the following message to his other half:

"Do tell me where I am stopping in this confounded Vienna. My address for the moment is Brasserie Dreher, at the Exposition."

And the faithful wife at once replies:

"You are staying at No. 12 rue de la Porte-du-Paradis."

The part of the Ring Strasse into which the Wipplinger Strasse leads is called the Schottenring. It is a business street—the Wall Street of Vienna—and its most conspicuous building is the Stock Exchange, standing on the left, about midway between the Franz-Josephsquai and the Franzensring. This stately building was begun in 1872, but was only completed five years later. The main hall, where most of the transactions are carried on, is lined with costly marbles, and divided into three aisles by ranges of red Doric columns. Owing to an annoying reverberation, hangings have been suspended above—a vain effort to deaden the infernal uproar of the *coulissiers*. Each stock-broker has his private office, where he can smoke and receive his friends, and a special room is put aside for the use of the financial reporters of the Vienna press, the Bourse bulletins being written up during the meetings. The Flour Exchange is in the basement, while the afternoon and evening sessions are conducted in and before a neighboring café. The horse-play of the members seems to be of the same character as that carried on in other Exchanges, the *Tippen* differing only in name from the same stale joke in other lands, its humor consisting in knocking off and battering to pieces the high hat of a brother member.

It was in a provisional building close by, whose site is now occupied by a private residence, that the *Krach* (crash) of 1873 occurred.

"The French millions," says Sacher-Masoch, in his *Golden Calf*, "were a *cadeau-grec* for poor Germany; it was that gold which let loose in Berlin, in Vienna and in a hundred other German cities the fever of speculation, and carried one back to the days of Law." The rage for speculation invaded, in fact, all classes of society, and people completely lost their heads. Enormous fortunes were made and lost in a single day, and no scheme was too wild to find enthusiastic supporters ready to risk everything they possessed.

Such an inflated condition of the money market is always accompanied by a glittering show of prosperity, and never was Vienna the scene of wilder or more feverish gaiety than during the months preceding the disaster. When the crash came, it was sudden and overwhelming. In the space of twenty-four hours thirty stock companies failed, and some two hundred brokers became bankrupt. Several of these unfortunate brokers committed suicide on the premises of the Exchange, their bodies lying there unheeded by the frantic crowds, who rushed about calling for vengeance upon the Rothschilds and de Scheys, whom they accused of having precipitated the crisis. Young Baron de Schey, having imprudently shown himself, was nearly killed, and when the tumult subsided, one of his employees was actually picked up in a dying condition. On the following day the building was deserted, save for a squad of police, placed in charge of the premises.

The Stock Exchange

It is noteworthy that the two most sensational disasters which have ever occurred in Vienna should have taken place within ten years of one another, and not two hundred paces apart. The ecclesiastical looking building that stands on the corner of the Hessgasse is the Sühnhaus, erected by the Emperor on the site of the Ring Theatre, burned down on the 9th of December, 1881, with frightful loss of life. Contributions for the families of those who perished in the fire poured in from all parts of the world, especially from the United States, and the rents derived from the apartments in the Sühnhaus are likewise devoted to charity. Every year a memorial Mass is said on the anniversary, in the chapel on the ground floor. A circumstance which few remember links this disaster with the most critical and stormy period in the history of the capital, the revolution of 1848. A visitor writing from Vienna on the evening of December 11th, two days after the fire, relates the following occurrence:

"A curious incident happened to me to-day as I was passing the spot. I saw an old man, with a white beard, constantly trying to break the ranks of the soldiers and police before the theatre. I heard him call out, 'I knew my curse would some day be fufilled.' This he repeated constantly. I followed him through the crowd, and asked him why he said this. He exclaimed, 'Don't you know that this very spot, now a great grave, was the scene where, in 1848, nine revolutionary martyrs were shot? My son, amongst them,

stood where now we stand. On the spot where later the theatre was there was a ditch before the barracks, and earth-walls, called the Glacis, now the Ring Strasse. There I stood, while my son, in the ditch, with eight others, was shot by the soldiers. Many other people were shot. Some time later, during the assault on Vienna, I saw some falling and cursed the spot, and knew I should not die before my curse was fulfilled.' On leaving him I inquired further. I find his story was true. There really was a spot before the barracks where many were shot and hanged, and it was thought by many when the Square and Ring Theatre were first built that the spot was unlucky:"

"This is my hour; it has come, it has come; and at last I can say
Vengeance is mine for the hell, for the horrible hell of that day;
The balance has swung to my hand; I am paid for the travail of years.
This is my hour; I have lived for it, watched for it, sought it with tears."

On the right, directly opposite the opening of the Schottengasse, is the triangular Maximilian Platz, facing which, and elevated above the surrounding level, so as to be seen to the best advantage, stands what is considered by some the most splendid Gothic structure of the eighteenth century. The corner-stone, brought from the Mount of Olives, was laid in 1856 by the unfortunate Archduke Ferdinand Max, later Emperor of Mexico, for whom the Platz is named. The architect was Heinrich von Ferstel.

"——They are now erecting on the Glacis a Gothic church, which will really be a very beautiful building. . . . It is practically a copy of Cologne Cathedral on a small scale, being two hundred and ninety-five feet in length externally, with a nave ninety-four feet wide internally; and inside the transept is one hundred and sixty feet from wall to wall; so it is really a first-class church, so far as dimensions go. Its details are all designed with elegance, and executed with care; so that, when completed, it will probably be the best modern reproduction of the style of Cologne Cathedral. The poetry and abandon of the older examples will be wanting; but, after the completion of one or two such buildings, we shall be saved from the monstrosities of that strange style which the Germans have recently been in the habit of assuming was Gothic." [1]

"On February 18th, 1853, while Franz Joseph was walking on the old fortifications of the inner town of Vienna, a Hungarian, of the name of Joseph Libenyi, threw himself upon the young monarch and plunged a long dagger into the back of his neck. Fortunately the stiff military collar of the Emperor's coat somewhat paralyzed the violence of the stroke, but it was, nevertheless, a most dangerous wound, and Count O'Donnel, who was then aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and who had accompanied him on that morning, fearing that the weapon might have been poisoned, courageously sucked the wound. The Emperor, who had

[1] James Ferguson, *A History of Architecture.*

until that moment remained upright, and entreated the crowd which had immediately gathered, not to hurt his would-be assassin, fell fainting to the ground."[1]

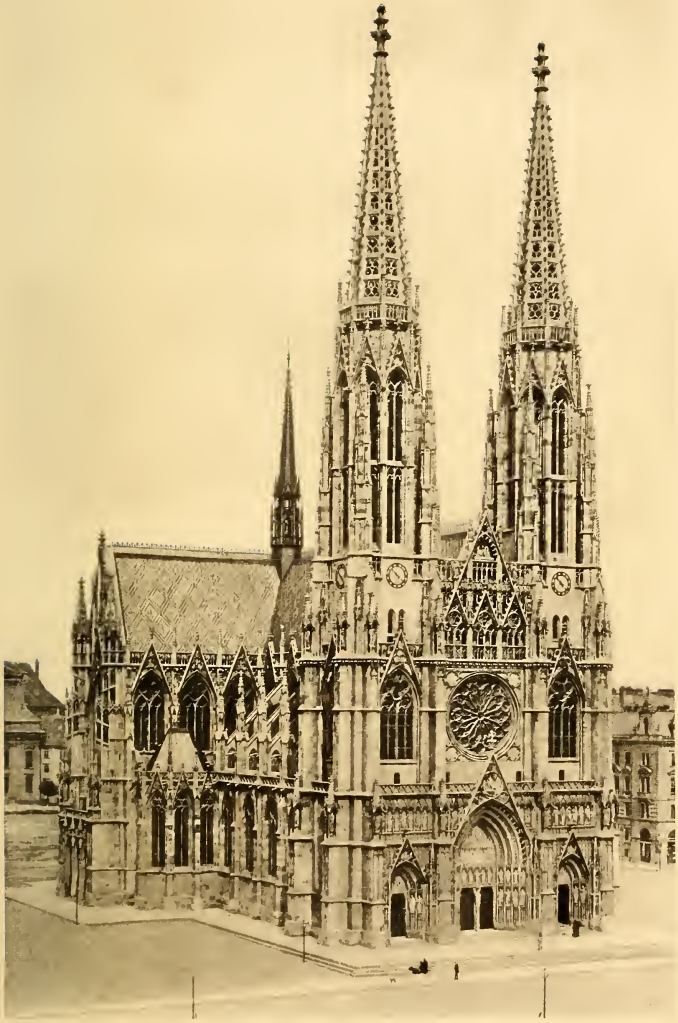
The church, which was not completed until 1879, was built to commemorate the Emperor's escape from this attempted assassination.

At this point the Ring Strasse makes a sharp bend to the left, and takes the name of Franzensring, and immediately beyond the broad Universitäts Strasse rises the imposing new University. The date usually given for the founding of the University of Vienna is 1365. Rudolph IV., with his brothers Leopold the Just and Albert, it is stated, signed the act on the 12th of March of that year. Jean Pezzl, in the fifth edition of his *New Description of Vienna*, states that it was the Emperor Frederick II., *stupor mundi Fridericus*, who founded it in 1237, Duke Rudolph, and twenty years later his nephew, Albert, having merely added to it.

At all events, there is no doubt as to the University having had a continuous existence for nearly five and a half centuries. In 1662 it was given over to the Jesuits by the Emperor Ferdinand II., but by the middle of the next century it had fallen into such decay that a complete reorganization was found necessary. Gerard van Swieten, an eminent man and physician to the Court, accordingly prepared, in conjunction with Professor Rieger, a new plan of studies.

[1] *The Martyrdom of an Empress.*

Votif Kirche



Maria Theresa approved the plan and erected new buildings (on the Universitäts Platz, now used by the Academy of Sciences), and the University was reopened on April 5, 1756. The schools of Medicine and Surgery were on the ground floor; those of Law, Theology, Philosophy and the political sciences on the second; while the third was a well-equipped observatory, with all the instruments and charts necessary for the study of astronomy.

A decree of the Emperor Joseph in 1784 ordered all the studies to be conducted in German, with the exception of Dogmatic Theology and Ecclesiastical Law. Three years later the same ruler decreed that a small annual tuition fee should be paid for all except the theological courses, the money to be applied for the benefit of poor students distinguished for their industry or ability.

Under Leopold II. the University of Vienna was admitted among the Estates of Lower Austria, its rector having a seat in the House of Prelates. The present building on the Ring Strasse was begun in 1873, its architect, Ferstel, dying in 1883, before it was completed.

"The manifold practical necessities of a great school absolutely prescribed the division of his [Ferstel's] structure into various masses. Therefore he was obliged to desert the early Renaissance in favor of that 'high Renaissance' style which allows the architect to treat his façades with much more diversity.

Ferstel has divided his structure into four parts—a front, with markedly varied lines; two side-fronts, and a posterior façade—and to each of these he has given an individual accent of its own. All four divisions repose, however, on a uniform, boldly-rusticated base, and are united by projecting corner bays, crowned with domes, into an organic whole, the essential unity of which is further insisted upon by the harmony of all the outlines, and of all the ornamental details.

"The richest and most effective portion of the exterior is the façade which faces the Franzensring. In order to relieve the monotony of its great length (five hundred and ten feet), Ferstel recessed the central portion of the façade, and crowned it with a lofty mansard roof. The lavish use of pilasters in both stories, the powerful *attica*, with its many statues, the massive projecting cornices and the wealth of decorative detail, gives this front a festal accent which immediately proclaims its purpose. It contains the chief assembly-rooms of the University, grouped around the Aula, or great hall, which is a majestic apartment, with a gallery supported by thirty-two Corinthian columns. In the two side wings are contained the forty-six lecture-rooms, together with other class-rooms and minor apartments, in their totality affording accommodation for some six thousand students. . . . The posterior portion of the building is wholly appropriated to the library. It is a huge hall,

which rises through the entire height of the building, without external windows, and divided from the other portions of the structure by a massive fire-proof wall. The same desire to obviate all danger of a conflagration is also shown by the interior construction, which is entirely of iron gratings. These gratings form thirteen superimposed stories, connected by iron staircases, and affording space for half a million volumes. The two reading-rooms accommodate five hundred and twenty desks.

"But the University building displays its true beauty only when we pass through its three-aisled vestibule into the central arcaded quadrangle, which is unequaled in all the domain of modern architecture. It measures two hundred and twelve feet in length by one hundred and fifty in breadth; forty-six bold arches lead from it into the wide, encircling cloister, where debouch the superb stairways. It is wholly unornamented, save for the columns which adorn its three stories, the three orders being successively introduced according to the Roman fashion. Its imposing effect results wholly from the nobility of its proportions, and the remarkable feeling for space which guided the pencil of the designer. It is worthily completed by the three-branched stairway, and the five-branched one for general use. And equally happy is the arrangement of the subordinate courts, staircases and passages. Wherever one may stand, an impressive and beautiful perspective unrolls

itself—and this is in architecture the surest sign of a talent which does not work by the careful addition of detail to detail, but *creatively* conceiving its result at once and as a whole." [1]

"By favor of the American Consul I was among the invited guests at the dedication [of the University], less than a week ago. The ceremony was simple and brief, and chiefly of interest as marking the beginning of the second half-thousand years in the life of the institution, and as showing an Emperor —yes, 'His Apostolic Majesty'—delighting to honor higher culture.

"The monarch, received at the door by the Academical Senate, was escorted to their hall, not large, and densely packed. He took a chair in front of a table on a low platform, and listened to a fifteen-minutes' speech from the rector, standing on the floor before him. After a few historical sketches, he was thanked for his granting the ground for the building to stand on, thirty years before, and aiding in its construction at least half as long. In reply, the Emperor stood up and read a speech of fourteen lines, rejoicing in the completion of a work which he had always had at heart, and trusting that multitudes would make full proof of the institution, and learn there alike science and patriotism. He was greeted with a student song and a triple shout of 'Hoch!' Then several persons prominent in building the pile were presented to him

[1] Siegmund Feldmann, in *Die Gegenwart.*

as he walked about, and all was over. His dress was the ordinary Austrian uniform, with no ornaments save the medals and chains of certain orders. This uniform, a tight fit, with short skirts, is decidedly unbecoming. An American would call it a 'bob-tailed blue.'"[1]

The district lying to the west, and called Josefstadt, is the Latin Quarter of Vienna, its lodging-houses and cafés swarming with students of all nationalities and speaking every known language.

Adjoining the University is the Rathhaus Park, overlooking which rises the great Gothic Rathhaus, or Town Hall.

"This is an enormous building, enclosing seven courtyards, with open arcades on its ground floor, an imposing loggia, which rises through two stories, and a tower, which is only exceeded in height by the spire of St. Stephen's Church. It is a splendid bulwark of self-conscious civic power, and its evidence establishes Friedrich Schmidt in the first place among contemporary Gothic builders, a place which had been accorded to him, indeed, ever since the death of Viollet-le-Duc. . . . When he set himself to build a Gothic Town Hall, he saw very clearly that old examples would give him no help on the practical side of his problem. In the Middle Ages people gave plenty of space to no one but the Creator; themselves they were content to crowd into narrow, little, low-ceiled apart-

[1] Letter to *The Nation*, November 13, 1884.

ments, which modern needs and habits have vastly outgrown. . . . Schmidt resolutely seized upon the Renaissance type of the palace architecture of the sixteenth century, and in its spirit constructed the skeleton of his building. While the ornamentation, the variable play of form, and, in a word, the whole artistic development, speaks of Gothic art, gables and canopies and pinnacles accent the silhouette of the structure; pointed arches connect the columns and appear in the façade, and the broad windows of the projecting bay show the characteristic tracery; but the supports and framework of the structure—all that really raises and binds it together—acts entirely in the spirit of Renaissance construction. This organic intermingling of two contradictory styles stamps the work of Schmidt as a true achievement. In it certainly does speak the 'spirit of modern times,' for the artist has cast into a novel shape antiquated forms, bequeathed to us by conditions of life that no longer exist; and in solving this problem he has surely won himself a lasting fame." [1]

Schmidt's own account of his work was that, while he could not say precisely to what style it belonged, it was an expression of the *modern spirit.*

On the summit of the high central tower stands the *Eiserner Mann,* a halberdier holding a weathercock. A bas-relief portrait of the Emperor surmounts the main entrance. The corner-stone was laid in 1873,

[1] Siegmund Feldmann, in *Die Gegenwart.*

and the work was completed ten years later, on the two hundredth anniversary of the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks.

The Rathhaus is the official residence of the Mayor, and in addition to its court-rooms, council, assembly and reception halls, and other apartments for the conduct of municipal affairs, it contains the Historical Museum and the interesting collection of arms and armor, brought hither from the Civic Arsenal on the Platz am Hof.[1]

This famous collection includes broadswords, espadons, halberds and boar-spears, arranged in great trophies of bluish steel. Bucklers of every style hang from the walls, like the carapaces of monster tortoises. Here, too, are preserved articles of historical interest, such as the hat of Marshal Loudon, who was of Scottish descent, and was one of the most brilliant and renowned officers in Maria Theresa's army. He contributed largely to the victory won by the Austrians over Frederick of Prussia at Hochkirchen, in 1758. And here we see the mountain-staff of Andreas Hofer. By the humiliating Peace of Schönbrunn (October 14, 1809), Austria had been obliged to yield her territory right and left. Already, by the Peace of Presburg (1805), the Tyrol had been ceded to Bavaria. It was now again given up and evacuated by the Austrian army. The Tyrolese, however, belong to that class of persons who do not know when

[1] See page 25.

they are beaten, and under their peasant leader, Andreas Hofer, they continued the struggle alone, until, driven from one position after another, they finally were obliged to yield. Andreas Hofer was tried by court-martial at Mantua and shot (February 20, 1810).

"It is not necessary to blindfold me," said the peasant patriot to the officer in command, "nor to make me kneel down. I am Andreas Hofer, the innkeeper of the *Sable*. I am standing before my Creator, and it is on foot that I wish to yield up my soul. Soldiers, fire!"

The arms and flags captured from the Turks are arranged in enormous trophies. Among them is the green standard, taken near Belgrade by Field-Marshal Loudon, on which are represented the sun, moon and stars, the hand of Mahomet, and several verses from the Koran. On a great blood-red banner is inscribed, "*Lâ iláha illa alláhu, Muhámmed rasul alláchi:*" God alone is God, and Mahomet is his prophet. Cimiters, with huge curved blades, *Kandjars*, Kurd lances, janizary drums and turbans abound in this part of the collection, turning the place into the semblance of a temple, filled with *opima spolia*.

Under glass is preserved a ghastly trophy, the skull of the Turkish General Kara-Mustapha, together with his shirt—the one in which he died—and the silken cord pointedly sent him by the Sultan after his defeat. When, in obedience to this hint, he had strangled him-

self, the skin was stripped from his face and sent to Constantinople, to prove beyond any possibility of doubt that he was really dead. When Belgrade was taken, his body was found in a mosque, and Cardinal Kollenitz sent the head, the silken cord and the shirt to the Vienna Arsenal. That copper-colored skull, stuck on a peg, with the strangler's cord lying by it, has a really horrible effect. It seems to grimace still, as though in the last convulsions, while from the depths of those two black holes one can almost see the fierce glitter of the eyes, flashing with wrath and defiance.

Facing the Rathhaus is the Renaissance Hofburg Theatre. The Burg Theatre has a continuous history of more than one hundred and fifty years. On the 11th of March, 1741, an edict was issued directing Joseph Sellier, manager of the Kärntner-Thor Theatre, to put up a stage in the "ball-house" of the Burg. Thirty-five years later, by a decree of the Emperor Joseph II., it became the German National Theatre. It was Joseph's policy to encourage and foster native talent in all its branches, and to this end it was provided that only the German tongue should be spoken on the boards of the Burg Theatre. By the Emperor's orders a plan was made out for the direction of the affairs of the institution. The leading male and female actors met once a week to decide upon the plays to be given, and to assign the parts. Later on the Emperor placed the management in the hands of

a single direetor (an offiee which has been maintained ever sinee), and gave the appointment to Friederieh Ludwig Sehroeder, to whose versatile talents and marvelous ability the Burg Theatre owes, in large measure, its world-wide eelebrity.

The two principles whieh Sehroeder laid down as being of vital importanee, and whieh have been faithfully adhered to by all his sueeessors, were, first, the necessity for faultless elocution, and, seeond, the elosest possible following of nature in dramatic representation. The keen personal interest taken by the Emperor in all that eoncerned the theatre also had mueh to do with its prosperous eareer. It is said that he never failed to say to visitors to his eourt, "Well, and what do you think of my theatre?"

A playbill, whieh has been preserved, of the early part of the nineteenth eentury tells us something of the manners and customs of the day. In a note, "Cavaliers are requested to give their chairs to such ladies as may be unprovided with seats, and to refrain from extinguishing the lights."

About the year 1814 the name of "National Theatre" was replaced by "The Theatre that is near the Burg." Until about fifteen years ago the "best equipped company in Germany" eontinued to present a repertory which included not only all the leading plays of that eountry, but the masterpieees of dramatie literature of all lands, in the identical small, ineonvenient building which had served them for over a

hundred years. They actually dreaded to remove from a spot grown famous by its brilliant traditions and almost unchecked career of prosperity, and it was not without misgivings that on the 14th of October, 1888, they took up their quarters in the magnificent building, designed by Freiherr von Hasenauer, which faces the new Rathhaus on the Ring. Every invention of modern theatre construction has been employed to place this among the first theatres of the world. The arrangements for egress and ingress, the machinery for shifting the scenes, the great movable stage, entirely made of iron, the superb decorations, which cover every part of the house, make it one of the wonders of the capital; while the stage setting is perfect to a degree not equaled by even the renowned Saxe-Meiningen troupe itself.

CHAPTER IV.

The Parliament Houses—The Architect Hansen—Arrangement of the Interior—Appearance of the House when in Session—Party Divisions—System of Representation—Agrarianism—The *Ausgleich*—A Memorable Sitting—Dr. Lecher's Twelve-Hour Speech—The Palace of Justice—Deutsche Volks Theatre—Imperial Museums—Picture Gallery—Armor—Industrial Art—Imperial Treasury—Benvenuto Cellini.

Beyond the Rathhaus, and on the same side of the Ring Strasse, are the Houses of Parliament—Reichsraths-Gebäude—built in the Greek style, and designed by the architect Hansen.

"The Parliament House of Hansen seems like a solidified dream when it is compared with the effective reality of the University, so thoroughly infused with the very breath of modern life. . . . Inclination, training and natural endowment have made Hansen the last survivor of the Periclean age. He has always professed the cult of 'pure form,' and in the Parliament House, his ripest and richest work, all the traditions of Attic soil spring and bloom once more.

"A mighty flight of steps leads up to the building, which is surrounded by Corinthian columns of a shining marble, resembling that of Paros. The three projections of the principal front appear like temple façades,

crowned with gables. The caryatides which support the narrower fronts are taken directly from the Erectheum. A beautifully designed palmette frieze runs beneath the dentils of the main cornice, and on the flat roof stands a very Olympus of figures in bronze and stone.

"Yet, in spite of the diversity of its elements, the whole building, especially when it is seen from a proper distance, is impressive by reason of its noble lines, dominated by the portico of the main entrance; of the monumental grandeur of its proportions, and of that pictorial grace which Hansen knows how to spread over all his works. . . . An imposing peristyle, surrounded by twenty-four monolithic marble columns, divides the building into two equal parts, one of which is occupied by the Upper, the other by the Lower House, while the apartments for the delegations, which include members of both Houses, form the continuation of the peristyle.

"But Hansen must not alone be held responsible if we here perceive a certain incongruity between artistic success and practical convenience. On this point the artist had no models which he could consult. He stood before a virgin problem, the difficulty of which will only be understood by those who are acquainted with the complicated mechanism of parliamentary customs. Moreover, this problem was rendered still more difficult by the demand that both Houses should be united under a single roof. It was

thus impossible that the building should be centralized. A parallel disposition was prescribed, which threatened to prove monotonous in the highest degree. Hansen has cleverly avoided this danger by the interpolation of the above mentioned peristyle; but, in comparison to the cramped dimensions of the other divisions, it absorbs an immense amount of space, and how useless it is we see from the fact that no better name has been found for it than that of '*Ruhmeshalle*.' This 'Hall of Fame,' however, will indeed be such, in so far as its builder is concerned, for it is without doubt one of the most beautiful interiors of the world. We may set the narrowest possible limits for the use of Grecian architecture in modern times; we may bring up against it all sorts of theoretical objections; but this result silences all doubt.

"Especially important is the proof it gives of the praiseworthy audacity of Hansen in clothing an immense structure, destined for distinctively modern uses, *wholly* in the art forms of Greece. He does not turn to his Hellenism merely for his superficial decoration; he grasps it also in its constructive elements, which, as we know, are extremely scanty, and deny the architect many things. Yet, nevertheless, he has surmounted all difficulties and erected his mighty work in entire renunciation of the aid of vaults and arches. . . .

"Gilded capitals carry the entablatures, the ornamentation of which is relieved, tenderly yet bril-

The Parliament Houses

liantly, upon a deep-toned ground; the walls are painted throughout in *succo lustro*, after the Pompeiian manner; the marble quarries of every land have been robbed to furnish shafts, pavements and all accessories; and this intermingling of hues and shades, this splendor of gold and color, produces a magical effect. . . . There may be some ground for seeing in the Parliament House, as a whole, only an interesting experiment; but by this one quality—by the manner in which its interior is finished—it is raised to high importance, and becomes one of the most conspicuous architectural sights of the century." [1]

Hansen, it may be added, is of Danish extraction, and has had at least one opportunity to test the purity of his style on the very soil of Greece itself, having designed the University of Athens.

A yellow and black flag flying from the roof of the Parliament Houses is the signal that Parliament is in session.

" . . . Two chambers, almost exactly alike, separated by a stately vestibule, contain the Abgeordnetenhaus and the Herrenhaus. . . . In the Abgeordnetenhaus two narrow galleries, like balconies in a theatre, admit a limited public, for whom there are, perhaps, two hundred seats, and as many more standing-places. For entrance you obtain tickets gratis of the concierge, and become entitled to a numbered seat. Crowding is furthermore restrained by a device at the outer

[1] Siegmund Feldmann, in *Die Gegenwart*.

door which at once attracts the notice of a stranger. At the entrance, and extending through the great portal into the street, you observe a curious labyrinth of iron railings. If occasion demands, the short route may be barred off, and every person be made to turn sixteen times in single file before arriving at the door. Whether this 'crowd-compeller' is to prevent attacks upon the House, or is simply for the convenience of custodians, I did not learn; but if by chance factious citizens rushed upon the Parliament with rash intentions, there would be plenty of time here for cool reflection.

"The seating capacity of the chamber is something under four hundred. . . . The Speaker, or rather the President of the Assembly, is flanked on either side by a first and second vice-president, who are almost continually in their places. At a slightly lower level stands a row of tables for secretaries and others; but the one in the centre, immediately in front of the President, is reserved for the so-called *Berichterstatter*. From this tribune chairmen of committees in charge of bills make their reports, instead of from their seats. In front of all stands a semi-circle of desks for Ministers of State.

"The general appearance of the members in session gives one a good impression of the intelligence and character of the assembly. The quorum necessary to conduct business, however, not being very high, and the duty of regular attendance apparently not weigh-

ing heavily on their minds, one must study the delegates in sections, according to the questions in which they are interested. Some days since a member opened his speech to some fifty colleagues with the words, 'Honorable and totally empty house.' For a European assembly there would seem to be a great many young men, though youth is not a characteristic of the whole body. . . .

"To one coming from Switzerland, it is a little startling to see priests on the floor of the House, dressed in the robes of their order, and wearing conspicuous gold rosaries about their necks. In that republic, which suffered so much from Jesuits that it has since mistrusted all ecclesiastics in politics, no clerical can be elected to Parliament; but at Vienna there are twenty in the House of Representatives alone, and to the Senate many high dignitaries of the Church belong by right.

"The party divisions in Austria are almost bewildering. In the House of Representatives there are no less than sixteen party names, many of them derived from differences of nationality, others from political sentiment. . . . In respect of policy there are . . . German Liberals, German Nationals, German Clericals, Feudal party, Middle party, and anti-Semites, if not other classifications. The largest single group, according to a recent list, is that of the German Liberals, numbering one hundred and nine. I am speaking, it is perhaps needless to remark, of the

divisions in the Austrian kingdom, not in the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Parliament. . . .[1]

"The system of representation in the House differs from that to which we are accustomed in America. The delegates represent not only certain territories, but also certain classes of interests. Of these class divisions, there are four—large landed property, cities, boards of trade, rural communities—that is to say, certain members are elected by groups of landlords, others by chambers of commerce, city precincts and rural precincts. The attempt is thus made to balance the representation of interests before election rather than by numerical weight after election. The result at present is that landed property receives by far the strongest representation, and the effect is seen in the prominence given to agrarian legislation.

"In contrast to the statement often made in America that the farmers are chiefly represented by lawyers, it may be noted that nearly one-half of the Austrian delegates are actual owners of land.

"There is a continual increase in the number of teachers and professors elected—this also in many cases being an evidence of agrarianism, as professors in the agricultural schools are chosen to represent that class of interests. But the economists are also there,

[1] The Austro-Hungarian Parliament is made up of members of the *Reichsrath* (the Austrian or Cisleithan part of the monarchy), and the *Reichstag* (the Hungarian or Transleithan part of the monarchy). Each Parliament is represented by twenty members from its upper and forty members from its lower House.

and, strange to say, one of the most active members and fluent speakers of the Liberal party is the eminent geologist, Professor Suess, of the University of Vienna. . . .

"The economic problems which lie in the path of Austria were exhibited one day, quite incidentally, in a lecture by Professor Menger, at the University. . . . In the course of an historical sketch of the great commercial movements of Europe, the influence of geographical situation was brought forward, and the unfavorable position of Austria particularly emphasized. . . . One hindrance to rapid advancement, according to his mind, was the easy-going, home-staying disposition of the people, in contrast with the enterprise of the Englishman. In Vienna, for instance, if a proprietor of a café had three sons, every one stayed in the city and opened a new café, to compete with all the rest; and all the bakers' sons became bakers on the old spot.[1] The speaker did not leave it doubtful that he thought it better for part of the population to emigrate."[2]

One of the most remarkable scenes that ever took place in any Parliament was enacted in the Austrian House on October 28, 1897. The Prime Minister, Count Badeni, had gotten a bill through making the Czech,

[1] This is the more surprising when we consider the phenomenal success of the "Vienna Bakeries" established in America since the Centennial Exhibition.

[2] J. M. Vincent, in a letter to *The Nation*, November, 1891.

instead of the German tongue, the official language of Bohemia. The German minority were indignant, and when, shortly afterwards, the *Ausgleich*[1] came before the House, they determined to obstruct its passage till the Czech language bill should be repealed.

The re-enactment of the *Ausgleich* was of vital importance to the Government, and the Opposition hopefully set to work to use every lawful obstructionist measure (and they are many) to delay its passage. All went merrily; if they could but keep things going for a few weeks longer, victory would surely be theirs, for it was not supposable that the Government would let Hungary go merely to accommodate the Bohemians in the matter of language.

[2] "And now took place that memorable sitting of the House which broke two records. It lasted the best part of two days and a night, surpassing by half an hour the longest sitting known to the world's previous parliamentary history, and breaking the long-speech record with Dr. Lecher's twelve-hour effort—the longest flow of unbroken talk that ever came out of one mouth since the world began.

"At 8.45, on the evening of the 28th of October, when the House had been sitting a few minutes short of ten hours, Dr. Lecher was granted the floor. . . .

[1] The *Ausgleich* is the name given to the agreement drawn up between Austria and Hungary in 1867. It must be passed on afresh every ten years.

[2] "Stirring Times in Austria," by Mark Twain. *Harper's Magazine* for 1898.

The galleries are crowded on this particular evening, for word has gone about that the *Ausgleich* is before the House; that the President, Ritter von Abrahamowicz, has been throttling the Rules; that the Opposition are in an inflammable state in consequence, and that the night session is likely to be of an exciting sort.

"The gallery guests are fashionably dressed, and the finery of the women makes a bright and pretty show under the strong electric light. But down on the floor there is no costumery.

"The deputies are dressed in day clothes, some of the clothes neat and trim, others not; there may be three members in evening dress, but not more. There are several Catholic priests, in their long black gowns, and with crucifixes hanging from their necks. No member wears his hat. One may see, by these details, that the aspects are not those of an evening session of an English House of Commons, but rather those of a sitting of our House of Representatives.

"In his high place sits the President, Abrahamowicz, object of the Opposition's limitless hatred. He is sunk back in the depths of his arm-chair, and has his chin down. He brings the ends of his spread fingers together in front of his breast and reflectively taps them together, with the air of one who would like to begin business, but must wait and be as patient as he can. . . . He looks tired, and maybe a trifle harassed. He is a gray-haired, long, slender man, with a color-

less long face, which in repose suggests a death-mask. . . .

"Presently the Chair delivered this utterance:

"'Dr. Lecher has the floor.' . . .

"Yells from the Left [the Opposition], counter yells from the Right [the Government majority], explosions of yells from all sides at once, and all the air sawed and pawed and clawed and cloven by a writhing confusion of gesturing arms and hands. Out of the midst of this thunder and turmoil and tempest rose Dr. Lecher, serene and collected, and the providential length of him enabled his head to show out above it. He began his twelve-hour speech. At any rate, his lips could be seen to move, and that was evidence. On high sat the President, imploring order, with his long hands put together, as in prayer, and his lips visibly, but not hearably speaking. At intervals he grasped his bell, and swung it up and down with vigor, adding its keen clamor to the storm weltering there below.

"For several hours the pandemonium continued. To stormy and repeated demands for the floor, in order to put motions, the President merely replied that Dr. Lecher had the floor. The *Ausgleich* was the Order of the Day, and it had been the Government's plan to rush it through, choke off debate, and get it referred to a select committee. The President, therefore, ignored the rules and declined to put the motions to adjourn.

"But into the Government's calculations had not entered the possibility of a single-barreled speech, which should occupy the entire time-limit of the sitting, and also get delivered in spite of all the noise. . . . In the English House an obstructionist has held the floor with Bible-readings and other outside matters; but Dr. Lecher could not have that restful and recuperative privilege; he must confine himself strictly to the subject before the House. More than once, when the President could not hear him because of the general tumult, he sent persons to listen and report as to whether the orator was speaking to the subject or not. The subject was a peculiarly difficult one, and it would have troubled any other deputy to stick to it three hours without exhausting his ammunition, because it required a vast and intimate knowledge—detailed and particularized knowledge—of the commercial, railroading, financial and international banking relations existing between two great sovereignties—Hungary and the Empire. But Dr. Lecher is President of the Board of Trade of his city of Brünn, and was master of the situation. His speech was not formally prepared. He had a few notes jotted down for his guidance; he had his facts in his head; his heart was in his work; and for twelve hours he stood there, undisturbed by the clamor around him, and with grace and ease and confidence poured out the riches of his mind in closely reasoned arguments, clothed in eloquent and faultless phrasing. . . .

"There was but one way for Dr. Lecher to hold the floor—he must stay on his legs. If he should sit down to rest a moment, the floor would be taken from him by the enemy in the Chair. When he had been talking three or four hours, he himself proposed an adjournment, in order that he might get some rest from his wearing labors; but he limited his motion with the condition that if it was lost he should be allowed to continue his speech, and if it carried he should have the floor at the next sitting. Wolf [the Opposition leader] was now appeased, and withdrew his own thousand times offered motion, and Dr. Lecher's was voted upon—and lost. So he went on speaking. . . .

"At a quarter to two a member of the Left demanded that Dr. Lecher be allowed a rest, and said that the Chairman was 'heartless.' Dr. Lecher himself asked for ten minutes. The Chair allowed him five. Before the time had run out Dr. Lecher was on his feet again.

"The members of the Majority went out by detachments from time to time, and took naps upon sofas in the refreshment rooms, and also refreshed themselves with food and drink—in quantities nearly unbelievable—but the Minority stayed loyally by their champion. Some distinguished deputies of the Majority stayed by him, too, compelled thereto by admiration of his great performance. When a man has been speaking eight hours, is it conceivable that he

can still be interesting—still fascinating? When Dr. Lecher had been speaking eight hours, he was still compactly surrounded by friends who would not leave him, and by foes (of all parties) who *could* not, and all hung enchanted and wondering upon his words, and all testified their admiration with constant and cordial outbursts of applause. Surely this was a triumph without precedent in history.

"During the twelve-hour effort, friends brought to the orator three glasses of wine, four cups of coffee and one glass of beer—a most stingy reinforcement of his wasting tissues; but the hostile Chair would permit no addition to it. But no matter; the Chair could not beat that man. He was a garrison holding a fort, and was not to be starved out.

"When he had been speaking eight hours his pulse was 72; when he had spoken twelve it was 100."

Finally the words (revealing in themselves a quite unquenchable sense of humor), "I will now hasten to close my examination of the subject," announced that the end was near; and a few minutes later, with the spirited utterance, "The Germans of Austria will neither surrender nor die!" the orator sat down.

Wild and deafening were the storms of applause that followed; the enthusiasm of the Left would hardly permit its plucky champion to go in search of the food and rest of which he stood in such sore need. At last, however, he managed to escape, but after a meal and a three hours' sleep, he was back in his

place, prepared to sit out the remainder of that memorable sitting.

Dr. Lecher's performance resulted in victory for the time being, and the Opposition was apparently making steady headway throughout all the wild and tumultuous sittings that followed, when one fine day the Prime Minister, Count Badeni, and the President hit upon the unfortunate expedient of introducing a squad of policemen on the floor of the House, and compelling the forcible ejection of the unruly obstructionist deputies.

The immediate result of this unprecedented act was to bring down the Ministry with a crash, and the new Prime Minister staved off the impending crisis by getting passed a one year's prolongation of the *Ausgleich*.

Separated from the Houses of Parliament by the Schmerling Platz is the German Renaissance Palace of Justice, where the Supreme Court of the Empire holds its sittings, and, standing a little back on the Bellaria Strasse, is the Italian Renaissance Deutsche-Volks Theatre.

Next in this wonderful series of buildings, all erected within the space of about fifty years, and which place the Ring Strasse in the foremost rank of European streets, are the vast Imperial Museums, twin buildings of the Italian Renaissance style, containing—one, the Natural History Museum, and the other the Art History Collections of the Imperial

family, formerly scattered about in a variety of galleries and museums.

The exteriors of these two buildings are exactly alike, even to the ornamental details. But in the interior of the Picture Gallery the effect is marred by the over-ornamentation. Gilding, bright wall tints, aggressive magnificence and newness are not the surroundings that best set off old masterpieces of art, and these have been further dealt hardly with in the matter of cleaning and "restoring." Moreover, one must patiently survey much that is quite worthless in this collection, in order not to miss the really valuable treasures which it contains. The great attraction lies in the Velasquez series of portraits, the examples of the Venetian school, and the Dürer, Van Dyck and Rembrandt pictures.

One critic declares of the Viennese galleries in general that, ". . . everywhere, to an acre of rubbish, you may find perhaps a few feet of decent work; everywhere a big, rather than a good, show is the ideal striven after. But what," he continues, "can be expected of people who, though they brag of their capital as a great art centre, deliberately took the beautiful old glass from the windows of St. Stephen's Church to replace it with hideous memorials to some popular hero or popular event? I neither know nor care which. They may pride themselves on their gaudy, new picture gallery, but to the real lover of art it can have little attraction until its walls are

repainted and redecorated—until four-fifths of the rooms are closed, and the remaining fifth filled with the canvases which alone deserve to have survived the generation that produced them."

This writer furthermore asserts that many of the pictures catalogued as being by Titian, or Tintoretto, or Veronese, or some others of the great masters, are spurious—"pictures from which the master himself would have shrunk in disgust."

Be all of this as it may, on entering the rooms containing the armor, specimens of industrial art and Imperial Treasury, all disappointment must vanish. These unique collections were brought here from the Belvedere, Arsenal and Hofburg, and are admirably arranged and catalogued. The writer quoted above allows himself some enthusiasm in describing them.

"Few sovereigns," he says, "are as generous as the Austrian Kaiser in giving the public the benefit of his most precious jewels and priceless treasures. Absolutely no other collection of armor can compete in historical value and beauty with the famous one of Vienna. As a rule, if a collector gives examples of every period and country, he is content, but here there is hardly a suit, hardly a weapon, which did not belong to a famous man, king or hero, thus adding a personal charm which those who otherwise care little for the subject illustrated cannot resist. Armor that for its own merits one might pass by with indifference,

one stops to look at with a suspicion of sentiment, when, for example, it happened to be the property of that Bourbon who fell beneath one of the phenomenal shots of Benvenuto Cellini—as recorded by himself.[1] . . . And this personal interest asserts itself in the other departments as well. Here is the famous Cellini salt-cellar, made for Francis I., really less delightful in itself than in his naïve description of its beauty and his own greatness;[2] here the Albert Dürer sketch-

[1] "I turned to Alessandro and said, 'Let us go home as soon as we can, for there is nothing to be done here; you see the enemies are mounting, and our men are in flight.' Alessandro, in a panic, cried, 'Would God that we had never come here!' and turned in maddest haste to fly. I took him up somewhat sharply with these words, 'Since you have brought me here, I must perform some action worthy of a man;' and directing my arquebus where I saw the thickest and most serried troop of fighting men, I aimed exactly at one whom I remarked to be higher than the rest. . . . Then I turned to Alessandro and Cecchino, and bade them discharge their arquebuses, showing them how to avoid being hit by the besiegers. . . . I discovered afterwards that one of our shots had killed the Constable de Bourbon; and from what I subsequently learned, he was the man whom I had first noticed above the heads of the rest."—*The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* Translation of John Addington Symonds.

[2] "After a minute description of the salt-cellar, Benvenuto Cellini, in his autobiography, says: 'When I exhibited this piece to his Majesty, he uttered a loud outcry of astonishment, and could not satiate his eyes with gazing at it. Then he bade me take it back to my house, saying he would tell me at the proper time what I should do with it. So I carried it home, and sent at once to invite several of my best friends. We dined gaily together, placing the salt-cellar in the middle of the table, and thus we were the first to use it.'"—*The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* Translation of John Addington Symonds.

book, open at water-color drawings of figures designed by him for the triumph of Maximilian; here the decorations worn by the Habsburgs of centuries."

In short, the only fault to be found with these magnificent collections is that they are too superb, too overwhelming. A single visit leaves one with an impression only of dull despair; and really to see and enjoy their treasures one must go again and again.

The Museum of Natural History

CHAPTER V.

Maria Theresa Monument—Imperial Stables—Empress Elizabeth's Fondness for Horses — The Equestrienne Elisa — Ill-natured Gossip of the Viennese—The Empress's Mode of Life at Gödölö —Imperial Equipages—Coronation Coach—Collection of Sleighs —Saddles—Weapons of the Chase—Hofgarten—Volksgarten— Temple of Theseus—Ancient Flower Fête—The Albertina— Collections of Archduke Albert—Dürer Collection—Album of Jacques Collot's Sketches—Private Galleries—Prince Lobkowitz—His Downfall — Eccentricities—His Device for Getting the Streets Cleaned.

In the Platz between the two museums stands the imposing bronze monument, erected in 1888, to Maria Theresa. Beyond the Platz, in the Hoffstall Strasse, are the Imperial stables, whose four hundred occupants are fed out of marble mangers, and treated with a solicitude and deference that many human beings might well envy.

The basket-shaped racks are of polished steel, and each horse's name is inscribed on a metal plate. The grooms look like lackeys, and everything in these great stables shines and glistens like the fittings of a *salon*. Here were kept the twelve stallions, left by the Elector of Hesse, who died at Prague, to the Emperor of Austria, a clause in the legacy requiring

that their race was to die with them. When the Prussians made their entry into the Grand Duchy, the Grand Duke, who owned one of the finest breeding-studs in Germany, had all the mares put to death. These curious-looking animals had coats as smooth as a greyhound's, and were flesh-colored.

Formerly the stables of the Austrian Emperor often contained as many as six hundred horses. Though this number had been reduced by about half, there still remained enough to provide the Empress Elizabeth with the companionship she preferred to all others, when she exchanged the free, open-air life of her father's castle for the confining routine of a Court. Her favorites were the pure-blooded Spanish horses, with their superb coats, looking, some of them, as though they had been lightly powdered with silver. The Empress passed a part of each day in the stables when she was in Vienna. At one time she engaged the services of a star of Reny's circus, a celebrated equestrienne called Elisa, to practice with her for several hours every morning in her private riding-school.

The Viennese, who took a malicious pleasure in twisting and distorting every action of the Empress into something equivocal or undignified, at once began to tell one another that her Majesty was perfecting herself in all the accomplishments of a circus rider, including jumping through hoops, and other acrobatic feats. Elisa was presented with a horse, which used

to figure on Reny's circus bills as "The Empress's horse."

No professional rider, however, could surpass her Majesty in graceful or daring horsemanship. Especially did she love a wild gallop in the open, and was never so entirely happy as when on some exciting chase, surrounded by the yelping pack, the cries of the huntsmen and the winding of the horns. She would sometimes mount bare-back, and was very fond of jumping, often taking leaps that were exceedingly dangerous. Her opinion of people was largely influenced by their skill in horsemanship. To those of her ladies-in-waiting who sat well, rode straight, and were impervious to physical fatigue, she was the most indulgent of mistresses; but for any who fell short of these requirements she had but scant consideration. Her mode of life at Gödölö is thus described by one of the ladies of her court:

"Every morning she attended Mass as early as five o'clock, and, after drinking a cup of black coffee, without milk or sugar, she mounted her horse, and, accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting, galloped off through the magnificent park, which is traversed in every direction by broad, sandy avenues. Changing horses several times in the course of the morning, she would remain in the saddle until noon, when, after taking a cold bath, she would sit down with her lady to a simple luncheon, consisting of very rare steak, dry toast, and a glass of Montrose claret. Towards

four o'clock her Majesty again went out riding, returning only just in time to dress for dinner."

The Imperial equipages are kept above the stables, being raised and lowered by machinery, as they are required. There is a large collection of state carriages, gilded and resplendent as so many suns. The coronation coach is carved and gilded all over, and enclosed by a single sheet of glass; paintings by Rubens representing Justice, Strength, and other attributes supposed to belong to the monarchical state, adorn the outside, the inside being finished in velvet and gold. On those rare and imposing occasions, Imperial coronations, this carriage is drawn by eight white horses, ten footmen, forty lackeys and eight "heiduques" marching at the sides. The driver and postilion are dressed in black and yellow velvet, and wear long plumes in their hats. At the Imperial coronations at Frankfort, the Swiss Guard, the Hereditary Marshal holding a sword aloft, and the mounted field-marshals preceded the carriage, and immediately behind it came the troop of Imperial pages, clad in floating robes of black velvet, braided with gold, the chiefs of the Imperial Guard, and the halberdiers in crimson tunics.

The collection of sleighs is most interesting. Some of them are swan-shaped, while that which Maria Theresa used to drive herself is in the form of a large, gilded shell. Among the saddles is preserved that of the Emperor Maximilian, as well as his riding trousers of Siberian dog-skin; his leash, and his Mexican

hat. There is also the saddle of Kara Mustapha, its cloth embroidered with rubies and pearls, crescents and diamonds; his golden spurs and silver-gilt stirrups shining and glittering with Oriental splendor. The coronation harness is entirely composed of gold and velvet, with golden bells.

Four rooms contain the weapons of the chase, dating some of them from the remotest days of the Habsburg dynasty, from lances used by the first Dukes for hunting wild boars and bears, down to the graceful guns which Maria Theresa carried on her shooting expeditions. On the walls of one of these rooms are some silver-mounted horns of the wild goat, presented by Victor Emmanuel.

Opposite the Maria Theresa Monument is the Burgthor, and beyond it is the Hofgarten—the Jardin des Tuileries of Vienna. This is a favorite resort of the ladies in the spring and summer time. They promenade up and down the walks, listening to the music, and keeping an eye on their children at play. Another public garden, the Volksgarten, serves as a pendent to this, on the other side of the Burgthor. With its cool, shady paths, its elegantly appointed café and its Temple of Theseus, the garden of the people is a gay and lively neighbor for the grave Palace of Justice opposite.

"In a fit of enthusiasm arising from the acquisition of the statue of Theseus by Canova, they, too [the Viennese], determined on having a Walhalla in which

to enshrine their purchase, and forthwith commenced the erection of a copy of the so-called Temple of Theseus at Athens. Had they paused to investigate the matter a little, it would probably have been found that the temple they were copying was really dedicated to Mars, and that the shrine of their new god was of a different shape and style altogether. But the Viennese are not antiquarians, so this did not matter. Had they been architects, they would have known that to be seen to advantage the Grecian Doric order must be placed on a height, where it can be looked up to, and the Grecians, in consequence, always chose elevated sites for their temples. There are no hills in Vienna suited for this purpose; but there were some grand old bastions which would have formed the noblest terraces for such a building, had the idea suggested itself to them. The next best place was the crest of the Glacis, where it could have been approached, though in a far less degree, on an ascending plane; but even this advantage was neglected, and they finally determined on erecting it at *the bottom of the ditch!*"[1]

The Theseus does not, however, now occupy the temple built for it, but is placed at the top of the main stairway, and facing the central entrance, in the New Picture Gallery.

From earliest times the Viennese have had a great predilection for gardens; they love flowers, trees,

[1] Ferguson, *History of Architecture.*

birds; not a bourgeois *salon* but has its flower-stand and bird-cage—geraniums and canaries. Unable to stock their public gardens with nightingales, they have musicians there instead, and every evening, from the first spring day mild enough to allow a bud to shoot or a coat to be thrown open, the Volksgarten and the Stadt Park are transformed into huge open-air concert halls where twice a week military bands perform, and Strauss, the "Schöne Edi," King of the Waltz, reigns triumphant.

It was from Vienna that Holland obtained her first tulips. Matthias Corvin, King of Hungary, who died at Vienna in 1490, wrote that "the entire territory of Vienna is like an enormous garden, surrounded by orchards and vineyards." In old times the appearance of the first violet was celebrated with much mirth and gaiety, whoever found the first of those fragrant messengers of spring being carried into Vienna in triumph.

It was a pretty festival; the Court always took part in it; the people proceeded in procession to the Kahlenberg, which, since the evening before, had been surrounded by a guard of armed men, so that no one might search the ground beforehand. At the head of the procession marched a band of fiddlers, wearing bearskin caps, ornamented with peacock feathers; next came a motley group of pages and squires, the Duke and Duchess with their guard of honor, and the members of the Fools' Council in

harlequin dress, with foolscaps and bells. At a given signal every one scattered over the mountain-side, and whoever found the first blossom was declared king of the festival; he was presented with a golden violet, and placed in the seat of honor at the banquet that followed the "bal champêtre." He also had the right to dance with the Duchess, and his name was recorded in the chronicles for posterity.

Adjoining the Hofgarten is the Albertina, the famous collection begun by Duke Albert of Sachsen-Teschen, son of Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. His taste for the fine arts was strengthened and developed by a journey he made through Italy with his young wife, the gifted Maria Christina, fifth and favorite daughter of Maria Theresa. He commissioned the Austrian Ambassador at Venice, Jacques Durazzo, to purchase old Italian engravings for him; and during his sojourn in the Netherlands as Stadtholder he devoted himself to collecting drawings of the Flemish masters. Unfortunately the ship, laden with these valuable drawings and the Duke's fine library, foundered on its way from Belgium to Hamburg, in the year 1792. Some of the citizens of the Netherlands, in order to console the Duke for his loss, then set themselves to work to rummage through the entire country, with the result that a hundred and forty-seven original drawings by Rembrandt and a superb collection of Rubens' drawings were purchased, and now form a unique feature

of this museum. But the pearl of the collection is a series of the productions of Albrecht Dürer, which owes its origin to the zeal of Rudolph II.—that perfectly mad but art-loving Emperor who caused the Nuremberg master's "Feast of the Rosary" to to be carried from Venice to Prague on the shoulders of four men, in order not to expose it to the joltings of a carriage. Dürer painted this picture at Venice in 1506, and was paid one hundred and ten florins for it. In 1782 the same picture was put up at public sale in Prague, along with "some other old trash," by order of Joseph II.[1]

A portrait by the artist of himself at the age of thirteen serves as frontispiece to this unrivaled collection, which includes some of the master's earliest attempts, as well as some of his masterpieces. Some bear dates of the period when he was a simple apprentice; others give us the costumes worn by the Nuremberg ladies of his day—charming drawings which recall Holbein's sketches of the ladies of Bâle. Dürer understood the secret of combining the characteristics of an idealistic painter with a faithful and close study of the eternal model—Nature. Everything that his divine brush, his trained stiletto, produced is harmonious, delicate, instinct with life and feeling and full of poetry. This Bunch of Violets, into which he seems to have

[1] A picture described in the inventory of this collection as "A Naked Female Bitten by a Mad Goose" proved to be Titian's "Leda with the Swan."

instilled the very scent as well as the color, surely he picked them himself, or at least received them from the reverential hands of some noble dame, who admired and appreciated his genius; and this Captive Hare—he had seen it! Did he not paint this landscape in the open air, seated in some field on a fair summer morning? That Dead Crow he stood long in front of, and perhaps felt sorry that it had to die.

There is, in addition to these finished works, a marvelous series of sketches done in pencil on green paper—studies for the figures of the apostles in the Assumption. Every one of these men, like those in the pen-and-ink drawing of the Adoration of the Magi, impresses you with a sense that the originals have lived—that they are drawn from life. There is an incomparable air of dignity in their attitudes, and the forms of these bald-headed old men are still alert and vigorous; and how admirable are the draperies, falling in lines full of harmony! What rhythmic grace! what amplitude! Dürer had the *feeling* for corporeal life; he was in advance of his age, just as Shakespeare was in advance of his.

M. Thausing, for many years director of the Albertina, once made a wonderful discovery. Rummaging among the miscellaneous collections of a second-hand book-dealer, he came across an album filled with sketches by Jacques Collot. On the first page was a portrait of the artist—a true type of a Bohemian head, moustache curled upwards, dreamy eyes and

bushy hair. Following it are a number of studies made from Holbein's Dance of Death, which bear unmistakable evidence of having been made from the original drawings. The execution of the French artist is decidedly superior to that of the Dutchman; it is more refined, more ironical and sarcastic, more vigorous; there is nothing clumsy about the drawing—nothing stiff; it is as though his pencil changed everything it touched, transforming pebbles into diamonds. Not infrequently Collot introduces fresh actors into the drama. For example, in the scene where Death is removing the nuptial garland from a bride, Collot adds two individuals—a servant, in the act of handing her mistress her necklaces and jewels, and a Death, who seizes and dances away with them; also, he modifies and interprets, in his own fashion, Holbein's conception of the physiognomy and attitudes of Death. Hence this series of drawings may be taken almost as an original work—a new Danse Macabre, less naïve, more mocking and more cruel than the other.

The remaining sketches in this album were made at the siege of Breda. They consist of picturesque camp scenes, races and shooting-matches between the soldiers, studies of horses, episodes of battles, skirmishes, portraits of camp followers and vivandieres, of Turks and Hungarians; then groups of children, infants at the breast, cripples with hats awry and ragged capes, tattered beggars, roystering Bohemians; here a group of soldiers, drinking the stirrup-cup; there

another group, chaffing a solidly-built woman, well able to look out for herself, and every line is executed with a devil-may-care dash and spirit—a magic touch that infuses the very breath of life into these yellow bits of paper. The horses gallop across the page; one can hear the sutlers quarreling and cursing; the cold breath of the tomb blows across the leaf, and makes you shiver as your eye falls on that ferocious figure of Death, hastening to the combat, with the haughty air of a conqueror, his head ornamented with a great plumed hat, and across his shoulder a banner, whose folds are gathered between the bony fingers of one hand.

Vienna has reason to be proud indeed of her art treasures. The Belvedere Galleries, even before they were incorporated with the Imperial Art Museum, ranked among the finest collections in Europe; and she can, moreover, boast of four valuable private galleries—those of Count Czernin, Count Harrach, Prince Liechtenstein and of Count Schönborn. These are all open to the public, and contain admirable examples of the ancient German, Italian and Dutch schools of art.

A little to the north of the Albertina stands the Lobkowitz Palace, an ostentatious rococo building, erected in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Prince Wenceslaus Eusebius Lobkowitz played a conspicuous part in public affairs in the reign of Leopold I. He belonged to the junior branch of an ancient

Bohemian family, and held a number of important offices, finally becoming Prime Minister on the disgrace of Prince Auersperg, who had held that office. Witty, agreeable, generous and good-humored, Lobkowitz unfortunately never could learn to hold his tongue, and consequently was always getting into trouble.

On the death of the Empress, Margaret Theresa, Leopold wished to marry again, and was hesitating between a Princess of the Margravate and his cousin, the Tyrolese Princess Claudia Felicitas, a daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand. A number of other *partis* were suggested to the Emperor, and all their portraits were hung in a room in the Burg. One day when Lobkowitz, who was a great favorite with the Emperor, was examining this strange collection, Leopold asked his advice as to which bride he should select. The Minister named several Princesses, but none of those whose portraits were before them. Later, when Claudia became Empress, she heard of this; also that he had repeated some discreditable tales concerning her. She determined, therefore, to have her revenge. A charge was preferred against Lobkowitz that he was planning a secret alliance with France, and the Empress, with the aid of the Jesuits —his inveterate enemies—procured his disgrace. Quite unprepared for the impending misfortune, the Minister was driving to Court, as usual, on the morning of the 17th of October, 1674, when he was ar-

rested on the street by the captain of the body-guard of halberdiers, and informed that by special order of the Emperor he was deprived forthwith of all his dignities. When the astonished Minister asked, not unnaturally, to be given some reason, he was solemnly warned against making *any inquiries*, under pain of death.

He was then told that within three days he must leave Vienna and retire to his estate of Raudnitz in Bohemia, there to remain in exile. There was nothing for it but to obey, and on the third day succeeding his arrest, the Viennese were much edified by the sight of the late all-powerful favorite being escorted in an open carriage across the bridge of the Danube by three troops of dragoons. It was suspected that the Municipal Council might also have had a hand in the Minister's downfall, as they bore him a grude for forcing them to clean the streets of the capital. It is told that after trying in vain, by means of alternate threats and promises, to induce the Council to do this, the Prime Minister at last had recourse to a trick. He sent one day for the Burgomaster of Vienna to come to see him. The Burgomaster arrived in his state carriage, clad in an embroidered suit, silk stockings and low shoes, fastened with jeweled silver buckles.

"Ah, my dear Burgomaster, is it you!" cried Lobkowitz, at the same time seizing his hat. "I am so very sorry; but an important piece of business obliges

me to go out. Will you just step into my carriage, and we can talk as we drive. I will drop you on your street."

Sebastien Fingensheur thereupon dismissed his coachman and seated himself beside the Minister, who discoursed to him fluently about the weather. The carriage drove through all the dirtiest streets in Vienna, finally stopping near the Town Hall.

"A thousand pardons!" cried Lobkowitz; "but I shall have to put you down here, my dear Burgomaster. I find I have lingered too long, and my engagement takes me in the opposite direction."

The door was thrown open and a footman stood ready to help the Burgomaster out; but when the latter saw the sea of mud with which the street was flooded, he drew back, and, turning to Lobkowitz, said, in a tone almost of supplication:

"If your Excellency would be so kind as to allow the coachman to drive just a little further."

"Impossible!" said the Minister. "I tell you I am expected, and I am twenty minutes late now."

So, whether he liked it or not, the Burgomaster had to step out—and in, too, for the mire reached above his ankles, and he reached his house in a very sorry plight. Lobkowitz went home, shrieking with laughter; and from that day there was a marked improvement in the condition of the Viennese streets.

Even in exile, Lobkowitz continued to give his fanciful humor rein. He fitted out one-half of the

hall of his castle with all the magnificence of a princely establishment, while the other half was as poor and meagre as the most miserable hovel.

"It is my way," he explained to visitors, "of keeping the past and the present always before my mind." He composed for his epitaph the following summary of his career :

"I have been—Count, Prince, Duke.
I am—dust, shadow, nothing!"

CHAPTER VI.

Buildings on the Ring Strasse—Academy of Fine Arts—Schiller Monument—The Opera under Leopold I.—"The Habsburg Lip"—The Empress Claudia—Expedient of the Devout Eleanora of Mantua—Charles VI.'s Taste for Music—Joseph Fuchs—Imperial Performers—Arrangements of the House—The Present Opera House—Deaths of the Architects—Interior Fittings—Mechanical Devices—Costumes—*Hofopern Orchester*—The Conductor Hans Richter—The Ballet—The Audience—Cafés Chantants, "the Opera of the People"—The Tyrolese Singers—The Viennese Singers—Furst—His Power of Mimicry—Street Musicians—"*O du lieber Augustin*"—Opera House—Adelige Casino—Stadtpark—Ice Fêtes—The Duc de Richelieu in Vienna—Austrian Museum of Art and Industry—Export Academy—Franz Josephs Barrack—The Danube: Where Is It?—Viennese Signs—Reminders of Paris—The Ring Promenade—Excellent Street Paving—Street Cleaning—The Cab Drivers—Sedan Chairs Were Not Always a Luxury—Omnibuses—The Ring a Fashionable Resort—Absence of Decorations—Racial Characteristics—Jewesses.

THE Albrechtgasse, which skirts the side of the Hofgarten, leads back to the Ring, directly opposite the Schiller Platz and the great Academy of Fine Arts. Attached to the latter are schools of painting, sculpture and architecture. The façade has gilded niches, in which stand terra cotta figures representing the heroes and goddesses of Olympia, the whole forming a remarkably poor background for the bronze

statue of Schiller, which rises in the centre of the Platz. Were this but of marble, instead of bronze, it would be much more effective.

The veneration shown by Germany for her literary heroes is altogether admirable. No fewer than forty statues of Schiller and Goethe are to be found on German soil. How many monuments, it may be asked, has France erected to Molière or Corneille?

A little beyond the Academy is the Opera House. As early as the reign of the Emperor Leopold I. (1657–1705) the opera was performed at Vienna with great magnificence. One hundred thousand florins were expended upon the production of Sesti's "Il Pomo d'Oro" alone.

In this opera the scene was changed twenty-three times, and there were the same number of combats. In the ninth scene of the first act, Paris was discovered displaying to Juno a glittering galaxy of diamonds; on the right, two genii were bearing away the figure of Momus, while on the left, Minerva, completely armed, stood poised upon a rainbow. The final scene represented Olympus above the clouds, and Jupiter, from his throne, informing the assembled goddesses that the golden apple could belong to none other than to the Emperor's bride (his second wife, Claudia of Tyrol), as she combined the stately dignity of Juno, with the virtue and wit of Minerva and the beauty of Venus.

Leopold was passionately fond of music, and,

The Imperial Opera House

although he possessed a fully developed "Habsburg lip,"[1] he himself played very well on the flute and also on the spinet. The Empress Claudia shared this taste, and her musical proficiency was one reason of her great influence over her husband. Sometimes she utilized the opera to bring things to the Emperor's notice, which even she hardly dared to tell him of plainly. Thus the "La Laterna di Diogene" was an exposition of the abuses rife in the Viennese Court at that time.

Leopold's third wife, Eleanora of Mantua, was, on the contrary, a pronounced *dévote;* obliged to accompany the Emperor to the opera, she took with her a copy of the Psalms, bound to look like a libretto, and studied them devoutly throughout the performance.

The Emperor's passion for music remained with him to the very end. When on his death-bed, after the last rites of the church had been performed, he asked to have the Court band brought to his chamber, and as they played he expired.

Leopold's youngest son, the Emperor Charles VI., inherited his father's musical taste. In his time the

[1] A striking physical characteristic of the Habsburgs was the heavy hanging under lip. It was transmitted through many generations. When the marriage between the Emperor Napoleon and Marie Louise was definitely arranged, a portrait of the Archduchess, painted expressly for the purpose, was sent from Vienna to her Imperial fiancé, who had never seen her. Napoleon, it is said, after examining it eagerly, expressed the greatest satisfaction at finding that his bride had "the Habsburg lip," as his wish was to marry one whose distinguished birth would instantly be recognized.

band of the Burg Opera was brought to a high state of proficiency, under the leadership of the gifted Styrian, Joseph Fuchs. Occasionally on such high festivals as the Emperor's or the Empress's birthday, Charles would himself lead the band, while distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the Court would perform on the various instruments, and sometimes the two Archduchesses would even take part in the ballet! Metestasio, who had then settled in Vienna, composed the librettos; the soprano parts were sung by eunuchs.

Notwithstanding the enormous expense of these performances (it never cost less than sixty thousand florins to bring out a new opera), the public was admitted free of charge, certain boxes being set aside for the use of the Court and distinguished guests. The Emperor and Empress occupied an *estrade*, placed directly in front of the stage. A page knelt on either side throughout the performance to fan their Majesties; the rest of the Imperial family sat on the stage itself.

The exterior of the present Opera House, which was begun in 1861, is not especially impressive. Five unimposing statues, wearing an air of excessive ennui, are stationed between the square columns of an Italian loggia, and constitute the chief decoration of the façade. The two architects, Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg, both came to untimely ends before the completion of the building—one shot himself, from chagrin at the sinking of the foundation,

and the other actually died of mortification, caused by the severe and quite unjust criticisms of the Viennese press. The interior, however, fully atones for any disappointment one may feel at the exterior. Regarded from a practical standpoint, it is unsurpassed. Three thousand spectators can be accommodated comfortably, each individual being well seated, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the stage—one of the largest in Europe.

When the Opera House was opened in 1869, it was greeted with pæans of praise. Never had there anywhere been seen such sumptuous fittings, such magnificence of decoration, such air and space and comfort, such light and ventilation. The Imperial box, which occupies the middle of the house, is furnished with several ante-rooms and a splendidly decorated foyer. The machinery for opening and closing the trap-doors, shifting the scenery, and so on, is operated by steam and electricity. The scenery is all got ready in the morning, and in the evening the head machinist, installed in a little box, has merely to touch a button, and the wings at once begin to glide on or off, as the case may be, and the trap-door to rise or fall. Electric wires also connect the manager's box with the dressing-rooms of all the actors, actresses and ballet-dancers; with the orchestra, the director of the scenery, and the entire service of the house; and he can also sound a general fire-alarm throughout the city.

The employees of the Opera number seven hundred. There is a carpenter shop, a tailors and dressmakers' establishment, and a studio for scene-painting, attached to it; and it is not uncommon for as many as four hundred dancers to take part in a single ballet. The costumes are truly magnificent, fashioned, as a rule, out of the richest qualities of silks and velvets, and designed by the leading modistes. No pasteboard helmets or tin armor are found here, as at other theatres. Everything of this sort that is required is furnished from the Imperial Arsenal, and the collection, preserved in a special room, forms a museum in itself.

The *Hofopern Orchester* of Vienna ranks perhaps higher than any other orchestra in the world. Since 1875 the famous conductor, Hans Richter, has been associated with it; and on the death of Hellmesberger, in 1893, he became head *Kapellmeister*.

Richter conducted the *Nibelungen Ring* at Bayreuth in 1876, and has been conductor-in-chief of the Bayreuth Festivals ever since. He is very well known in England, having frequently given concerts in London, and conducted the Birmingham Festivals.

The ballet is likewise produced at Vienna in a manner to place it far above all other ballets. The dancers are really beautiful and graceful women, trained to the very highest degree of perfection in their art, and most exquisitely costumed. A performance is given in the Burg Opera every evening, except

in summer. Society, in its silks and laces, its diamonds and decorations, its gorgeous uniforms, gold lace, pomps and vanities, flows up the great stairways and into the boxes, and forms of itself an exhibition almost as interesting and quite as dazzling as that to be seen on the stage.

At the other extremity of the musical balance is what has been misleadingly entitled the "Opera of the people"—that is, the Cafés Chantants. These unhealthy excrescences, which are always to be found in a community where the love of music is widely developed, are perhaps a little less hopelessly vulgar and meretricious in Vienna than elsewhere, by reason of the Tyrolese singers, who may be found here and there, rendering the charming and plaintive songs of their native mountains. The entire audience will sometimes join in the chorus of Andreas Hofer's hymn, and then it seems for a moment as though the image of Country suddenly raised, and glorified the ignoble faces and squalid surroundings into something vigorous and almost fine.

The Viennese singers have won a world-wide reputation; if they figure on a programme, the performance is sure to draw a crowded house. Furst was the Christopher Columbus of this branch of art. An excellent mimic, he made a great hit by taking off the most familiar Viennese types—the terrible *Hausmeister* (portier); the Polish Jew; the curt and haughty employer, with his lean jaw, his fierce moustaches, his air

of a hungry crocodile; the hack driver, with his florid countenance; the happy-go-lucky shoemaker's apprentice; the bent and tottering old soldier—all of these, and many others, Furst was able to imitate exactly, in the tones of their voices, their gestures, all the little characteristics that were so familiar to his audiences. Words were easily provided, and Furst soon found himself the most popular man in Vienna, besides being the founder of a school.

On a plane below his are the innumerable harpists, violinists, flutists, soloists, of the street. During the day they wander about from one courtyard to another, and in the evening they are found in the cheap taverns and restaurants.

The most celebrated member of this class was the seventeenth century Augustin, whose songs are still sung and loved by his compatriots. Augustin's circumstances were like those of most other street Bohemians; ragged, thin, and miserably poor, his songs are epitomes of his life, wild bursts of gayety interspersing the prevailing melancholy, sobs and laughter, fine irony and deep despair. This nightingale of the gutter had withal an exquisite feeling for beauty in all its forms. And now, after a lapse of more than two centuries, that despairing cry of his, worthy to rank with the productions of Villon and of Mürger, still echoes not alone in the streets of Vienna, where he lived and suffered and died, but throughout the world.

"O, du lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin,
O, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!
Geld ist weg, mäd'l ist weg, alles weg, alles weg!
O, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!"

Opposite the Opera House is the Heinrichshof, a huge apartment house, with three large courts, and fronting on four streets. Beyond this, on the left and right, stand two of the principal hotels of Vienna, the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel Impérial, the latter at one time the palace of the Duke of Würtemberg. The inner side of this part of the Ring is the favorite afternoon promenade of "Society" in the spring and fall. Beyond lie the Schwarzenberg Platz and bridge, named after the field-marshal, Prince Carl, who distinguished himself in the battle of Leipsic, in 1813.

The exclusive Adelige Casino Club is in the Kolowratring, which is reached next. To this club only noblemen of ancient descent are admitted, its doors being closed inexorably to any simple gentleman. From the Johannesgasse to the Stuben Brücke, extends the charming Stadtpark, its lawns sprinkled with children and its lake with ducks. In winter this pretty sheet of water becomes a smooth expanse of ice, and here the skaters disport themselves in gay crowds. Sometimes fêtes are held, fêtes that transport the onlooker to fairyland at once, for they take place at night, by the light of torches, whose ruddy gleams cause every frozen twig and icicle in the surrounding trees and shrubbery to sparkle and glitter like jewels.

L. of C.

Hungarians, with boots fitting like gloves, short braided jackets and caps of otter skin, fly by, hand-in-hand with young girls, whom they guide as skillfully as though following the figures of a cotillion, and whose graceful, swaying figures are enveloped in the cloud-like drapery of their long veils and loose-flying hair.

After Tegetthof's expedition to the Arctic regions, the fashionable women of Vienna introduced a skating costume modeled after the picturesque dress of the Esquimaux, consisting of a cap, coat, breeches and tightly-fitting leggings, all of fur. It does away entirely with the inconvenient skirt. The hair is allowed to take care of itself, the hands are buried in a small muff, and the effect of the whole, while a trifle bizarre, is decidedly coquettish.

The Kursalon is provided with coffee and mineral-water rooms, and here are held the winter military concerts.

The Johannesgasse skirts this end of the Park. On November 9, 1725, the Duc de Richelieu, Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of Austria, alighted at No. 5, the residence of the Count of Kestenberg. The horses of his suite were shod in silver, his own in gold, and so loosely attached that they usually dropped off en route. The gallant Duke's five months' sojourn in Vienna was rich in adventures. One day he and his friend, Count Zinzendorf, visited a celebrated fortune-teller. After answering a num-

The Schwarzenberg Palace

ber of questions put to him about members of the Austrian Court and the diplomatic corps, the man, in his turn, asked a question.

"Now, gentlemen, tell me what you wish for above all else."

"I," said Richelieu, promptly, "would like more than anything else to possess the key to the hearts of Princes."

"And I that to the hearts of women," cried Zinzendorf.

"For some people," observed the sorcerer, "the key to a woman's heart would be a most useless possession, because the women they love have no hearts."

"You insult my mistress," cried Zinzendorf, his usually pale features becoming suddenly flushed. Then he added shortly, "Are you prepared to prove your assertion?"

"I am," was the reply.

Turning toward Richelieu, the Count said, "You hear him! . . . This vile liar dares to maintain his insult. . . . I demand proofs. I will have proofs."

Thereupon the sorcerer entered into such detailed statements regarding the life and career of a certain well-known lady, that Zinzendorf, quite beside himself, drew his sword; the other did the same. They were about equally matched; but the fortune-teller, being much more cool and self-possessed, had the advantage. Suddenly turning aside his adversary's blade, he was on the point of driving his sword home, when Riche-

lieu, who had followed every movement, struck in and gave him a fatal wound. The man, with a short cry, fell lifeless to the floor, bathed in blood. For a moment the two friends stood gazing at one another in stupefaction; then they fled. The police did not dare to call the Ambassador to account for the murder, which he himself took very airily. Some one venturing to refer to it one evening, during a reception at the palace, he laughed cheerfully, and said, "Well, but it was the devil I killed."

Directly opposite the Stadtpark are the park and building of the Horticultural Society, the latter used for balls and exhibitions, and beyond them, on the same side of the street, is the palace of the Archduke William, General Inspector of Artillery, and Grand Master of the German Order. It is in the Italian Renaissance style, with fluted columns, statues and trophies.

Further on to the right is the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry, a sort of permanent exhibition, where strangers may study the best productions of Viennese industrial art. The jewelry and goldsmiths' work is remarkable for its exquisite taste and the beauty of the workmanship; while the brilliant coloring of the carpets and woven stuffs, and the diaphanous character of the muslins, proclaim the influence of the Orient. The Viennese carvings in ivory, moreover, may be compared in fineness of execution with the work of that character done in China and India.

The specimens of bookbinding reveal the hands of true masters of the art, and all forms of leather-work are a specialty. The leather establishments, even of Paris, send to Vienna for workers in stamped leather.

When, however, it comes to furniture, bronzes, the thousand and one articles of elegant and costly luxury, which are classed together in Germany under the general head of *Galanterie-Waaren*, Vienna industry is the child of that of Paris, though the Vienna workman puts something of his own spirit into his work, and originates to a certain extent.

The iridescent glassware, invented by Lobmeyr, and carved meerschaums, are among the articles in the production of which Vienna excels. A school of Industrial Art is established in the adjoining building; it was founded by the Emperor, and has proved invaluable in developing and encouraging a class of workmen who have honorably earned their title of "the rivals of the Byzantines." The museum has been in existence about forty years.

Notwithstanding the high quality of many of the wares they have to offer, it has long been the standing complaint of Austrian exporters that, owing to the scarcity of Austrian merchants in foreign lands, they had difficulty in finding a market abroad. To remedy this state of things there was opened in Vienna in October, 1898, an Export Academy, connected with the Imperial Royal Commercial Museum, and under the superintendence of a member of the Ministry of

Commerce. The students are drawn from the graduates of commercial and grammar schools, and must pass preliminary examinations. The course of study and the discipline are strict. A student who has absented himself from classes for eight days, without showing satisfactory cause, is dismissed. There are frequent and severe examinations. The object of this Export Academy is to promote the Austrian export trade, and it is expected that the graduates, on leaving school, will take positions with manufacturing and exporting firms in Austria to master the practical details of business. Later, the Government and the Chambers of Commerce, with the aid of the foreign Consuls, undertake to aid in establishing them advantageously with firms abroad.

The curriculum includes the study of French and English speech and correspondence, domestic and foreign law—as it relates to commerce—economics, practice in office work, etc., etc.[1]

Opposite the Museum of Art and Industry is the Franz Josephs drill ground. The imposing red brick barracks, which were erected here after the revolution of 1848, have lately been pulled down. They formed part of a system of fortifications designed to hold the interior of the city in check. The Corporation had long been eager for their removal, deeming the site far too valuable to be devoted to such a purpose.

The Aspern Brücke forms a continuation, in a direct

[1] See *Vienna Export Academy*, C. B. Hurst, Consul-General Vienna.

line, of the Ring; it leads to the suburb called Leopoldstadt, and to the Prater; but the visitor is warned not to look for the majestic Danube, the "beautiful blue Danube" of poetry and song. It does *not* reflect the city in the calm waters of its stately bosom, and the attenuated arm that flows beneath the Aspern bridge has barely sufficient water to float the little steamboats plying back and forth between the city and the Prater. It is somewhat of a blow to the traveler to find Vienna situated not on the banks of the Danube, but at an hour's distance from it.

One amusing feature of the Viennese streets is the quaint character of many of the signs. Those of the small hotels and taverns are enough in themselves to show the very ancient origin of the Imperial capital. Golden Geese, Golden Lambs, Golden Grapes, Golden Crosses, Golden Crowns, Golden Stags, Golden Bouquets, and Golden Oxen, abound. There is a tavern of the Blue Goat, another of the Black Bear, of the Gold Peacock, of the Three Rabbits. The shopkeepers as well have a pleasant custom of naming their shops, calling them "The Laurel Crown," "The Camelia," and so on. Those which have French names are less happy, good intention being more in evidence than good grammar. Here are three taken down at random:

"*Choix des vêtements confectionnés pour les hommes au dernier goût aux etoffes du pays et de l'étrangère,*" "*Grande-Mode-Establissement,*" "*Spécialité de bottines pour femmes claquées.*" They remind one of the

"*specialités de Serviette en peau d'avocat*" and the "*Vin blanc, bon pour les huîtres,*" which were advertised in the streets of Paris itself not so very many years ago.

To the Parisian visiting Vienna, not the least of its pleasures consists in the continual reminders of his native land that meet him at every turn. You arrive at a hotel and are met by a waiter speaking French; French newspapers are in the reading-room; at the theatre, where you go to study the drama of the country, you find plays by Dumas or Feuillet on the boards. Attend a public ball—the dancing is almost the same as at Valentino's. In Vienna, as in London, Berlin and St. Petersburg, everywhere you find *Nouveautés de Paris, Modes de Paris, Coiffeurs de Paris.* Every hairdresser in Germany is named Hippolyte.

"Our workmen," once said a Viennese manufacturer, "all serve an apprenticeship in Paris; it is there they get their hands in. But if we fail to send them back for a certain space of time every four or five years, they lose their taste and their facility, and seem incapable of getting beyond their old models."

One of the directors of the Vienna opera once declared that Paris was the only place where an opera libretto could be properly prepared, citing as an example one of Mozart's operas, which they found means to have remodeled in Paris, and which up to that time had in Germany been declared impossible of production.

The Viennese streets are full of life and movement. That section of the Ring Strasse which lies between the rotunda of the Horticultural Society and the Opera House has all the animation of the Champs-Elysées. On a fine spring or autumn day Court equipages file by, the drivers wearing yellow breeches and laced three-cornered hats; private carriages tear by like the wind; horsemen prance up and down, bowing to the ladies who promenade on the side-walks under full sail; here and there one sees picturesque groups of Hungarian officers, in boots and skin-tight pantaloons, laced and ornamented, their *kalpacs* surmounted with an aigrette. Austrian officers lounge by in pairs, charming—curled and scented like the gallant *militaires* of light opera, bodies swaying, chests inflated, a glass stuck in one eye, hair carefully divided in the middle, with the part reaching to the back of the neck. They are usually tall and thin, poised on top of their long legs like herons, their fresh, rosy faces framed in reddish whiskers of the color of dried moss.

Long-haired students, artists in peaked hats, child-nurses in striking costumes—scarlet skirts, embroidered bodices and caps of gold cloth—turbaned Turks, wearing the crescent on their backs; scholars of the *Theresianische Ritter-Akademie*, in their natty and becoming military uniform; small flower-girls; dog fanciers; portiers (disguised as church beadles), standing majestically in the doorways of the houses—

all these, combined with the shifting character of the scene, lend to this boulevard a character at once individual and cosmopolitan.

The Ring has, besides its sidewalks, two carriage drives and two avenues, one for equestrians and one for pedestrians. One of the driveways is used by the tramway cars (which are plastered all over outside with advertisements), cabs and omnibuses.

Vienna is famed for the excellence of its street paving. "The impression produced by the streets of Vienna on the newly-arrived American is altogether favorable," wrote Colonel Waring, when making a tour of investigation in 1896 among the chief cities of Europe. There is some asphalt, but for the most part granite blocks, cubes about eight inches in size, are used. They are smooth of surface, with sharply-cut edges, and are admirably laid on a concrete foundation; the seams are not usually more than a quarter of an inch in width. The curbs are low, solid; the sidewalks of excellent construction—frequently they are laid with blocks similar to those of the streets.

This smooth, even surface greatly facilitates the work of the street-cleaners. These, however, Colonel Waring compares unfavorably, as to industry and efficiency, with the street-cleaners of New York; they wear no uniform, and many of them are old. In summer the more important streets of Vienna are sprinkled twice a day; they are also sprinkled and swept by machine in the night, between midnight and

four A. M.; and they are swept by hand a number of times during the day.

The street sweepings and the refuse collected from the houses are conveyed by wagon to the grounds of the various contractors, who have a force of men, women and children employed to sort out anything that may be re-sold; all materials for fuel, such as pieces of wood or coal or charred cinders, are especially valuable. On Saturday the employees are given for their own use the fuel collected on that day, the wily contractors being careful to measure the amount and gauge the work to be expected from them on other days by it. The sidewalks are cleaned twice every day by the householders.

The conclusion reached by Colonel Waring, after a careful inspection of the Viennese practice and methods, was that the main thoroughfares of New York were better cleaned than those of Vienna; and that the worst paved and most neglected streets of New York were cleaner than all but the principal streets of Vienna.

The *fiaker* (two-horse cab), with its frisky pair of horses, is fitted up with curtains and mirrors; only a washstand and clock are needed to turn it into a regular apartment. The horses are driven at a speed that rivals the pace of some blooded animals. As a rule, each driver owns his carriage and horses. On the eve of the Exposition of 1873 they went on strike, because the authorities wished to bind them down to a tariff—

they, the spoiled children of Vienna, accustomed to unlimited tips and to being treated like friends and companions! The true Viennese will always "tutois" his cabman, who belongs, however, to a very different and much more agreeable class than the ordinary cab driver. As a rule, he is a jovial soul, with a clever repartee always ready on the tip of his tongue. He descries you from afar, and politely doffs his hat, indicating by a gesture that his carriage is at your disposal. It is customary to pay by the hour, but in one hour a Viennese fiacre covers six times as much distance as a Parisian one. It is a point of honor with the driver to gallop his horses on all the streets where this is allowed, for in that fortunate city the police have actually been obliged to restrict the speed of the cabs.

The Viennese cabman is usually large and fat; he has the florid complexion of a Councilor of State and the corporation of a notary; his face is ornamented with rubies, like the decoration of the Golden Fleece, and his countenance, like his entire person, breathes contentment and happiness. In summer he dresses in nankeen; in winter he proudly envelopes himself in a mangy tippet, evidently purchased in the Juden Strasse. He is excessively polite; when you pass near a cab-stand, where, assembled in a sort of club, the drivers are discussing politics, or, gathered in a little group, are listening to one of Sir Walter Scott's tales, one of them will run up, and, hat in hand, smilingly inquire if "his Grace" would like a carriage.

He who stalks stiffly on, without paying any attention, is sure to hear a bantering voice answering for him: "Leave his Grace alone; don't you know the doctor has forbidden him to drive?"

It is very seldom that a Viennese cab driver grazes a carriage or other vehicle in passing; his facility is quite remarkable. It is commonly said that he can drive his carriage around a five-franc piece; moreover, one never hears those torrents of mutual invective so common in the streets of Paris. In the Count of Sandor, who married a daughter of Prince Metternich, the Viennese cabmen recognized a superior, and uncovered respectfully before this celebrated whip. "Why, to see him drive the four horses of his carriage," one of them was heard to say, one day, "you would think him a born cabman!" It sometimes happens that very highly-placed individuals prefer a *fiaker* to their own carriages, the drivers of the former being philosophers, in whose discretion the most entire confidence can be reposed. From time to time efforts have been made to put the Viennese cabmen into neat livery, and to transform them into a respectable, well-conducted class, but without success. Homesick for the free, Bohemian existence to which they are accustomed, they soon dispense with all their lately-acquired grandeur, and, returning to the battered *stösser* (a shiny, high hat), and red waistcoat of their choice, climb joyously back to their seats.

It once happened that a very well-known cabman,

who, for thirty years or more, had driven the same carriage through the streets of Vienna, was summoned by a lawyer to his office. "I have to inform you," said the lawyer, "that you are not a coachman's son, as you have always supposed. I have papers that clearly prove your identity. You are a son of one of the aristocratic families of the capital. At your birth, on account of certain malformations, your parents exchanged you, paying a certain sum of money to have the affair arranged. Thus it comes about that the son of the cabman B. is a Count, and the son of Count K. is a cabman. I have the means in my hands to restore you to all your rights of succession, of which this substitution has deprived you."

"I am a cabman, and a cabman I will remain," replied B., after taking a few moments for reflection. "No doubt it is a fine thing to be a Count; but I had rather be a cabman, as I much prefer to have the blue sky over my head, rather than a gilded ceiling. Birds die when you put them in a cage. For my part, I want to live and sing a while longer." And he did, in fact, continue to live a cabman.

A Viennese dramatic writer, Bauerlé, took this incident from real life for the foundation of a play, called "The Cab-driver Marquis," which had quite a success.

It has not always been an easy matter to get about in Vienna, though some time at the end of the seventeenth century there was a well-ordered company of

sedan-chair carriers established in the capital. By the hour a chair cost four cents, and for a whole day twenty cents.

A story is told of Antoine Kuranda, who, having on one occasion taken a chair to go to a ball, suddenly felt the floor give way. The night was stormy, rain falling in torrents and a high wind blowing, so that all his efforts to make the porters hear were unavailing. He was obliged, therefore, to keep pace with them and plunge blindly through puddles and gutters, until the scene of the festivity was reached. When the unfortunate secretary was at last relieved, he was a melancholy object—breathless, battered, and covered with mud from head to foot.

The old omnibuses are divided into two compartments. In the first—the coupé—some regard to manners is expected; the other is for smokers. There are no seats on top, and the conductor, in big boots and fur-edged cloak, stands on a raised step at the back. These forlorn old vehicles, lumbering, dirty, musty, unspeakable, seem to be the dubious offspring of an alliance between a rural diligence and a decayed berlin.

Throughout this entire section of the Ring the street is a mass of vivid coloring; to the sparkle of gay harnesses is added the glint and sheen of elegant toilettes, the rustle of silk and velvet, the glitter of brilliant uniforms. There is a movement, a life, a play of color, such as one sees in Fortuny's water-colors. The Ring is also the fashionable shopping

street of the capital. There are to be found the jewelers' shops, the dealers in *objets d'art et de luxe,* and the leading florists.

In winter it is the custom to take the children to the Ring a little before noon. These little men, gotten up like Highlanders, and little ladies, dressed out like Empresses, bow to one another with all the airs of grown people, and talk like the puppets of a miniature theatre. Perhaps they have been to the ballet the evening before, and they gravely exchange opinions on the dancing. Fanfan Benoîton would be looked upon in these days as a very stupid little person indeed.

The best time of all though to see the Ring is in the afternoon, between the hours of three and five, especially on a Sunday towards the end of autumn or in the beginning of spring. All the new toilettes are displayed, and people meet as they would in a salon. It is like being on the Prado at Madrid. There is nothing that quite corresponds to it in Paris, for the Ring is a place where all classes are to be seen—the great world, the *demi monde,* the middle class, even the exclusive Court and diplomatic set. A coupé draws up to the sidewalk, two valets, clad in long redingotes, stand by the door, and out gets a Princess or a Countess, and trips lightly off on her pretty feet to take a walk on the Ring. The Prince Imperial used to walk there almost daily, notwithstanding the crowd that would follow him, and which evidently

Emperor Francis Joseph

annoyed him greatly. The Count of Andrassy, too, liked to saunter there, talking familiarly with his friends and smoking, his hands clasped behind his back. Nor did M. Gambetta fail to show himself on the Ring in '76, arm in arm with M. Étienne, director of the *Nouvelle Presse libre.*

It is a famous place, moreover, for flirtations; in that moving, shifting crowd eye seeks eye, and many things are said in that mute language that lovers understand. It is the hunting-ground for what has been called the "eye chase," while every spoken language can be heard there, much as on the Tower of Babel.

The number of idlers, loungers, dandies, first and second secretaries of legation, is incalculable, all armed with sticks and eye-glasses. Formerly, when Society used to promenade on the ramparts, each individual was accompanied by a dog. The most fashionable breed was the milk-white or coal-black Pomeranian, with elongated muzzle. No man, with any pretension to style, could dispense with his "Spitzerl"; and the dog market was established close by the chicken market.

One thing that always strikes a Parisian is the absence of decorations. Among all this crowd of people not one is seen, for it is not considered good style in Vienna to wear decorations on the street, and they make endless fun of persons who make this display of the trade-marks of knowledge or of merit, which, indeed,

but too often are like Bordeaux labels fastened on bottles of "*petit bleu.*" The elegants, in order to distinguish themselves from ordinary everyday mortals, are quite content with a simple flower in the button-hole.

There is no better place than the Ring in which to study the many and various types of the monarchy. Take your seat at the window of one of the cafés and look. The spectacle is quite unique. To begin with, the crowd is as variegated as at a fair ground, and no where else does one find such handsome samples of the human race; in no other spot do the women impress you as they do here. A party of young girls advances; the purity and grace of their outlines would arouse the envy of a Greek statue; their cheeks have the delicate tints of a tea-rose; in their eyes are the deep shadows of the Orient; the arched feet and light step indicate Hungarian blood. Their dress displays a natural elegance of taste, while in their manner of walking there is something of the feline, swaying grace of the Parisienne. The Slav women of Bohemia and Poland also possess that powerful charm —racial individuality; they are large and strong of limb, with big, soft, black eyes, and skin like marble—a contrast at once poetical and unusual. They make one think of the swans of the North, or the White Nixies of the Netherlandish legends. Their features are finely chiseled and intelligent, and underneath this icy mask there burns a fiery spirit.

In this cosmopolitan assemblage one comes across Italians prattling in their melodious language, like swallows in a northern clime announcing the return of spring; and then there is the pretty Viennese herself, with her taking manners, her little nose tilted into the air, and her arch glances. The Viennese women preserve their brilliant coloring even when they get old, and belong to that type of beauty—a trifle too robust, perhaps—which has been rendered classic by some of the Italian masters.

Those women, decked out like the show windows of a jeweler's shop, with a slight down on the upper lip, little curls on the temples, ear-rings in the form of hoops, or little coffers or bells, are Jewesses, bankers' wives and millionaires—weather-beaten vessels which have navigated every sea, and long since doubled Cape Tempest. But how handsome their daughters are! and how expressive that Jewish cast of countenance and the great, full eyes can be!

The Viennese men are large and strongly built, though one does not meet on the Ring those giants who are to be seen beneath the lindens of Berlin. The Viennese type of face is intelligent, frank and full of sprightly good humor. The Austrian race is an exuberant one. There is no country whose people have better blood in their veins. But, as has already been pointed out, were it to be analyzed, a very small proportion of it would prove to be German.

CHAPTER VII.

Government Printing Office — Chromolithography — Destruction of Old Notes—Staid Character of the University Students—Leading Newspapers and the State of the Austrian Press—Sums Paid for Press Influence in the Franco-Prussian War—The "Revolver Press"—"Personals"—The Story of M. X.—Society of the "Concordia"—The Censorship—Mark Twain on the Newspaper Tax.

THE Singer Strasse leads in a southeasterly direction from the end of the Graben. On the right is the old Government Printing Office (the new one is on the Rennweg, near the Belvedere).

Here was born the chromolithographic art; taken up by private enterprise, it ultimately became one of the most flourishing branches of Viennese trade. A large force of workmen is constantly employed in the Government Printing Offices, from whence books are issued in nearly every language of the world. But the main work of the office is the printing of paper money, stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards. The men employed in these departments are kept under a strict watch, and are carefully selected for their positions. Government employees make a minute inspection of every impression, and register each fresh note in their books, as though it were the name of a

newly-born infant. A great deal of the work consists in the renewal of torn and worn-out paper-money. The notes which return to the fold, after a life of wandering and vagabondage, in a condition that suggests that of the prodigal son, are locked into iron chests until their identity has been established—for it sometimes happens that among these sons of the house a bastard will slip in; they are kept for two or three years and then burned. Several millions of florins will be cast into the flames in a single day.

A number of years ago some enterprising individuals formed a company in Galicia, whose business it was to collect old revenue stamps and restore them to an appearance of virgin purity. As the value of some of these stamps amounts to as much as twenty dollars, the industry was a lucrative one; but the chief of the printing office, M. de Beck, after many experiments, at length succeeded in discovering certain coloring matter that changed its hue as soon as it was brought into contact with an acid, and thus put a stop to the business.

Before the University was moved, the neighborhood to the north corresponded to the Latin quarter of Paris, but at no period did its manners and customs in any way resemble those of the Faubourg Saint Michel. The academic citizen of Vienna is the most respectably prosaic of human beings; his young affections are centred in his pipe and his *schop*, and the quarter he inhabits has the character of a small country town.

On the Wollzeile are many of the leading newspaper offices. The Viennese press developed as suddenly and as rapidly as did that of America. Before 1848 the Austrians had neither Parliament nor Constitution, and hardly knew so much as the meaning of the word politics. Metternich would hear of no newspaper except the *Augsburg Gazette*, which he had bought himself, and in Vienna the only papers published were the *Vienna Gazette* and two or three little literary journals, which dangled from the points of the censor's scissors. "Ah, we were all very stupid in those days," an old Viennese once plaintively observed; "but we were very happy as well."

On one occasion a writer, who was editing a small theatrical journal, alluded in an editorial to a certain portrait of Napoleon, which he had seen in a private house; he treated it solely from an artistic standpoint. The article was suppressed. Why? Because the name of Napoleon must not appear in print. It was forbidden to print *Madame* or *Mademoiselle* before the names of actresses, and the censorship, which exercised its functions even in the matter of fashion-plates, confiscated those in which the cut of the corsage did not answer to their standards of decorum.

On the very day that the liberty of the press was proclaimed in Austria—that is, on the 20th of March, 1848—the first number of the *Constitution* appeared, edited by Leopold Hæfner. Hæfner was a hat-maker. In order to lend a Parisian air to his hats, he hit upon

the device of stamping them with the well-known label, *Jules Janin, à Paris.* The brilliant critic little dreamed that his name served to distinguish most of the head-gear worn in the Austrian Empire, where he was supposed to be an especially excellent hat-maker. Such is fame.

The *Constitution* burst upon the public like a bomb-shell, and soon had a tremendous circulation, due partly to the conditions of the hour, and partly to the indisputable talent of the editor. Before long another paper was started—the *Austrian Gazette.* This was quickly followed by another and another, until, at the end of one year, there were no fewer than two hundred and seventeen papers in circulation. Among these, the *Presse* at once took a leading position, mainly by reason of the enterprise displayed by its editors in obtaining the earliest and most accurate news. This paper was founded by a well-known Parisian baker. He was the first to sell those admirable Viennese rolls. Happening to fall in with M. Emile de Girardin, who had just completed his invention of a cheap printing press, M. Zang conceived the idea of furnishing food for the brain, as well as for the body. He went at once to Vienna, held out golden inducements to the two leading editors of the *Austrian Gazette* to join him in the new enterprise, and the *Presse* became an immediate and brilliant success; it paid its way almost from the start, and in a very short time large profits were realized. Great was the exasperation among the editors

of all the rival papers, and reports were circulated in the capital that Zang had secret sources of income. It was easy enough, they declared, for him to dispense with subsidies, for had he not just inaugurated in Vienna the American and Mercantile Press?

In the reaction that followed the revolution, all the Liberal newspapers were at first suppressed; it was forbidden to print the words "Democracy," "Revolution" or "Constitution." There was not even a conservative press, nothing but the official organs, edited in the ministerial bureaus.

Presently, however, more reasonable counsel prevailed, and the dawn of a golden era broke for Austrian journalism. Herr Zang, the fortunate editor of the *Presse*, had his office besieged by important personages who humbly begged to be allowed the privilege of emptying their own portfolios into his. At the time of the Polish insurrection, this paper published a few sympathetic words concerning the skill exhibited by the insurgents; the Galician Poles thereupon sent the editor four handsome horses in testimony of their appreciation. Unfortunately these noble animals, though not in any way descended from the famous one of Troy, sewed the seeds of discord and treason. One of the most brilliant sub-editors, named Etienne, claimed his share of the reward, but Herr Zang, who thought four horses not one too many to draw him and his fortune, would listen to no such suggestion, and Etienne, throwing the corner of his

cloak across his shoulder with a tragic gesture, stalked off, muttering threats.

A week later posters appeared in every street and alley of Vienna announcing a great new daily paper, the *Neue Freie Presse*—a cruel title for poor Zang. The public rose to the bait, and very soon the new *Presse* supplanted the old one. Thanks to the cleverness, real ability and Yankee shrewdness of Etienne, its editor-in-chief, no one who wished to be well informed could afford not to read the new paper, which was gotten up in the style of the *Times*, and before whose office princely equipages could be seen night and day, placed at the disposal of the editors and collaborators. Etienne, who had personal reasons for hating the Empire, plunged into a war to the death against the Napoleonic dynasty. It was said in Vienna that the *Neue Freie Presse* had demanded one million florins from Prussia as the price of its support, but, as a fact, it is much more probable that Herr Etienne, at a pinch, would have offered Bismarck that amount to push on to Sedan.

On the eve of the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war the director, or one of the directors of the French press, hastened to Vienna; but what papers did he succeed in buying up? Those for which Prussia had no use. The *Tages Presse*, a paper without the smallest weight or importance, but which nevertheless was promised a hundred and twenty dollars a day; one other insignificant sheet, which valued

its services at forty dollars a day, and the *Military Gazette*, which was to receive sixty dollars every time it demonstrated the superiority of the *chassepot* over the *fusil à aiguille*.

Prussia found that the influence wielded by her in Austria, through the medium of the Vienna press, was too valuable to be dispensed with, and when the war was over she accordingly established there a branch of the famous "Bureau of Public Intelligence," the management of which was placed in the hands of an individual who was subsequently expelled from the capital.

If journalism does not bring honors in Vienna, at least it is one of the roads by which the wealth that procures them is won. A newspaper is exploited there in the same fashion as a commercial enterprise, a manufactory of wax or of chocolate. The printing presses must above all else turn out money, a trick that the editors seem completely to have mastered. In the Plaeht trial, which arose out of some question connected with the founding of a bank, it was discovered that as much as thirty-five thousand florins had been expended to purchase the influence of the leading papers of Vienna, the *Presse* and the *Neue Freie Presse* receiving fifteen thousand apiece for their share.[1]

When the Anglo-Bank launched the Turkish shares it paid out large sums to secure the silence (literally

[1] These, and the following figures, are taken from a work of Professor Wuttke, of Leipsic, on the German press.

golden in this instance) of certain papers. Twelve, sixteen, and fifty thousand florins were paid respectively to the *Fremdenblatt*, the *Faubourg Gazette* and the *Presse*, while the *Tagblatt*, which had about the same circulation as the *Petit Journal* has in Paris, got in return for a very warm support thirty-two thousand florins—about sixteen thousand dollars! The term "revolver press" was especially invented to describe the small journalists of Vienna, who have long practiced on the banks of the Danube a veritable *camorra*. The staff of reporters attached to these papers is composed of spies (usually in the pay of Prussia), both by nature and by trade; in addition, there are a number of secret agents, brokers who deal in scandal and blackmail. Pay enough and you will be well treated—that is the simple rule by which this branch of journalism is conducted; it exists on reputations, made or lost with a stroke of the pen, and lurks for you in a corner of its newspaper, as other brigands do in the corner of a wood.

The president of a large railway company, who had been repeatedly approached by one of these "revolver journalists," but without results, received one day, in a closed wrapper, a copy of a newspaper in which there was a racy account of some shady episodes in his own past. The article broke off with a promise to give the continuation in the next issue of the paper. The victim paid down his money and was let off. Another railroad magnate adopted, under similar cir-

cumstances, a totally different and, on the whole, more satisfactory method. A newspaper man came to his office and showed him the proof-sheets of a scandalous article; but, instead of receiving hush-money, he was kicked into the street, with the warning that, should he dare to print so much as a single line of it, he would be assassinated. The threat took effect.

In 1871 the editor of a society paper had the audacity to threaten a Court official with the publication of a defamatory article, if he were not given a certain sum of money down, and the assurance of the same amount annually. The official brought suit, and the editor had four months in prison.

In 1872 a lady brought suit against a man of letters who threatened to write a judicial romance about her family, in which all her relatives were to be put in the pillory.

Woe to the débutante who refuses to come to terms with the representatives of these papers. Reporters have been known to call at the house of a blushing maiden, and in a friendly, amicable way arrange with her family the sum which their spontaneous admiration was to cost. Numbers of artists pay a stipulated yearly sum for favorable criticisms of their work.

Notices such as those which are occasionally seen in the personal columns of American newspapers abound in all the Viennese papers. They are expressed in the most ingenuous language, and are frank and con-

fiding to an astonishing degree. Here are two, cut at random from some of the leading journals:

"Hand and Heart are at the disposal of a rich lady, willing to provide a handsome student of 22 with the means to complete his course of studies."

"LISTEN, MEN, LISTEN!—I am young and pretty, a slender brunette, and I wish to get married between now and the next Carnival. I have three hundred and fifty dollars, and those amiable qualities which are sure to make a man happy. I belong to the servant class, and if this fact does not deter you, offers can be sent to 'Brunette 20,' office of this paper. I would prefer an Hungarian Guardsman. Letters will be received until December 3d."

I do not know to which ingenious nation we owe the invention of that useful institution, the Matrimonial Agency. At Vienna, just as at London, Berlin and Paris, there are establishments whose business it is to provide persons with suitable mates. Fresh applicants are described in the papers like so much merchandise—age, color of the hair, whiteness of their souls and of their teeth, sweetness of their character; everything is set forth in the most alluring language. Here is one:

"MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG WOMEN.

"At A. B.'s a large number of marriageable young women, including all ages and classes, with portions ranging from 500 florins to 150,000 florins. Several wealthy young ladies, who wish to make love marriages. All communications absolutely confidential."

Of course these advertisements are not always

genuine, and sometimes practical jokes are played at the expense of a too confiding applicant.

A notice once appeared in the *Tagblatt* signed M. X. It set forth that "a young girl of good family, ill-treated by her parents, would like to be abducted by a gentleman of distinction. Write to the office of this paper, under the initials K. V., and send photograph." Among quite a number of replies that this ingenuous announcement called forth, there was one from an elderly officer, who begged for further particulars—as to the age, fortune, condition and so forth of the unhappy maid. M. X. gave him any amount of information, more than he had asked for, and for the next three months there was a constant interchange of perfumed notes and protestations of undying affection, the missives of M. X. being signed with the poetic name of Julia. One day the officer sent his adored unknown an order on a certain book store for two volumes of which he was himself the author; they were two treatises on artillery. Julia, naturally anxious to do something in return for this delicate attention, invited him to ride by a certain house on the following day. "I will be at the window with my brother, but be careful not to look too hard, for my brother is a rough creature, and would be perfectly capable of rushing out and picking a quarrel with you on the spot." At the appointed time M. X. called on the lady of the house and asked her to look out of the window with him at one of the archdukes who was to ride by. The officer came

prancing down the street, but hardly had he smiled gallantly at the window, when M. X., with an angry look, ordered the lady away. The next day there came a letter full of ardor. Julia responded precisely to the idea he had formed of her, and he longed to call her his own. He enclosed two tickets for the opera; he would occupy the next seat to hers, and they must then contrive to arrange for an elopement, as he was bent on making her his wife. The tickets were presented by M. X. to a lady of his acquaintance with a young daughter. "You may have an old gentleman for your neighbor," he told her, "who has fallen very much in love with your daughter." Sure enough; no sooner were they settled in their orchestra chairs, than the old gentleman began to sigh deeply, and to gaze at her with eyes full of tender feeling. Presently he attempted to take her hand. "Oh, Julia," he whispered, "how I love you! A carriage will be waiting at the close of the performance, and nothing would be simpler than for me to carry you off." To which the girl replied in clear, loud tones that she did not know who he was, but that he was extremely impertinent.

On the following day the elderly stranger appeared at the ladies' house and apologized. "I have been made the victim," he said, "of an odious trick, and I beg you to tell me who gave you the tickets you used last evening." The mother, who began to see through the matter, told him it was M. X. "Ah," said her visitor, "it was M. X., was it? Allow me once more

to express my sincere regrets for what has happened." And he marched off to the superintendent of police. M. X. was summoned; but, on hearing the story, the official merely laughed, and the case was dismissed.

The Viennese journalists are organized into a society called the *Concordia;* the initiation fee is about fifty dollars, and the annual subscription five. They give a series of balls and entertainments in the winter, the proceeds from which are devoted to a general fund for the relief of needy members, and of the widows and orphans of those who die without means.

The throttled condition of the Austrian press to-day is a source of wonderment to every foreigner who visits that country.

"Political development," says a recent writer, "will have a hard struggle so long as the mediæval press laws continue to exist. In no constitutional State in Europe are the conditions for free expression of opinion so unfavorable. Anything 'dangerous to public interests' may be confiscated by administrative order, and the door is so open to official discretion that a quotation from the Bible might occasion the suppression of an issue. This censorship not only extends over the published statement, but also begins in preventive fashion before publication. Newspapers are accustomed to receive notice from State's attorneys and police officials that certain matters are not to be touched upon, and the business is thus carried on in a manner in no sense judicial, but rather administrative and dictatorial.

Moreover, the Government can regulate the criticism of its action by means of the license law. Official permission must be obtained before a newspaper can be started, and the character and political antecedents of the proposed publishers may easily cause the bureau of censorship to decide that another journal is unnecessary to the welfare of the country.

"On the top of this comes the stamp duty. On the margin of every copy of every unofficial paper you may observe a black seal, like our postal canceling stamp, which indicates that a fraction of a cent has been paid to the Austrian Government. This brings into the treasury about 1,300,000 florins every year as a direct tax on the educational interests of the country. Furthermore, the semi-official papers which publish legal notices are exempt from this duty, and can thus thrive at the expense of the others. Then it requires a special license to sell newspapers. The newsboy is unknown. Only at the scattered kiosks and certain other well-defined places can the journals of the day be bought when not taken by subscription. The result is good for the cafés, whither everybody flocks to read the news, but not for the general spread of intelligence." [1]

Mark Twain whimsically complains of the newspaper stamp tax. "Every American newspaper that reaches me has a stamp upon it, which has been pasted there in the post office, or down stairs in the hotel office;

[1] J. M. Vincent. Letter to *The Nation*, December, 1901.

but no matter who put it there, I have to pay for it, and that is the main thing. Sometimes friends send me so many papers that it takes all I can earn that week to keep this Government going." The censor, he says, receives a copy of every paper at five o'clock in the morning. His clerks run through them, marking the suspicious paragraphs, and handing them over to him for inspection, and they are stricken out or left in, according to the state of his mind, or his temper, or his digestion. The clerks do not always hold the same views, and there is no time for consultation; so it sometimes happens that practically the same article which has been suppressed in one paper appears in full in another. The first one then quotes the article in full in its next edition, and explains why it is so late in appearing. The suppression of an article means, of course, that the entire edition must be reprinted, an expensive and vexatious business. It occasionally happens that after an issue has actually been distributed, the censor pounces down upon it, the copies are sent for to the houses where they have been left, and destroyed.

Again and again has this matter of the censorship of the press been brought forward in the House, but thus far with very little result.

CHAPTER VIII.

Out-of-Door Life—Street Types—Pork Shops—Fruits and Vegetables—Show Windows—Street Arabs—Milk Women—Tyranny of the Portiers—The Door Tax—A Clever Trick—The Lottery—Cafés: Their Introduction into Europe—How Coffee was First Brought to Vienna—Increase of Cafés: Their Popularity To-day—The Evolution of the Waiter—Vienna Rolls—Café Daum—Etiquette of the Restaurant—Wine Shops—Beer Kellers—The Esterhazy Keller—Austrian Wines—The Cuisine—Hotel Restaurants—The *Mehlspeisen*—Suppers.

One hardly remembers to feel fatigue in Vienna. The streets are so full of life and animation, and there is so much to amuse and distract the mind, that the body is well nigh forgotten. Places, quite as much as individuals, have a physiognomy of their own—pleasing or otherwise—which attracts or repels at first sight. That of Vienna is distinctly attractive.

These gay, careless, gregarious people live in public. Get up as early as you will during the spring and summer months, and you will find the streets and parks and gardens and restaurants already gay with life and bustle.

In the open air and the sunshine the citizens are breakfasting or reading or love-making, with the same degree of cheerful indifference to the public eye.

The street types are varied and picturesque. There is the Slav tinman, with his load of saucepans, mouse-traps and salad-baskets—his wide hat, his tattered *bunda*, and his feet wrapped about with strips of cloth; the Bohemian musician, wandering from the courtyard of one house to that of another, his violin or guitar tucked under his coat; then the slight, graceful young girls employed in the laundries, whom one sees flying along with hands on their hips and a sort of yoke on their backs; apple and onion hucksters, who carry their wares in baskets on their heads, and cry them from door to door. They are called "Kroatins," though they are no more natives of Croatia than are the little sausages sold at the street-corners a product of Frankfurt, though these are always called "Frankfurt sausages." At Frankfurt the compliment is returned in kind, and there they go by the name of "Vienna sausages." They are eaten with the fingers, like cakes, and are as dear to the hearts of the Viennese as is macaroni to the hearts of the Neapolitans.

Devoted as the Viennese are to every form of pork, any one coming direct from France cannot fail to be struck by the contrast presented in the arrangement of the pork-merchants' windows. Here we find no ruby or topaz-colored jellies sparkling in their glass cases; no fine, appetizing hams display their pink outlines against a background of pale sausages. Fragrant truffles, punctuating the white paper linings of

The Prater

their dainty baskets with little black dots, are unknown; golden patés do not tempt the passer-by; the sausages are not dressed out in silver pantalettes, like tight-rope walkers in the circus; and the proprietor himself, divested of the long white apron, reaching from the shoulders down to the ground, has not that solemn air of a sacrificing priest which distinguishes his Parisian brother.

The same difference is noticeable between the fruit and vegetable shops of the two cities. Those in Vienna are dark, smoky holes, with no pyramids of fruit arranged on foundations of green moss; no chaplets of pink onions, or heaps of tender-hearted lettuce; no glowing melons so arranged as to stand out in relief, like bands of gold braid, against the vivid green of the young peas. All these clear and brilliant hues, which are to be found in extinct nature, seem to disappear as soon as one leaves France.

Apart from the show in the jewelers' windows, and the meerschaum pipes, nothing but the display of coffins in the rue de Carinthie is worthy of especial notice in the Viennese shop windows.

It would seem as though the Viennese were desirous of imparting something cheerful even to the idea of death itself—of transforming a dreary object into something almost attractive. Their coffins are of the finest workmanship, covered with carving and stained to look like rosewood or tortoise shell; they are closed with gilded clasps, and might almost be mis-

taken for pieces of furniture, clothes-presses, chests, or even musical boxes.

The Viennese street Arab is the "*Schusterbub*"—that is, the cobbler's apprentice. He has the usual characteristics of his kind—impudence, effrontery, intrepidity. He is ready to do one a good turn, or a bad one, as the fancy takes him. One encounters him constantly on the street, his hair flying, the end of an old cigar between his teeth, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, one hand slipped behind the strap of his gaping apron, the other clasping a pair of shoes. He gets over the ground as nimbly in his ancient slippers as though he were shod in pumps, and he is the terror and scourge of the milk-women and portiers.

The milk-women look as though they had just stepped off the stage. They wear bright, canary-colored gowns, aprons as white as their own milk, small blue shawls with red spots, crossed over dark-colored jackets, and their pretty, fresh-colored faces are surrounded by a frame of dark, curly hair, kept within bounds by a red silk handkerchief, knotted under the chin.

It is the never-failing joy and delight of the "*Schusterbub*" to overturn by a single, quick, adroit movement of the foot either the tin milk-cans or the portier's pan of sweepings. All the Viennese portiers are not gotten up in carnival costume. Those of the middle-class establishments wear light blue, long-

tailed coats, red waistcoats and long striped or checked black trousers. In the morning they may be seen at the entrance to their courtyards, carrying their brooms with as much majesty as Charlemagne wielded his sword. At ten o'clock at night they emerge, clad in long, flowered dressing-gowns, with a key in one hand and a lantern in the other. They then proceed to enact the part of St. Peter. The institution of the *Cordon* does not exist in Vienna. The door can be opened only by unlocking it, and every time the portier is called up for that service he must be paid. Up to midnight the tariff is ten kreutzers (four cents and a fraction); after that it is twenty to thirty, according to the hour. If one pays a number of calls in an evening, he pays first to get in and then to get out. As the hour of ten draws near, whole families may be seen hurrying out of the theatres and beer-houses, and hastening with eager steps in all directions, in order to escape the doorkeeper's tax.

One is reminded of the story told by Villemot of a Parisian portier endowed with the same thrifty instincts as his Viennese brothers. A reveler, returning one night at a very late hour indeed, found the door fastened, while a muffled voice from within announced that the hour for the *Cordon* was passed. "*J'ouvre à la clef*" (five francs).

The belated one pleaded earnestly, but argument and entreaty alike failed to make any impression on the stony heart on the other side of the door. The

portier would not even modify his demand. The entire amount, or he would go back to bed. At last, dispirited by the icy wind, the wanderer slid a five-franc piece beneath the door, and instantly it swung open. But now the scene changes. The late suppliant was young and powerful; the portier was neither; and in the twinkling of an eye the latter found himself spinning around in a circle, the result of this evolution being to land the portier without and the other within the now fast-closed door.

"M. Gustave," came in pleading accents through the keyhole, "it is most unkind of you to treat me so! I am in my night-shirt; the Engineer–Chevalier's thermometer registers but sixteen degrees. I declare to you, on my word of honor, that I am far from well; this is really so. I have coughed frequently during the day."

"My friend," came back the answer, "you know the rules of this establishment. The time for the *Cordon* is passed. *J'ouvre à la clef*" (ten francs).

"But, my dear M. Gustave, how am I to get ten francs in this costume? I have no money about me."

"Very well; slip under the five francs *I* slipped under a few minutes ago. I will give you credit for the other five."

If the Viennese householders would only conspire for one night and follow the manœuvres of M. Gustave, this outrageous tax—this levy that recalls the pleasant customs of the mediæval barons—would dis-

appear in the course of twenty-four hours, and the portiers would no longer have the laugh entirely on their side.

Every now and then a sound of martial music is heard in the street; every one runs to the window to watch the regiment returning from drill, while small boys, idlers—every one who has any time to waste—fall in behind and march with it, keeping step, often arm in arm, as far as the barrack.

A people as open to impressions as are the Viennese, and who are as readily carried away by anything that catches the eye or the ear, are naturally unable to resist the seductions of street placards. A great deal of science is devoted to the construction of those enormous posters, red, blue, white, yellow, that line the walls and flare out from every street-corner. On a ball advertisement will be seen an airy danseuse, wafting you a kiss from the toe of her slipper; while a lottery notice displays a cornucopia-horn of abundance, overflowing with golden ducats.

Throughout the entire Austro-Hungarian State the Government sustains the lottery system, and derives large profits from it. A glass door, beside it a blackboard covered with rows of white figures, and a group of absorbed, wide-eyed women—by these signs you recognize the lottery office. Every few moments a daughter of Eve, incited by the devil, swallows the bait, and seizing the number that has tempted her, rushes in to have it registered by an official who is

stationed behind a wooden grating within the office. But paying your ten or twenty kreutzers for a ticket is by no means the end of the matter. It must be kept going. Now, to support a ticket entitling the holder to take part in all the drawings is about as costly as to support a child. In its practical workings the lottery is an encouragement to idleness and a discouragement to thrift; for the working classes it takes the place of the savings-bank, only with the difference that they never get their deposits back.

The feature that strikes a stranger in Vienna more perhaps than any other is the extraordinary number of cafés one sees. They must mount up far into the thousands. One could fancy himself in an Oriental town.

Coffee was introduced in Europe by sailors and merchants trading with the East. A café was opened in Marseilles in 1654, just two years after the first one had been established in London.

An English merchant, named Edwards, trading with Turkey, brought back with him to London, in 1652, a Greek servant, who was in the habit of making coffee daily for his master. Visitors who happened in at the time were served with it as well, and soon came to like it so much that they flocked in crowds, to the great inconvenience of the merchant. In order to put a stop to this, Mr. Edwards set his servant up in a public coffee house, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill; the sign, which displayed

a portrait of the Greek, announced that he was "the first who made and publicly sold coffee drink in England."

By 1675 the number of coffee houses had increased so rapidly as to alarm Charles II., who considered them hotbeds of sedition, and by his orders they were closed.

The following account of the causes which led to the introduction of coffee into Vienna, while perhaps a little amplified, is, in its main facts, correct enough. In July, 1683, the Turkish army, under the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, completed the investment of Vienna, and the siege of the city began. For two months the inhabitants, under the able command of Rudiger Count Starhemberg, were able to hold out; but at length, reduced by illness and weakened by famine, they seemed to have reached a point where further resistance was useless. The enemy had gained possession of the outworks, and the urgent messages sent to the Imperial army under the Duke of Lorraine and John Sobieski, to come to the aid of the garrison, had no effect. Apparently the generals were unable to comply, while in some instances the messengers fell into the hands of the Turks and were hung, in full sight of the besieged, as a warning. The story goes that at this crisis a young Pole, named Georges Kulczycki, asked permission to speak to the Governor General. Kulczycki was a strong, active and very handsome youth of twenty-three. He had a shop on

the Leopold Strasse, but had served as a volunteer in Frank's Free Company.

"What do you want?" asked Count Starhemberg, who was found walking up and down, plunged in anxious thought.

"To be allowed to communicate with the Imperial army. I will undertake to let them know what our situation is."

"The Turks will hang you sky-high!" answered Starhemberg; and he resumed his uneasy march up and down.

"No, they won't hang me," said the Pole.

"Why should they spare you any more than any one else?"

"Because I don't intend to be hung."

"Have you a talisman?"

"Well, I will manage them."

"You really want, then, to go into the enemy's lines?" asked the Governor, stopping and looking attentively at the young man.

"I will go through them; and I engage to carry a message from you to the army, and to bring back a report of my mission."

Starhemberg reflected a moment, and then said:

"Very well, then, go! But what reward do you expect, in case you succeed?"

"None. All I ask is the honor of being of use to you."

"Good! I will give you my dispatches to-night. You may go now, and may God be with you!"

That night, in the midst of a terrible storm that was raging in Vienna and throughout the neighborhood, the daring Pole, accompanied by a servant who had been with him in the East, slipped quietly out of the capital. Both men were disguised as Turks. The next morning they were in the enemy's camp, and were promptly taken before an Aga, to give an account of themselves. Kulczycki fluently explained that he was a merchant of Belgrade, and that his object in coming to the camp was to propose the establishment of a market to supply the Turkish army. This novel idea appealed to the Aga, who, saying that he would submit it to the heads of the army, ordered the two visitors to be given food and drink, and warned them not to wander far beyond the limits of the camp, as the outposts of the Imperial forces had advanced as far as the foot of the Leopoldberg.

This information was precisely what Kulczycki wanted. He managed to communicate with a soldier of the Christian army, without arousing the suspicions of his hosts, and in two days returned safely to Vienna, bringing the welcome news that an attack on the Turkish camp would be made at once. The attack resulted in the complete rout of the Mussulman host, the Turks retreating in such haste and panic that their abandoned camp was found to contain quantities of rich booty, besides many pieces of artillery, a number of ensigns and a standard. Among other things, a great quantity of sacks, filled with small, hard,

greenish grains, were seized. Shortly afterwards Starhemberg sent for the young Pole who had been of such signal service, and insisted upon his accepting some sort of recompense. The young man agreed, and asked for the sacks of grain.

"Certainly," said the Governor, "you may have them; but what will you do with them?" Whereupon Kulczycki told him how, according to tradition, a certain dervish, having been driven out of his convent at Mecca, in the thirteenth century, had taken refuge in a neighboring cave, where he had kept himself alive by chewing the grains of a wild plant called kahhoa. As the taste was raw and bitter, he tried roasting them, and then steeping them in hot water, finally obtaining a delicious beverage. The news of this discovery at last reaching the ears of the authorities, it was taken as a sign of divine favor; the dervish was restored to his convent, and the use of coffee soon became general—"as," added Kulczycki, "it soon will become here, when people have once learned to like it."

In addition to the bags of coffee, the grateful city presented him with a house, and the Pole set to work to establish his business. At first he went from house to house, carrying his cups of coffee on a tray; but as the drink became more and more popular, he opened a shop where his customers could be served at all hours, calling it "The Sign of the Blue Bottle." There was not a spot in Vienna as popular as this modest resort. In

the rear of the common room was a great fireplace, where the water boiled merrily in copper vessels; long wooden benches ran along the walls; there were no tables; the customers either held their cups or placed them on the bench beside them. Two swinging lamps lighted the apartment, and the host, chibouk in mouth, walked up and down, beaming with satisfaction and contentment. Every evening a distinguished company gathered in the little inn. Count Starhemberg, Marc Avian—Sobieski's Capuchin confessor, who had stood upon the heights of the Kahlenberg on the eve of the battle and blessed the Christian hosts—Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the popular poet Augustin, were among its patrons.

After Kulczycki's death, in 1703, a number of cafés were opened, and later on Vienna was attacked with a species of Turkomania; only Turkish pipes and Turkish tobacco were smoked; the elegants wore Turkish dressing gowns, and the masked balls saw nothing but Turkish costumes. Turkish music became the rage; it was the Wagner music of the day, and nothing but drums and cymbals satisfied the musical taste of society. The walls of the cafés were hung with pictures of languishing odalisks, dark-eyed, and with marvelous lashes, who reclined on heaps of cushions, with narghillas uncoiled at their feet.

In 1778 a wealthy bookseller opened a literary café in his own dwelling, where not only all the current literature published in most of the modern languages

was to be found, but political pamphlets as well ; and even Voltaire's works were sold, though not openly.

At the present day every one frequents the cafés in Vienna—men and women, soldiers, priests, children. The café is the centre of social life; there business is discussed and bargains concluded. One goes to the café to hear the news, to criticise the Government, to pass judgment on a new book or on the latest play. It corresponds to the Forum of the ancients. By four o'clock it is hard to find a vacant place; every one in the capital is drinking coffee, some in their own homes, but the majority in the cafés, where indeed the quality of the beverage is excellent and the service of the very very best, superior to anything you can find elsewhere.

The Viennese waiter is, in fact, the king of his craft, a model for all his brethren, and in great demand throughout Germany, by reason of his brisk ways, pleasant manners, his good humor and honesty. His training begins early, when, as an apprentice, his duty is to serve the customers with beer. The objects of his ambition at this stage is to carry a phenomenal number of frothing beer-mugs in each hand, and to duck in and out among waiters and guests without dropping any of these or spilling their contents. Notwithstanding the dignity of the swallow-tailed coat in which he is arrayed, he is a forlorn, unkempt, neglected-looking little object, without the pale of all but the minimum of fees or consideration of any kind. Having served his apprenticeship, he is promoted to be a waiter, and

a remarkable change at once becomes apparent. Now his coat must be well brushed, his linen clean, his dishevelled little mop is carefully smoothed and parted; he dons a low-cut waistcoat, and his long practice in the art of carrying brimming beer-mugs enables him soon to acquire a similar facility in the matter of plates and dishes. The next promotion places him in the rank of those who serve only the most distinguished guests, receive the largest fees and attend to the money; and the topmost rung of the ladder is reached with the appointment of general overseer. This important functionary stalks majestically about in a short coat—he has passed beyond the swallow-tail—overlooking the conduct of every detail of the establishment, and thoroughly competent, by reason of his long course of training, to keep his subordinates up to their duty.

The moment a stranger enters a Viennese café, the waiter recognizes his nationality, and, with a cheerful alacrity quite devoid of obseqiousness, hastens to bring him the French, Hungarian, Italian papers, as the case may be; if the guest happens to be a Russian, he will also place a box of cigarettes at his elbow. The café is really a reading room as well, where as many as a dozen copies of each of the leading papers are taken. Coffee served with milk is called a "melange;" with very little milk it is a "capuziner," and the Viennese usually eats a roll or some little cakes with it.

The roll industry is a large and flourishing one in

Austria, and the variety manufactured is very great. You can have a "milk-roll," or a "butter-roll," or a "raisin-roll," or a "powdered sugar-roll," or any one of many other kinds of rolls. Sometimes they are used for trials of capacity; the two competitors, seated opposite one another at a small table, try which of them can eat the greater number. He who is out-distanced has to pay the bill.

The Café de l'Europe, on the Stephans Platz, is the one most frequented by foreigners. The gilded youth of the capital patronize the gorgeous new cafés of the Ring. Formerly the great resort of the aristocratic portion of the army, the diplomats and all the leading lights, was the famous Café Daum, No. 16 Kohlmarkt. In each one of its half-dozen or so rooms there assembled a particular clique—the military in one, the diplomats in another, writers in another, and so on. The Ministers sat in the main apartment, discussing the next day's news in whispers, or repeating yesterday's scandal. The vicissitudes of this café follow the same lines as the history of Austria itself. Before the revolution of 1848, one saw there no one but solemn bureaucrats, engaged in the perusal of the *Gazette*, the *Observer*, or the *Journal of the Theatres*. From time to time a sally of the witty Saphirs would cause a fleeting smile to lighten up their wooden features. In those happy days there was no talk of Schleswig, nor of United Italy; still less of United Germany. Bismarck was as yet unfamous.

The company talked to one another in hushed tones of the speech that had just been delivered before the French Chambers. But at last an unhappy day dawned when Vienna bristled with barricades, and the Café Daum underwent a sudden and violent transformation; its quiet rooms were invaded by members of the Legion, with cockades stuck in their hats, representatives of the people, in costumes of every hue, braided down all the seams, and wearing Hessian boots and carrying sabres; "Young Czechs," Poles, Hungarians, celebrities of twenty-four hours, a tattered, eager crowd, among whom numbers of women could be seen, clad in the garb of the Revolution. Noise, confusion, exclamations, shouts, scenes like those witnessed in the cafés of the boulevards during the Commune. Reactionary circulars were seized, torn in pieces and trampled under foot. Excited orators mounted the tables to deliver their harangues. On one occasion the poet Zeidlitz, the Austrian Kœrner, was bold enough to declaim, in the Café Daum, his *Soldiers of Liberty*, notwithstanding the strophe in it addressed to the murderers of Latour. To these wild days of storm and excitement followed the comparative tranquillity of the siege. The Café Daum then became the headquarters of the military authorities. Again solemn, immovable-looking individuals, with stiff collars, closely-cut hair and eye-glasses, took possession of its little tables. Before the doors there was always a group of officers lounging, glass in eye, a cigar between the lips, en-

gaged in the absorbing duty of scanning every woman who passed by. After the battle of Solferino the character of the habitués changed again. It was then frequented entirely by civilians, physicians, lawyers, bankers, artists, men of letters; and, after theatre hours, by processions of black-coated deputies, and diplomats covered with orders. Frequently the discussions went on till morning; for in Vienna the cafés are allowed to remain open as long as the customers choose to remain.

The cafés and wine-shops are indeed second homes for the citizens, many of whom spend a large proportion of their time in them. The patrons are divided into two classes—the *stammgäste,* or habitués, and the *laufende,* or transients. The habitués of the wine-shops are called *wirthshausbrüder* (tavern brothers); certain tables are set aside for their use, and woe to any one who has the temerity to seat himself at one of them. There are men who for thirty years have settled themselves down daily at the same hour on the same chair, to drink the same wine or beer, from the same glass, read the same newspaper, and smoke the same tobacco from the same pipe. The *stammgäste* are favored guests; they are better and more promptly served than the transients, enjoy a certain amount of consideration from the waiters, and they usually spend two or three hours of every day in the café, wine-shop or beer cellar of their choice. A terrible waste of time or money, some one says. Well, so it is; but the Viennese is neither close nor calculating, and has adopted for his

maxim a German phrase, which seems to have been expressly invented for him, *Leben und sich leben lassen* —Live and let live. Where could one find a more amiable code of philosophy, or a more frankly idle people?

The architecture of the larger Viennese wine-shops is somewhat Babylonish in style. In those which are under ground the pillars and ceilings are lost to sight amid thick clouds of smoke rising night and day from innumerable pipes and cigars, and the atmosphere is suffocating, and laden with a strong smell of cooking.

The scene is a changing one, full of interest and life. Here are a group of officers coming in, there a file of employees passing out. The newspaper agent, with a pile of damp sheets hanging over his arm, and the peddler of pamphlets, illustrated papers and popular songs, circulate about among the tables. A peddler, with a quantity of neckties and paper collars, has been known to do a lively business in a café, some of his patrons changing their collars on the spot. Italians, with baskets of plaster figures of bellicose warriors, flourishing their swords in the air, or maidens timidly counting the petals of a marguerite, pass like the figures in a procession. Photographers spread out before you pictures of the prettiest of the Viennese actresses; while above all the stir and movement arises the loud hum of many voices, the clinking of glasses, the rattle of forks and plates. The Austrians wherever they eat have the air of being at a banquet.

The kellers are a notable feature, as famous in their way as the best known kellers of Leipsic, or Hamburg, or Bremen. One goes to them to drink wine and eat "delicatessen," pâtes, oysters, caviar, smoked fish, Westphalia ham, and so on. The most famous of these establishments is the Esterhazy Keller, open daily from eleven to one and from five to seven. This black, subterranean hole is provided with neither tables nor chairs; greasy benches run along the walls, and a few flickering candles send their feeble rays into the gloom. The most varying types of countenance meet the eye through the obscurity. Close by sits a workman, enveloped in a long, threadbare coat, its short sleeves displaying the dirty cuffs beneath. He is dining off a "half pint," and a cold cutlet, which he takes from his pocket, wrapped in a bit of newspaper. Next to him sit a couple of soldiers on leave. With a big, stout girl between them, they are in great spirits, and the lady is obliged to throw her head well back, so convulsed is she with laughter at the humorous ways of her two cavaliers, one of whom has just poked her in the ribs, while the other is in the act of pinching her leg. Further along is a very old man, a veritable living skeleton, seeking to extract from the soul of the grape a last impulse of warmth and life. There are any number and all varieties of women, some wearing black shawls, others in a "caraco" or dressing-sacque; some wear bonnets or hats, others are bareheaded; some are young,

with brilliant teeth and sparkling eyes; others old, bent, haggard, wrinkled, with shaking heads and scrawny necks, clutching with hands like talons their measures of wine. In one corner a tippler, with outstretched legs and sunken arms, mutters indistinctly. He is seated on his hat, a pipe is between his teeth, and his cravat has come untied, the ends hanging limply down.

At the end of the apartment a somewhat more brilliant illumination displays the counter—a dirty board, covered with drops of tallow, and supported on two hogsheads. Behind this barrier, which takes the place of a table, a clerk is seated on a straw-bottomed chair. He wears a cap drawn down over the eyes and iron-rimmed spectacles; before him lies a ledger; on his right is a bottle of ink, on his left a jug of wine, while a damp handkerchief and a snuff-box lie close at hand. It is this individual's duty to take in the money and to register every glass of wine that is sold. Two men in shirt-sleeves stand behind the counter, busily employed in washing and refilling the glasses. Through the gloom one can faintly distinguish the outlines of two rows of hogsheads, ranged along the wall like so many sphynxes, and in front of the counter picturesque groups of men in rags, gentlemen in fur-trimmed coats, foreigners, vagabonds and pickpockets, all illumined, without distinction of class or degree, by the yellow, flickering rays of the candles. "Beware of pickpockets!" (or its

German equivalent) is posted up at the entrance. So brisk is the custom that one has to fall into line to reach the counter and get one's glass, the money for which is taken then and there. Children slip between one's legs, holding bottles which they bring to have filled, and servants of wealthy establishments enter, carrying baskets, for the wine of the Esterhazy Keller is well known for its excellent quality. A vendor of sausages and black bread presents his basket and urges his wares upon you. In a corner of the apartment you can see his stewpan boiling away, and throwing out little jets of steam, like a teakettle. Every one smokes and spits and joins in the general conversation; through the buzz and hum is heard the occasional crack of a sausage-skin. What a smell! The atmosphere is thick with a mixture of strong odors, among which the smell of wine, and of damp clothing drying on human bodies, predominate.

The "*Consolation*," the "*Assommoir*," the zinc counter, do not exist in Vienna. There are a few liquor-shops, but they hide away out of sight, as though ashamed of themselves. Brandied plums and cherries and green oranges, as well as absinthe, are hardly to be had anywhere. In the wine-shops there is a "tasting room"—something like the public room of an inn; but as the proprietors are not permitted to keep a restaurant, they cannot have either table-cloths or napkins. You are given, instead of the latter,

pretty bits of tissue paper, stamped with vignettes of the liveliest and most appetizing subjects.

Austro-Hungary can boast of some fifteen different native wines. Charles IV. introduced some vines from Burgundy into the country. In lower Austria the grape can be cultivated as high up as two thousand metres above the level of the sea; and the Gampoldskirchen, Voeslau, Klosterneubourg compare favorably with the wines of Burgundy and some of the Rhine wines. In the lower Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Styria, Carinthia, Moravia, Illyria, Dalmatia, Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, and the military districts, excellent wines are manufactured, which in the Slav provinces form the habitual drink of rich and poor alike. The Slav race is indeed stronger and more active, as well as better looking, than the purely German race, rendered heavy by the consumption of much beer.

It is rather difficult for a foreigner to get good food here, and yet Vienna ranks second only to Paris in culinary matters. The truth is that the Vienna cuisine, as well as its people, is international; but foreigners, unless they be particularly well up in philology, etymology and the kindred sciences, have considerable difficulty in unraveling the mysteries of an Austrian ménu.

The best restaurants are those in the hotels. Most hotels are provided with no fewer than three: one in the basement for coachmen and others of that class,

another on the ground floor, patronized by the Viennese, and a third upstairs, used principally by foreigners. The table d'hôte system is not in general use, all the meals being served à la carte. For the sum of fifty cents you get a dish of meat, a vegetable and a sweet dish; this last, the *mehlspeisen*, represents the great achievement of the Viennese cuisine. What endless variety, what originality, is displayed in the preparation of those delicate jam tarts, chocolate puffs, or rice puddings soaked in red wine! The dinner hour is from three to four o'clock, and the supper hour from seven to eleven. The theatres let out at ten o'clock, after which every one has supper. The restaurants overflow with customers. The respectable Viennese papa, who wishes to give his wife and children a treat, takes them first to a theatre and then to a restaurant for supper. The evening would not be a success were this last to be omitted, and the pleasure, as well as the cost, is just doubled thereby.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEGEND OF THE "STOCK IM EISEN."

In the heart of the city, close to the Stephans Platz, is seen the famous *Stock im Eisen*. It is the trunk of an old larch, standing some twelve or fifteen feet high, girdled with an iron band and closed with a strong lock. Into the stump nails have been driven so close together that the surface is now a solid plate of iron.

The legend of this "iron trunk" runs as follows:

About the year 1450 there stood on the Markt Platz an ancient house, of gloomy and forbidding appearance. From daybreak to nightfall a thick cloud of black smoke hovered over its gabled roof, while the sound of heavy blows on the anvil, the scraping of files, the deep breathing of two enormous pairs of bellows, and the roar of a monster furnace, combined to produce a truly infernal din, which fairly shook the earth for some distance around. The house belonged to Erhard Marbacher, locksmith in chief of the city of Vienna.

Master Marbacher was a fat man, with hard, red cheeks, a flat nose, and keen, sparkling eyes; his

waist was as completely encircled in flesh as his name was in glory, and that is saying a great deal, for he had produced some marvelous work in beaten iron, and had raised the blacksmith's trade to the height of an art. When he appeared at the door of his workshop, with leather apron, shirt-sleeves rolled back, collar unbuttoned, and face and arms blackened with smoke, he had much the air of a hippopotamus emerging from the depths of a black sea, to take the air on the bank. Erhard was a good master, working as hard as his unwieldy bulk would permit, and adored by his workmen and apprentices. If he was severe at times, he was always kind-hearted.

Next to the master-locksmith's house stood a baker's shop, and Marbacher, who dearly loved a chat, used often, when the day's work was over, to go in there, and, seated on a bag of flour, his two hands resting on his great hips, intersperse his conversation with loud bursts of joyous laughter.

Greth Mux, the proprietress, was a widow, and the younger of her two sons, a great, overgrown lad of eighteen, although carefully brought up in the fear of God, gave her serious cause for anxiety. He disobeyed her every hour of the day, and for the most part refused outright to work at all. Now, as it is the chief consolation of the unhappy to pour out their woes to a sympathetic listener, the unfortunate woman recounted all her troubles to her neighbor, Master Erhard.

One evening the locksmith dropped in, in a more cheery humor even than usual, but he found the widow in tears. Her wretched son had so far forgotten himself as actually to threaten her.

"Never mind, mother; never mind," said the kind-hearted man. "I have come on purpose to make a suggestion, if you will agree to it. I will undertake to make an honest, hard-working artisan out of your boy."

"Oh, Master Erhard, may heaven bless you for your goodness to me!" cried the widow, at once beginning to dry her eyes on her apron.

"Very well; now listen."

"Yes, yes; I am listening!" And Greth rested her elbows on the table and her head on her hands.

"What I have to propose is as simple as that two and two make four. It is that my nephew shall be apprenticed to you as a baker, and your son to me as a blacksmith. Will that suit you?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly, excellently!" said the widow, jumping up and seizing the hand that Erhard held out. "Let it be considered settled; and you must be very strict, you understand."

"Oh, you need not be uneasy on *that* score! Martin will not be the first scapegrace I have broken in. He is young yet, and if he were made of iron I would mould him into shape!" And the blacksmith made a gesture that showed the mother he had methods of his own.

"God's will be done, then!" she murmured, somewhat scared by the significance of the motion.

The following day the workshop numbered a new apprentice among its employees. Martin, stationed before the furnace, was working the bellows. He looked, to be sure, sulky and ill-humored, but he did his work, and as time went on even seemed to take some interest and pride in it. Apparently the truth had dawned on him at last, that in order to get on in this world one must make an effort; and so everything went on smoothly enough. The mother was enchanted, and attributed this truly miraculous change to her *neuvaines* to St. Antoine; while Marbacher swelled out and grew fatter than ever with pride and satisfaction. One afternoon he called Martin, and entrusted him with a commission.

"My boy," said he, "take this bucket and bring it back full of clay of the kind we need for casting that dragon's-head. You will find it in abundance on the edge of the Siechenhaus forest, beyond the St. George Gate. Be sure not to play on the road, or you will not get back before the curfew. In my household, remember, people are not allowed to stay out all night."

Martin promised to be back in good time, and, taking the pail, set forth. It was a glorious spring day; overhead the sky looked like a great canopy of deep, soft blue silk, in the centre of which the sun shone like a huge cluster of diamonds; wild-flowers

of every hue nodded and beckoned from the fields, and gorgeous butterflies darted hither and thither, like truant lovers. It was the month of April, and Martin, who had not been outside the town since the winter, felt as though he, too, had wings, that bore him along nearly as easily as did those of the birds overhead. Quitting the road, he wandered through the fields, and when he finally reached the edge of the forest, after roving long and blissfully, it was already four o'clock.

The horizon was bathed in warm, luminous light, and the Cathedral spire and the towers and pointed roofs of the town stood out clearly against the intense blue of the heavens. Filling his pail, he poised it on top of his head, and started back, whistling as he went. As he neared the city, the road led through a little plantation of linden trees, beneath which the youths of Vienna were in the habit of meeting to play at bowls. On this particular afternoon quite a number of boys were there, and among them Martin recognized some of his old associates. Placing his bucket behind a tree, he lost no time in joining them. The hard work in the smithy had hardened his muscles, and to his infinite pride it soon became apparent that not one among them could now bowl as well as he. Absorbed in the sport, he gave no further thought either to the sun or to his master's warnings. Suddenly, however, a bell began to toll, its monotonous sound resembling the melancholy cry

of some nocturnal bird. The players all stopped, listened a moment, and then set off as fast as their legs would carry them in the direction of the nearest gate. It was the curfew, and the possibility of being shut out so frightened Martin that, quite forgetting his pail, he began to run as well. Suddenly, however, he remembered it, and not daring to return empty-handed, flew back to get it. Fear, and the wholesome respect for authority that Master Erhard had managed to instill into him, gave him wings, and he ran so hard that his feet hardly seemed to touch the ground; but precious moments had been lost, and with all his efforts he arrived, panting and dripping with perspiration, in front of the gate, only in time to hear the harsh creaking of the key as it turned in the lock. The poor lad called aloud, begging and imploring to be admitted; but not a sound or movement came in response. Meanwhile night had fallen, the shadows grew deeper, and an invisible brush seemed to lay an inky coating over sky and earth, the fields, the town and the ramparts. Martin, thoroughly frightened, and thinking with dread of the coming night, as well as of the beating and dismissal sure to follow on the next day, threw himself down by the roadside and sobbed aloud. After awhile the moon, issuing from behind some clouds, flooded the place with light, and Martin, raising his head to look about him, was startled to find some one standing close by him. The stranger was a tall, thin man,

yellow-eyed, with a nose like the beak of a hawk, and a black moustache and beard, the latter pointed. His black velvet cap was surmounted by a crimson plume, which glowed and shook like a tongue of flame; his clawlike fingers clasped the folds of a long cloak, that trailed behind on the ground, and from a crimson belt stuck the ivory handle of a dagger. More alarmed than ever by the singular appearance of this personage, Martin made a movement to run away; but he was stopped by a hand laid familiarly on his shoulder.

"My lad," said the stranger, "why do you sit here and cry? The difficulty is a very easy one to overcome. Here is something that will serve as a passport."

He drew from his pocket a small leather purse, and took from it a sequin, which, when he blew on it, changed into ten shining gold-pieces.

"Here you are!" said he, handing the gold to Martin. "Play this music in the ears of the gatekeeper, and I swear by my beard that he will listen to you then!"

The apprentice began to take heart again, and yet, as he took the gold, it seemed to burn his fingers, and his alarm was not by any means dissipated.

"I never saw so much gold before," he said, in a hesitating tone.

"Oh, well, when this is gone, there will be plenty more where it came from! You need only call me."

"Call you?"

"Yes. Say 'Raab–Rebeck–Quardec' three times, and then I will come."

"But how will I ever pay you back?"

"Oh, that is a purely secondary matter! We will settle after you are dead."

"After—I—am—dead?" faltered Martin.

"Yes, indeed! You will leave me your soul," said the stranger, carelessly.

"But, my soul, why that belongs to God. I cannot will it away," said the boy, who had been carefully trained.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other, harshly. "Are you afraid I will pluck it, like a pigeon? So you believe all the fables the monks tell you? Is it because you are hoping to get into Paradise that you say that?"

"Why, of course!" answered the boy, simply.

"Oh! oh! oh! They are all alike! They all really believe that Paradise is a delightful place. My poor boy, I have been there myself, and I simply could not stand it! Nothing to live on but light and air—just what the flowers have. Never a bottle of wine, nor a slice of good ham. It is the most monstrous life, about as much variety as in a litany. Many a time, I do assure you, I have surprised some anchorite saint, actually longing for water from the spring and a few roots from the desert. Now, on the other hand," he continued, in an insinuating voice, "if your soul should conclude to come to me at your death, I will

engage to give it a very different sort of existence. I live in a great marble palace, situated on the border of a large lake, on which I give my nocturnal fêtes. In my dominions you only end one festivity, in order to begin another; and the souls are all clothed in palpable form, so that the lover, for instance, himself restored to youth, meets once more his sweetheart, in her pristine beauty and freshness. . . . What do you think of it? Will you join us?"

Martin lowered his head, and felt within himself that he was won.

"Think," said the other, "whether you would like to find all roads on earth open to you; to have your name covered with glory, and your heart winning love; to outdo your master in his own art, and to understand perfectly the two sciences of good and evil."

"I agree, on one condition," said Martin. "It is, that my soul is not to belong to you, unless, in the course of my life, I once, through my own fault, fail to attend mass on Sunday."

"Done! I am a good devil, and I will accept the condition. Now write your signature at the bottom of this document."

He thereupon produced a sheet of parchment, and, as they could not see very well, accommodatingly blew on his fingers, which then shone like so many candles. Martin was amazed to find himself signing his name with a flourish, never having been able to write a word in his whole life. Then

the infernal light was extinguished and the man disappeared.

Martin was like one awakening from a nightmare; there was a singing in his ears, his head was heavy, his eyelids felt like lead, his breath came in labored gasps, and his legs would hardly carry him; but, with it all, there were the gold-pieces in his pocket.

He betook himself to the city gate, and, rattling them in his hand, asked to be let in.

"Coming!" cried a voice; and a moment later he was in the city.

Making his way to the house, he succeeded in reaching his room without disturbing any one.

The next day, to his surprise, no questions were put to him, and everything went on as usual. The truth was that the locksmith thought he had seen his apprentice enter the house at the proper time, take his place at the evening meal, and go soberly to bed at the usual hour.

A few days later Martin's unknown friend appeared in the workshop, introducing himself to Master Erhard as a gentleman belonging to the Court.

"I am commissioned," said he, "to order from you an iron hoop, with hinges, and a lock that no human power will be able to open."

"A difficult order," said Erhard; "very difficult, and one that will require study and reflection. A lock that no human power can open—not easy that . . ."

"It must be made, though," said the stranger.

"Is there any hurry?"

"Oh, a great deal of hurry!"

"In that case I cannot undertake to fill the order. It will require a carefully worked out plan and the most skillful labor."

"Oh, Master Marbacher, what an answer to make! Why, I will lay a wager that I can find some one among your people more ingenious than you."

Erhard flushed at this; but the visitor, whose pointed beard wagged maliciously, turned around and faced the workmen and apprentices.

"Is there no one," he cried, "who can make a lock that no human force will be able to open?"

For a moment there was a dead silence; the workroom might have been a desert spot.

"Come," cried the stranger; "are you all afraid to answer?"

Just then Martin stepped forward, and in a clear, decided tone said, "I will undertake the order."

Marbacher felt as though the ground were giving way beneath his feet.

"You, Martin? You? The youngest apprentice in my shop—you propose to execute a piece of work that Master Erhard finds too difficult? It is absurd. I forbid it."

"You have the order," said the stranger, in such a tone of authority that Marbacher drew back abashed.

"I will call again in six days," he continued, "and

Master Marbacher will no doubt see that the work is ready."

That same night Martin set to work: but when day broke it found him still seated on his wooden bench, planning, contriving, torturing his brain in the effort to design some perfectly new combination, but all in vain; the lines he traced looked like the tangled threads of a web. Night found him no further advanced. Master Erhard went to bed with a lighter heart, murmuring to himself as he fell asleep, "He will never succeed."

Towards two o'clock in the morning the apprentice, worn out with fatigue, fell asleep on his chair, and had a strange dream. He seemed to be wandering through the rooms of an ancient castle, situated on the shores of the Adriatic. It seemed that it had once belonged to a brigand, who had collected in one of the rooms all the strange and curious locks of the various palaces and chateaux that he had robbed. There they hung, their shadows casting strange, fantastic designs on the walls—Venetian locks, Neapolitan, Turkish, Spanish, French. Martin was filled with admiration for their wonderful workmanship and their ingenious mechanism; some of them, on a slight pressure, would move like the fingers of a hand, or open like the jaws of a reptile, or claw the air like a bird's talons. There was one in particular, in the form of a spider, whose mechanism was as ingenious as that of a watch. A label explained that Otto Von Haslau had caused it to be

made by a clever magician for the door of the tower in which he had shut up his recreant wife. The key was a veritable jewel, of the finest open-work, like a bit of exquisite lace. Martin made a careful drawing of the lock, and had barely completed it when the floor of the room seemed to sink beneath his feet; he had a sensation of falling from immense heights, and finally awoke, lying on his back in his own chamber. The sun was pouring through the window, and one brilliant ray fell like a bar of gold athwart a sheet of paper on which he recognized in amazement the drawing of a lock, which he supposed existed only in his dreams. Shaking himself, to be quite sure that he was really awake, he seized the paper and hurried down to the shop, where he at once set to work. To carry out the design was the least part of the task, and when, three days later, the stranger appeared and asked Master Marbacher, with an ironical smile, to call his apprentice, the latter at once advanced, carrying an iron hoop to which was attached the wonderful lock. The courtier fitted the little key in its hole, and then tried all the skeleton keys of the establishment; but the lock was proof against them all, and the work was pronounced a triumphant success. Martin had produced a masterpiece.

"It is perfect!" cried the stranger; and then, turning towards Marbacher, who stood with his men and boys in a wondering group around him, he said, indicating the young apprentice, "He has succeeded by dint of

pluck and perseverance. For my part, I shall give him a purse full of gold. What will you do for him, Master Erhard?"

"I will appoint him a journeyman, and give him his freedom," replied the master, in a harsh voice, for he was choking with rage and jealousy.

The stranger stepped out and fastened the hoop about the trunk of a larch tree that stood in the Horse-Market, locked it himself, and, taking the key, departed. Nor did they ever see him again.

The following week Martin left Vienna and established himself in the studio of Master Weit, at Nuremberg. He was soon engaged to work on the tomb of Saint Sebald, which was then occupying the genius of the master, and which remains to this day one of the art treasures of the town. The young man was also given several important pieces of work at Augsberg, on the completion of which he returned to Vienna. Just at that time the Bourgeois Council were offering the title and prerogatives of Master to any journeyman locksmith who should succeed in making a key that would open the iron band encircling a certain tree on the Horse-Market Platz, which had been dubbed "the tree of the iron." A number of attempts had already been made, but none were successful. Martin, who remembered perfectly the design of the one he had already made, easily duplicated it in two or three days.

The Burgomaster and Councilors, in their robes

of office, with long, gold-embroidered capes of velvet, and the corporation of locksmiths and farriers, with banners flying, and closely followed by a great crowd of people, proceeded to the spot to witness the trial, which, it was announced, was to be the last.

Martin, after politely saluting the dignitaries, approached the tree, drew a tiny key from his pocket, and, after displaying it to the people, inserted it in the keyhole, and using some force, for the springs had rusted, succeeded in turning it. The hoop opened and fell to the ground. The crowd broke into loud shouts of applause, and all the journeymen locksmiths present yelled with delight at the triumph of their fellow. Brandishing aloft the hammers that each carried in his belt, they rushed up, one after the other, and drove a nail into the trunk of the tree, in memory of the occasion.

Martin was publicly invested with the grade and dignity of Master. The Burgomaster laid his sword on his head in sign of blessing, the dean of the corporation of locksmiths and farriers gave him three hand-shakes, and four brother journeymen, hoisting him on their broad shoulders, carried him home in triumph.

Martin now settled permanently in Vienna, where his fame increased every day. It was he who made the wonderful gates of the Cathedral Choir, and the story was current that, finding that they did not quite reach the wall, he simply seized them with both hands

and dragged them towards him, when the iron stretched like so much woolen cloth.

Through all his triumphs, however, his mysterious bargain lay heavy on his soul. When Sunday came, his nervous anxiety to keep the saving condition usually caused him to attend two masses, instead of one. At night sleep came with difficulty, for his mind was continually dwelling upon the fatal condition, and his old mother, listening in the darkness, would hear him tossing from side to side, muttering fervid prayers, and ever and anon breaking into deep sighs. With riches, glory, everything that the world counts as necessary to happiness, he was nevertheless not happy.

At last, on returning late one night from a grand entertainment, he thought the situation out. What did he gain by torturing himself with anxious fears in this way? Nothing at all.

"Come," he said to himself, "it is sheer folly! I may just as well live and enjoy myself while I can; and to the devil with all this care!"

From thenceforth he threw himself into all the diversions of the town with a sort of frenzy. Every night found him taking his place at the card-tables, where he vied with the most reckless in the wildness of his play. One Saturday an important piece of work detained him so long that it was far beyond the usual hour when he arrived at the gaming tables. Taking his place, his wild mood infected the others, and the entire night passed without the players being

aware of it. The innkeeper threw open doors and windows and bustled about, but still the game went on. At last, entering in his Sunday clothes, he remarked, in the deprecating tone of one who does not wish to offend:

"Just a *little* less noise, if you please. High mass has begun, and you know the Burgomaster is getting very strict in his old age, and—"

"High mass has begun?" stammered Martin, turning pale and dropping his cards.

"Well, it is hardly the hour for matins," said the innkeeper, "seeing ten o'clock has struck."

The locksmith arose, and supporting himself against the tables and chairs, reached the door and went out, with uncertain steps. The others gazed after him in wonder, and then, looking at one another, said that he had gone mad.

The first person Martin encountered was his old friend, whom he had never seen since the day he had left Marbacher's workshop. He was walking along with a jaunty air, twirling the ends of his moustache, his hat cocked over one ear, and his hand resting on the hilt of his short sword.

"Too late, my friend, too late!" he called out, gaily, as Martin appeared; but the latter seemed endowed with new energy at the sight of him, and started for the Mennonite church on a run, hoping to get there in time for a second and later mass. The other, without appearing to hurry, kept pace with him

easily. Thus they reached the church. Martin cleared the steps at a bound, and entered, panting and exhausted, just as the priest, turning towards the worshipers, pronounced the *Ite missa est.*

"Oh, my God, have mercy on me!" cried the wretched man, as he fell on the flags unconscious.

A puff of smoke and flame was seen to issue from the half-closed mouth, and the body turned quite black. Notwithstanding these equivocal tokens, the body was interred with great pomp in the Cathedral Cemetery. It was said that at the evening hour when Martin had been used to take his place at the card-table, a plaintive voice would be heard calling out, "A Mass! a Mass!" From that time on it became the custom for every journeyman locksmith who came to Vienna, or who left for some other town, to drive a nail into the "Stock im Eisen," at the same time reciting a *Pater* for the repose of the unfortunate Master's soul.

CHAPTER X.

Sensations of Early Spring—St. Stephan's Tower—The Belfry—The "Fire Watch"—Count Starhemberg and the Siege of 1683—The Emperor Leopold—His Treatment of Sobieski—French Campaign of 1805—Peace of Pressburg—View from the Summit of St. Stephan's Tower—The Danube—Hungary—Galicia—The Ruthenians—The Poles—Bohemia—John Zizka—Tyrol—Variety of States and Races in the Austrian Empire—What is the Outlook?

At Vienna, as elsewhere, the Spring sometimes pays little fleeting visits ahead of time, dropping in with a sunny smile in the very midst of the snows of winter. Then the town becomes like a white-draped chamber of the dead, where the atmosphere has suddenly been illumined with shafts of golden sunshine, and perfumed with flowers. So soft and fresh does the air become that the entire population may presently be seen inhaling deep breaths at the open windows, and then pouring out into the streets as though it were a national holiday. Everything seems to be quite new and young, and you identify yourself so entirely with this rejuvenated nature around you, that with her you seem to feel the thrill of renewed life, the stirring of the sap in your veins. The body feels light, the soul more ethereal; one is sensible of influences from above; a *sursum cor* lifts one from the earth.

It is on such a day as this that one should make the ascent of the Tower of St. Stephan's. After procuring tickets from the sacristan, you begin to climb the tortuous spiral stair, turning always to the left; gradually as you mount it grows somewhat lighter; an occasional narrow slit admits a sort of twilight gleam. At one stage a small door, like the trap-door of a cellar, leads to the gallery, which hangs like a bit of lace from one end of the building to the other.

Reaching a small balcony, which is about on a height with the neighboring roofs, you step out and pause to take breath, while the tops of the surrounding buildings seem to recede in the brilliant atmosphere like the waves of a glowing sea.

This tower on which you stand is a restoration of the one begun by Duke Rudolph IV. about the middle of the fourteenth century, the original structure having been declared unsafe in 1860. It is the most beautiful thing of its kind in Germany, a marvel of design and execution. The tower is square, and from it springs the exquisite octagonal spire, rising to a total height of about four hundred and forty-one feet, and tapering off at the summit to an extraordinarily small angle. Although the whole is remarkably rich and ornamental, there is no open-work at all in the spire.

At the next stage is the entrance to the belfry, to get into which you must climb down a ladder, as though descending into the hold of a ship. All about

Cathedral Church of St. Stephan

are enormous beams, crossing and recrossing one another, and heavily bound and clamped with iron, with massive bolts like serpents' heads. The bells, like some rank bronze vegetation, hang in bunches from the intricate network of beams, which twist and interlace like the branches of a monstrous prehistoric tree; while the clappers suspended just over your head might be the pistils of giant campanulas. The great bell is called "Josephine," because it was cast in the reign of Joseph I. It was made from guns captured from the Turks in the celebrated victory before Vienna (1683), and was rung for the first time on the occasion of Charles VI.'s triumphal entry, after his coronation in 1712. So penetrating and far-reaching are the tones of this bell that it can be heard, so it is said, in the Styrian mountains, and has been nicknamed by the populace the *Poummerin*.

Fifty steps more bring one to the station for the "Fire-Watch." These wear a uniform something like that of the soldiers of the line, and their duty is to keep a constant and vigilant watch for the first indication of fire in any part of the city. As soon as a puff of suspicious-looking smoke is seen, the alarm is given by means of an ingenious contrivance invented by an eminent professor of astronomy. The lookout points a telescope in the direction of the fire, and this, passing over graduated dials, indicates a certain number, corresponding to a number entered in the register of streets and houses; the spot having been

ascertained by consulting the register, it is telegraphed to the central Fire Department station. In old times a huge speaking trumpet was used to announce a fire to the city.

Mounting still higher, one reaches an elevated platform, where may be seen the stone bench from which Count Starhemberg, in the siege of 1683, was wont to watch the movements of the besieging Turks, and scan the horizon in the hope of discerning reinforcements for his spent garrison. Week after week had gone by since the Vizier with his army had sat down before the Austrian capital. The Emperor Leopold I. had fled with the Court, leaving his capital and his people to be captured by the Turks, or delivered by John Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine, as heaven and their own valor might dictate. The Duke of Lorraine and Count Starhemberg accomplished wonders in the short space of time that remained to them before the arrival of the Turkish host. They repaired the fortifications, and armed and drilled the students and citizens to act as reinforcements for the weak and insufficient garrison left by the Emperor. These things done, the Duke of Lorraine withdrew with his cavalry to harass the enemy, and, if possible, to delay their approach. The siege opened about the middle of July, and by the beginning of September the city was in a truly deplorable condition. The Turks had gained possession of a part of the defences, and the garrison could see no hope of holding out much

longer. Day after day Count Starhemberg mounted to the summit of the Cathedral tower to gaze off to the northwest, in the direction from which the hoped-for succor was to arrive. The Emperor, having sent urgent messages to John Sobieski that the Imperial troops had assembled, and only awaited his leadership to attack the enemy, he, with a small force, made a series of forced marches across Silesia and Moravia, reaching Tulln, only to find the bridge unfinished and the promised army to consist of nothing but the detachment of cavalry under the Duke of Lorraine. There was nothing to do but to await the arrival of his own army, which was coming by a longer route, and the German contingents, then assembling at different points. Then came the urgent messages from Starhemberg,[1] describing the desperate straits to which the garrison was reduced, and Sobieski determined to make the advance at once.

It is said that Starhemberg, now well-nigh distracted, spent the entire night (September 11, 1683) on the bench in the Cathedral tower. Everything had much the same appearance as usual. The moon, flooding the slopes of Heligenstadt and Nussdorf, showed only the white tents of the encamped host. From time to time the stillness was broken by the voices of the Turkish sentinels, posted on the Burg bastion, captured by them some days before. Finally, day broke, and as the gray light turned to pink and crept

[1] See p. 141.

slowly around the horizon, Starhemberg suddenly leaped to his feet, and throwing his body across the ledge, strained his eyes off to where the broad bosom of the Danube shone like a silver band. Between it and him lay the Kahlenberg, and now, as the light grew stronger, all further uncertainty vanished. The Christian standards could plainly be descried, floating from its heights. The Governor, whose courage and endurance had never flinched during the terrible eight weeks that the siege had lasted, leaped on the bench which had been the scene of his weary vigils, and, waving his sword in the air, shouted, in a voice that echoed below in the narrow, deserted streets, "To arms! We are saved!" — then flung himself down the narrow stair, to place himself at the head of his men.

In the meantime John Sobieski, accompanied by his son, was attending mass, celebrated in the Leopoldsberg chapel by Marco Aviano, the Commander's Capuchin confessor. After the mass James Sobieski was knighted by his father. The other leaders were Charles of Lorraine, the Elector of Saxony, the Margrave Louis of Baden, Count Sylvanus Caprara, the Prince of Salm, and Prince Eugene of Savoy, not yet twenty years of age, and about to take part in his first engagement. It was owing to the refusal of Louis XIV. to give him a command that he had taken service with the House of Habsburg.

Five guns gave the signal for the attack, and the

Christian host, pouring down the slopes of the surrounding hills, fell upon the Mussulmans at a point on the Danube near Nussdorf. The battle lasted nearly all day, but as evening approached the Turks became panic-stricken and fled in great disorder. The next morning their camp was taken possession of by the victors, and an extraordinary amount of booty found. John Sobieski, to whom were assigned the tents of the Vizier Kara Mustapha, found these filled with all manner of valuable articles, gold and silver ornaments, jewels, provisions, rich trappings, silk standards and hangings, besides large sums of money. Writing an account of the battle to his wife, he adds, "And I shall not be met with the reproach of the Tartar wives, 'You are not a man, because you have come back without booty,' for the Grand Vizier has left me his heir, and I inherit millions of ducats."

The Emperor's ingratitude to the valiant Pole was so marked as to cause the greatest dissatisfaction among the Viennese people, who naturally contrasted their salvation by him with their desertion at the hands of their sovereign. Leopold entered the city on the 14th, in solemn pomp, by the same gate — the Stuben — through which he had fled so shamelessly. Proceeding to the Cathedral, he listened to the singing of a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving by the Bishop of Neustadt, the former Chevalier of Malta, Leopold Kolonicz, who had rendered the Governor invaluable services during the siege. After the service the Emperor dined with

the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, but he was much troubled as to how he ought to receive Sobieski. An Emperor could, it seems, give his hand to a hereditary King, but for an elective King, particularly for one who had just given you back your capital, there was no precedent. It was finally decided that the meeting should take place on horseback, so that there might be no question of hand-shaking. But the Emperor's stiff, haughty demeanor towards the troops, as well as towards their General, offended every one. Neither Sobieski nor the Duke of Lorraine received any credit or compensation for the great services they had rendered, and both made the filthy and unsanitary condition of the camp vacated by the Turks an excuse to withdraw from Vienna with their men. The attitude of Leopold towards them was attributed to the influence of the Jesuits, who dreaded the anti-Spanish influence such popular heroes might be expected to exert. It is more than likely that the Emperor's personal jealousy entered largely into it as well.

Count Starhemberg and Bishop Kolonicz fared better. The former was made Field-Marshal, Minister of State and member of the Aulic Council, besides receiving some valuable presents. The collar of the Golden Fleece was sent to him by the King of Spain, and a letter of congratulation by the Pope; and he was, moreover, authorized to introduce into his armorial bearings the spire of St. Stephan's, a wall and the letter L, as being the initial letter of Leopold.

To the Bishop was given some ecclesiastical preferment.

It was from the same tower of St. Stephan's that the Viennese watched the approach of the French army in the campaign of 1805. After the surrender of General Mack at Ulm, the surrender of Archduke Ferdinand at Nördlingen, and the retreat of the Russian forces, the road to Vienna was left free. Murat and Lannes accordingly marched in and took possession of the capital in November. A few weeks later Napoleon won his brilliant victory at Austerlitz, and this was followed by the peace of Pressburg, with its humiliating concessions. Austria ceded something like twenty provinces, besides paying an enormous money indemnity. Napoleon then withdrew his forces, and the Emperor Francis entered his capital.

Perched upon the summit of this historic tower, the noises of the city rise like the roar of the surf. The tower, like a mighty cliff, rears itself above the crowded sea of roofs and gables, whose pointed crests are not unlike the caps of turbulent waves. Here and there a long stream of smoke, issuing from some factory, might indicate a steamboat lying at anchor, while the snowy lines of the suburbs suggest ranges of spray-tossed breakérs.

As one's gaze sweeps the horizon to the northeast, in search of the shores of this mighty sea, it embraces first the plains of Hungary, then Galicia, and loses itself in the defiles of the Carpathian Mountains.

There are those vine-clad slopes, at whose feet flows the Danube.

> "Crown with a branch of the vine
> This lovely daughter of the Magyar land.
> Vine and poet have the same vocation—
> Vine and poet give their souls to the world.
> Wine is the soul of the vine;
> Song is the soul of the poet."

What pictures the mind conjures up, as one traces the track of the Danube, flowing down from its source, at the edge of the Black Forest, to empty itself into the Black Sea! After the Volga, it is the largest and most powerful river in Europe, and its importance for Austria and Germany can hardly be over-estimated, for it is their highway of communication with the East. In Roman times it was one of the frontiers of the Empire; its further banks were covered with unexplored forests and inaccessible mountains. Trajan's conquests in the Carpathians were accounted among the most striking indications of the all-embracing power of the Roman arms. Later, the character of the Danube changed. No longer a frontier, it became the great highway, by which the nations advanced westward or were swept back to the East. Huns and Avars appear on the Danube, and after them Slavs, Magyars, Turks, take the same route. Charles the Great leads his victorious Franks and Bavarians, the colonizers of Austria, along the

Danube; Crusaders, bound for Constantinople, and those armies of more recent date which have driven back the Mussulmans, all pass up and down the same mighty stream, while its waters have time and again served as a roadway for the armies of France.

Even more important, though, have been its functions as a highway of commerce and industry. Before artificial means of communication had been opened, the entire trade of southern Germany passed up and down this natural road; a large population settled on its banks, and towns and villages multiplied rapidly in its valley. When the Germans and Magyars gained possession of the river, they secured to themselves the certainty of a powerful empire. Masters of the Danube, it did not take long for the Austrians to possess themselves of the Alpine range, the great natural fortress of Europe, whose situation makes it equally valuable either for attack or for defence. In Roman times only the upper part of the river was called *Danubius*, the lower waters going by the name of the *Ister*.

In proportion as the river-bank is left behind, the aspect of the country becomes more and more wild and forbidding. To the golden stretch of the harvest-fields succeed immense plains of monotonous, gray, mournful steppes—regions still unknown and mysterious.

These are the *poustas* or Hungarian steppes, through which the traveler will sometimes journey for whole

days together without encountering a single human habitation. This is the land of independence, the country of John Hunyade and Matthias Corvin. As early as 1222 Hungary became a constitutional monarchy; it survived the Mongol invasion of twenty years later, and successfully resisted the encroachments of Austria for three hundred years; and it was only after the Turkish victory of 1526 that the kingdom fell to pieces.

Beyond Hungary, in the extreme northeast corner of the empire, is Galicia, the largest of the crown lands, whose official name is "The Kingdom of Galicia and Lodomeria, with the Grand Duchy of Cracow." During the Middle Ages it was the subject of constant disputes between Poland and Hungary, now coming under the dominion of one of these countries, and then of the other. Religion has always played a part in the struggles of this province, the Poles of the western districts belonging to the faith of Rome, the Ruthenians of the east to the Orthodox Greek Church. As early as the middle of the thirteenth century Daniel of Lodomeria applied to Innocent IV. for aid against his Hungarian rival, and allowed himself to receive his crown at the hands of a Papal Legate; but Innocent having failed to do all that was expected of him, the Prince returned to his former faith, and to-day a Roman Catholic Ruthenian finds it extremely difficult to join the Greek Church, a political significance being attached to such a step, in

consequence of the well-known inclination of the Ruthenians towards Russia. The Poles, on the contrary, find in Galicia a congenial atmosphere. "It is the only country," said one of their statesmen, "where we can still think, talk and act as Poles." It was, in fact, only in 1772 that Maria Theresa detached the country from the Polish Republic, in virtue of certain rights claimed by her as Queen of both Bohemia and Hungary; while, should war ever break out between Austria and Russia, Galicia would undoubtedly be the chief scene of battle, as the sympathy between the Ruthenians and their brother Russians is open and avowed.

Off to the northwest lies Bohemia, the scene of that long and obstinate struggle for freedom of conscience associated with the honored names of John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and John Zizka. The last was a national hero, the friend and favorite of King Wenceslaus. Taking some vague observations made by the King more seriously than they were intended, the fiery patriot started a religious war. National and political complications soon arose, and the whole country became involved. Fire and the sword marked the route of the patriots, for Zizka was not always able to curb the fierce spirits whom religious and political persecutions and the constantly recurring treachery of the nobles to the national cause had let loose. A more than doubtful tradition tells that, when he had become totally blind, as the result of losing an eye in

the attack on the Castle of Rabi, in the campaign of 1421, he caused a Roman Catholic priest to be brought to him, for the pure pleasure of knocking him over the head. Another anecdote relates that he directed his followers to strip his body after death and use the skin for a drum, with which to arouse his fellow-countrymen to fight for the cause of liberty. His was a character typically Slav, extraordinarily brave, simple and unpretending, but fanatical. The feeling he inspired in his men may best be understood from the fact that, after his death, they dubbed themselves "The Orphans."

Bohemia is a kingdom, but it is not as independent as Hungary. With the exceptions of Joseph II. and the present Emperor, the Austrian sovereigns have undergone the ceremony of coronation as Kings of Bohemia in the Prague Cathedral, swearing to preserve the rights and privileges of the kingdom. The Czech portion of the inhabitants value this ceremony very highly, as sustaining their claims to an independent government; but, as a fact, though allowed a separate Diet, they are obliged to send representatives to the Reichsrath at Vienna, of which the Hungarian parliament is entirely independent.

To the south float the vaporous outlines of the Styrian mountains, beyond which lie the Tyrolese Alps, the two forming a sort of double line of ramparts.

The Tyrol! Who does not know the Brittany of

Austria, with its proud and warlike people—poetic, industrious and intrepid?

Tyrolese singers abound all over Germany; Tyrolese songs are heard in every part of the world. It is a land of beauty and of plenty, too, where the peasant, dwelling in the shadow of his glorious mountains, is still able to maintain himself in comfort, and the huntsman can still hope to find sufficient game to repay him for his perilous expeditions.

Tyrol has formed a part of the hereditary dominions of the Archdukes of Austria ever since the Countess Margaret—*Die Maultasche*—having married for her second husband Louis of Brandenburg, made over all her possessions to the House of Habsburg, on the death of her son, Meinhard III., in 1363. Twice since then Tyrol has been attached for brief periods to Bavaria. First, after the peace of Pressburg, in 1805; but four years later the inhabitants took advantage of the fresh breaking out of war between France and Austria, to drive out the Bavarians. For a year, under the leadership of Andreas Hofer, they succeeded in keeping the French, Bavarian and Saxon forces at bay, but the treaty of Schönbrunn again handed them over to Bavarian rule. After Napoleon's downfall, however, Tyrol once more reverted to Austria, which has retained it ever since.

What a wonderful impression one receives, standing thus on the summit of St. Stephan's Tower, and taking a mental bird's-eye view of the Austrian Empire! It is

as though one were perched on the top of a lighthouse, in the midst of an archipelago, whose every island belonged to a separate country. As the mind penetrates far beyond the limits of mere sight, and marshals one after another those provinces of varied and once-conflicting nationalities, religions, tongues; of opposing habits of life and government; finding in each a marvelous vitality and individuality, while yet they are bound together in one political whole—one cannot refrain from speculating upon the future of the Empire.

The problem of its continuance is so intricate, so many questions ethnographical, geographical, philological, national and political are involved, that even the most far-sighted hesitate to launch into prophecy. Not the least factor in the complicated relations of the various units that go to make up the Empire lies in the fact that the religions and nationalities are all inextricably interlaced geographically, while the races are split up by differences of religion, language and policy. The Germans are settled in large numbers in Transylvania, in Moravia, in Bohemia, and in Silesia; the Hungarians do not confine themselves to Hungary, but have spread into Austria, being especially numerous in Vienna; the Poles, who are Slavs quite as truly as are the Hungarians, speak a different language, and are not politically in sympathy with the latter; the Ruthenians, also Slavs, are opposed to both Poles and Hungarians, and differ

from them in religion and language; the Croatians, Slavs as well, hold aloof from all the others, while all combine in looking down upon the Slavonians, and it is significant that when a Pan-Slavonic Congress is held, the delegates are obliged to meet on a common ground of the German language.

"Now, complicated as the problem already is, it would be relatively simple if political parties ran parallel with these national fragments. But this is very far from being the case. It by no means follows that because a man is a Czech, he is also a partisan of Federalism and a hater of the Germans; he may be a Clerical, or he may be a Social Democrat. In like manner, a German may be an enemy of the German party, because he happens to be a Conservative, a Clerical, or an anti-Semite. The Serbs and Croatians are not only one and the same race, but they speak the same language; yet they hate each other because they are members of different churches. The Germans, as we saw, instead of presenting a united front to the enemy, are split up into half a dozen political fractions, who breathe fire and flame against one another. And so on to the end of the chapter: the threads become hopelessly entangled and confusion worse confounded."[1]

This writer finds the only solution of the problem to lie in a sweeping reform in the system of parlia-

[1] "Breaking Up of the Austrian Empire."—*N. E. Prorok, Contemporary Review*, 1898.

mentary representation, by which the Austrian peoples could make their voices heard in Parliament. His belief is that "from the day on which Austrian members of Parliament ceased to represent the few, and came as spokesmen of the masses, the conflict of rival nationalities, and the struggle between Centralists and Federalists, would vanish as by the waving of a magician's wand. . . . If democratic Switzerland can exist and prosper, despite its heterogeneous elements, a democratic Austria would have equal chances of success."

CHAPTER XI.

Manœuvres on the Drill-Grounds—The Austrian is a Good Soldier—Kœniggrætz—The Army: Its Origin—The Imperial Army—Characteristics of the Imperialists—Army Reorganization in 1868—Law of Recruitment—The *Landsturm*—The Battle of Custozza—Archduke Albert—General Uchatius—The Uchatius Gun—Imperial Arsenal—Simplicity of General Uchatius's Quarters—Character of the Man—His Struggles and Final Triumph—Prussia's Spy System—The Army Museum—Interesting Relics—Prince Eugene—Gustavus Adolphus—Pappenheim—Wallenstein—His Career, Assassination—Anecdote of his Recovery from an Illness.

THE drill-grounds in and near Vienna are a never-failing attraction for all the idlers of the capital, and for many busy people as well. Around the gates a crowd of sight-seers is always gathered, watching the manœuvres. Now the line of soldiers, clad in neat, dark uniforms, dash forward at charge bayonets—it has been said that the secret of warfare lies in the legs—then they deploy with quick, alert movements in a long line of skirmishers. No military man could fail to admire the unison of their movements and the rapidity with which even the young recruits catch the meaning of the slightest gesture of their superior.

The Austrian is, in fact, an admirable soldier; he

has never sustained any but an honorable defeat, and has contrived to put up a good fight with whatever weapons and ammunition he may chance to have. The Hungarians have fought with clubs, and the Wallachians of Transylvania with pebbles. At Solferino, when Baron Culoz's regiment had exhausted their supply of cartridges, they gathered up stones, and, like the Swiss at Saint Jacques, with such ammunition tried to repulse the assault of the French. A division of the Austrian army, which was reduced to similar straits at Kœniggrætz, charged a squadron of Prussian cuirassiers at the point of the bayonet and forced them to retreat. When this battle was over, the Prussian general, Steinmetz, said to a number of Austrian press correspondents, assembled in an inn near by, "Gentlemen, when your troops return, you will do well to spare them anything like reproaches. We have been confronted to-day by brave men, who fought us for three hours without flinching. We had almost lost the day, when, through a mistake of your left wing, we saw our opportunity and fell upon your rear. It was that that gave us the victory; and I may as well tell you frankly that we suffered more from your artillery than you did from ours."

The army is indeed older than the monarchy, and is not of Austrian origin, being an outgrowth of the *landsknecht* (the early German infantry) of Maximilian, of Charles V., and of Ferdinand I., recruited from the various countries which were once grouped

around Austria. In the sixteenth century it was composed, for the most part, of mercenaries, gathered in from Italy, Spain, Burgundy, Wallachia and Croatia; but the kernel was still composed of the German element, as can be seen by the names of the leaders of that period. Under Rudolph II., in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the earliest permanent regiments were formed, though even these owed their first allegiance to their immediate chiefs, and could be transferred by them at will to service under some other Power. Finally, under Wallenstein, an Imperial army was raised, whose members owed duty only to the sovereign, and from the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648) really dates the Austrian army.

This Imperial army was made up, like everything else, of good and bad qualities. Composed of widely opposed elements, its officers differed from one another, not only in origin, but in training and principles, and preserved much of the pride and independence of the earlier *landsknecht*. The severe discipline of the Prussian army was unknown, and they were divided on questions of politics. Each regiment took good care to have at Vienna an agent or representative of some sort, whose duty it was to look out for its interests and obtain the good-will of the Government. The officers were constantly talking of their rights, but never of their duties. The battalion commanders acted each as he thought best, and criticised their superiors freely; while the Commander-in-

Chief did not by any means always obey the orders he received from Vienna. An army so disorganized and imperfect could hardly be expected to hold its own, and to protect the old German Empire in its death struggle.

They were cheerful souls, those men who made up the old Imperial army, gay, careless of the future, ready to accept whatever the day might bring forth. Look at them as depicted in some of the old engravings. A party of "Kaiserlichen," encamped on the borders of a stream, at the edge of the forest; one roasts some geese (stolen from a neighboring farmyard), which he has spitted on his ramrod; others play at cards, while others lie about on the ground asleep, or day-dreaming. The air seems to resound with the noise of song and laughter. They look forward to the day of battle as to some fête; everything recalls the picturesque tableau of Wallenstein's camp, so happily rendered by Schiller. The military spirit was a personal matter, manifesting itself in the individual soldier. Comradeship was held a sacred duty, and the bearing of the leaders towards their subordinates bordered on familiarity. Beneath those tattered old uniforms, exposed to the sun and rain of so many different lands, there breathed a sense of personal dignity that the most disastrous defeats had no power to extinguish. A German writer has said that the Imperialists, had they been better officered, would have been invincible.

Their name—Kaiserlichen—of which they were immensely proud, gave them a sense of being individually attached to the person of the Emperor; and they considered themselves, moreover, the greatest military body in Christendom. At the battle of Fleurus (1794), when the Prince of Coburg commanded General Juosdonowich to withdraw, the latter, trembling with rage and mortification, planted his sword in the ground, and shouted aloud that the army had been betrayed—victory was being repulsed at the very moment when she was smiling and beckoning them on. "Farewell to Austria's beautiful Belgium! The House of Habsburg will know it no more!"

The Austrian army has had much to suffer from the fatuous practice of appointing officers from among men of good birth, without regard to their military capacity. In 1850 there were five Archdukes, two Landgraves, twenty-four Princes, forty-six Dukes, and eighty-six Counts holding military rank in Austria.

The unsuccessful war with Prussia in 1866, and the new Constitution of the following year, resulted, however, in the complete reorganization of the army. The law of recruitment dates from 1868. It makes all men between the ages of twenty and thirty-six liable to military service. The term is twelve years, three with the colors, seven in the reserves and two in the Landwehr. Nine thousand of the men in excess of the actual budget are drafted into the "Reserve of Recruitment," where they receive military instruction

during a period of eight weeks. The third part of the contingent is drafted directly into the Landwehr for twelve years, and every two years they undergo three weeks of battalion manœuvres. Thus the Austrian army may be divided into two classes—the first composed of men whose training is completed, and the second of those with whom it has only been roughly outlined. The two represent an effective force which may be mobilized at any time of about 871,000 men. As in case of war Germany can give her army 12 per cent. of her population, Russia 10 per cent., and France 9.6 per cent., while Austro-Hungary furnishes only 3.8 per cent., the project of the Landsturm (Levy-in-mass) was brought before, and voted upon, by the two Parliaments, Austrian and Hungarian, in 1886. It includes every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-two years not already connected with some other branch of the service, and all officers who have either retired or resigned. It is composed of two classes. The younger men (to the age of thirty-seven) may, in case of need, be drafted into active service, while the other class is to be reserved for garrison and similar duty. By this system the Government has at its disposal about four hundred thousand additional men; but it is questionable whether the men of the Landsturm can rightly be reckoned as belligerents, as they are not obliged to wear a uniform, and have no distinguishing mark other than a "brassart." In Hungary and certain

provinces of the Empire, as Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Bosnia and several others, the organization differs in several details.

Much has been said of the Austrian cavalry and infantry, but the officers themselves recognize the superiority of the Prussian infantry. The course of instruction provided for privates is admirable, but it is hinted that it is not the same in every regiment, and that the men doing garrison duty in the provinces do not fare as well in this respect as those stationed in or near Vienna. Between 1868 and 1878 the staff underwent a number of reorganizations. At that time Baron Kuhn and Baron Rodich were perhaps better fitted than any of the other generals to command an army, except, of course, Archduke Albert, son of Archduke Charles and Henrietta, Princess of Nassau-Weilbourg.

Archduke Albert was the victor of Custozza. On the 20th of May, 1866, Italy and Prussia declared war against Austria. On the 23d the Italian army endeavored to occupy the strong positions on the chain of hills lying between Mincio and Adigio. Ignorant of the fact that seventy thousand Austrians, under Archduke Albert, were already entrenched there (they thought the enemy was massed beyond Adigio), the Italians advanced in three divisions, under Durando, Cucchiari and Della Rocca, with such long intervals between that each division was obliged to engage the enemy successively. Thus, notwithstanding their splendid

bravery, they were defeated. It was the first battle of the two sons of Victor Emmanuel, both of whom covered themselves with honor. Humbert, then Prince of Piedmont, succeeded in repulsing an attack of two regiments of Uhlans. Amedeus, Duke of Aosta, was wounded. The campaign ended with the battle of Sadowa, won by the Prussians in Bohemia, on the 3d of the following July.

The influence of Archduke Albert in the army and at Court was unbounded; but he was a very different sort of man from General Kuhn, for instance, who was a progressionist of the most pronounced type, while Archduke Albert could never adopt a new idea without a struggle. No one, however, could surpass him in his mastery of the art of strategy; he could take in a situation at a glance, and his judgment was as clear and rapid, when formed amid the smoke and din of battle as on a parade day. His quite extraordinary knowledge of geography enabled him to understand and weigh intelligently all plans of operations as they were submitted to him, and he had the military genius necessary to carry them out with marvelous vigor. His officers stood in awe of him, but he was adored by his men, and to him Austria owes some of her most brilliant victories. From 1866 to 1869 he was Commander-in-Chief of the army, becoming afterward Inspector-General. His book, "Responsibility in War," was widely read and translated into several foreign languages. He died in February, 1895.

Twenty-five years ago, however, the most conspicuous personality in Austrian military circles was General Uchatius, the inventor of a gun that won him wide celebrity. He was born in 1811, entered the artillery as a cadet at the age of eighteen, and became successively officer, major and chief of the department for casting guns in the arsenal. In 1867 he was promoted to the grade of General, and, after his important discovery of the bronze-steel that goes by his name, was made Chevalier and then Baron. It was only after twenty years of patient research that General Uchatius succeeded in producing a metal combining the valuable qualities of lightness, elasticity and cheapness.

The Imperial Arsenal, where General Uchatius had his quarters, was erected after the revolution of 1848. It occupies a height lying to the south of the Belvedere, in the district called Favoriten. The buildings are of brick, with stone dressings; casemented barracks occupy the angles. The entrance is through a monumental gateway—the *Commandantur-Gebäude*—above which is seen Austria, surrounded by representations of the various handicrafts which have to do with warfare. Within are a chapel, the Army Museum, a cannon foundry, a gun factory, carpenters' yards, workshops and smithies, and there is also a school for cadets.

The vast enclosure, which covers more than half a square mile, is like a small walled town. There are

rows of smoking chimneys; vehicles pass to and fro; crowds of men—soldiers and workmen—stream in and out of the buildings; the air is filled with the hoarse breathing of the furnaces and the resounding blows of the hammers. Admission to the foundry and casting-rooms has been absolutely forbidden ever since a Russian General, while visiting them, attempted to surprise the secret of the construction of the Uchatius gun. He subsequently published, under his own name, a Russian translation of a pamphlet written by the inventor.

Nothing more severely simple could well be imagined than the apartment which served General Uchatius at once as bed-chamber, workshop and office. A narrow iron bedstead, furnished with tent-like curtains, stood in one corner; there was a writing-table, and close to it a globe, discolored and dingy with use; and there were some mounted photographs of the General's only intimates—guns; but for articles of luxury, comfort even, there were none—not a sofa, not an arm-chair, not a picture. It was like a Benedictine's cell, and though the occupant wore a beard, his head was distinctly monkish and ascetic in character. His face was serious, the expression gentle and kindly; the brow, somewhat bent and melancholy, concealed behind its deep furrows the soul of a man who had struggled and suffered. He began with the dregs of the cup. "If it were all to do over again," he once observed, in allusion to his invention, "I

would not have the courage to undertake it." The entire army was against him, and the Viennese newspapers, which later could not make enough of him, at that time made him the butt for every kind of ridicule and insult. It was only after a series of completely successful experiments that even his friends were convinced. At last, when the Government gave him his first order, a howl was heard from Herr Krupp that he had been robbed! The matter was brought before the courts, and Uchatius, completely vindicated, was enabled to issue triumphant from these final trials.

If any proof were needed as to the gun that bears his name being entirely his own invention, it would be found in the great trouble taken by the Prussian Government to discover the secret. Proceedings were instituted at Vienna some time in the seventies, and conducted with closed doors (in order to spare the German Chancellor); for Prussia, true to her traditional policy, had bribed three employees of the Arsenal, and obtained from them drawings of the machinery used by General Uchatius in the manufacture of his guns.

It has been stated that the war with Austria was already practically decided upon in Prussia when King William visited the Emperor Franz Joseph, at Vienna in 1864, and at the time—June of the same year—when the two sovereigns met at Carlsbad, Prussian officers, in the guise of peaceable citizens,

were flooding Bohemia. They settled in the towns as artists, professors, librarians; introduced themselves into castles as *Verwalter* (manager or steward), on farms as agriculturists, and in villages as photographers. In this way the War Office at Berlin was supplied with topographical plans of the entire country up to the very gates of Vienna—much superior, both as to details and accuracy, to those owned by the Austrians themselves. But better still, they had found means to procure copies of all the documents and reports of the Austrian Minister of War, and even, though it seems almost incredible, the military figures destined for the correspondence of the army. This last achievement could not possibly have been accomplished without the connivance of some of the subordinates of the bureaus, probably placed there through Prussian influence. Moreover, they knew at Berlin every smallest detail of the military organization of Austria, the names of the heads of the different corps, the effective strength under them, and the resources, local or otherwise, capable of being utilized in case of the breaking out of hostilities.

When, in 1877, Baron X——, attaché of the Topographical Military Institute of Vienna, offered to furnish the German Ambassador with the new plans of mobilization, the Prussian military attaché, after examining them, returned them, saying that he "already possessed a more complete set." Who does not recall the remarkable revelations of the Dreyfus

trial, when the ante-chamber of the German Embassy at Paris resembled the stage of a melodramatic theatre? Policemen, villains, spies, members of the Secret Service and other mysterious individuals apparently meandered in and out at will, but were never seen by any chance when their discovery would have interfered with the development of the plot; while the German attaché consistently hits upon the waste-paper basket as the most suitable place in which to secrete the incriminating document.

But to return to the Vienna Arsenal. The Army Museum, which faces the gateway and is entered from the court, is a brick building in highly ornate Romanesque style. A severe treatment would possibly have been more consistent with its surroundings and purposes; yet the general effect is in itself extremely pleasing. The interior is excessively rich. A great vestibule, surrounded by groups of marble pillars, is lined with fifty-six statues of Austrian heroes; while the huge marble group on the stair represents Austria protecting her children. In the *Ruhmeshalle* and the adjoining rooms are series of frescoes, representing scenes from Austrian history. In the weapon rooms, in addition to the collections of arms, are many objects of great historic interest, as the sword and head-piece of Libussa, Queen of Bohemia; the sword of General Mack, of whose futile plan to advance straight on Paris from the Netherlands, in the spring of 1794, the French observed that the Allies were always an

idea, a year and an army behind-hand. There, too, is a cuirass, encrusted with gold, presented to the Prince of Savoy by Pope Innocent XIII., after the victory of Zenta (1697). The Pontiff showed more appreciation than the Emperor on this occasion, for when, after annihilating the Turkish army at the cost of only five hundred of his own men, and completely reducing Bosnia, Prince Eugene returned to Vienna, his sole reward consisted in a reproof for having given battle contrary to orders. Close by is a lock of the brilliant young commander's hair. In the same case are two relics of the battle of Lützen, fought in November, 1632, by the Imperialists, commanded by Wallenstein, and the Swedes, under their gallant and beloved King, Gustavus Adolphus. The first of these relics is a buff waistcoat, blood-stained and perforated with bullet-holes, taken from the body of the Swedish King, after the battle. He was leading the attack of his cavalry on the right wing, when word came that his left was falling back before the fire of the Imperialists. He at once galloped across the field to rally his men; but while reconnoitering the position of the enemy he was mortally wounded, and, with the exclamation, "My God! my God!" fell from his saddle.

Wallenstein, when he saw that the battle was inevitable, had sent urgent orders recalling Pappenheim from a projected attack on Mauriceburgh, then held by the Swedes. Pappenheim accordingly arrived,

The Arsenal

with eight regiments of cavalry, and had almost turned the fortunes of the day, when his own death so disheartened the Imperialist army that on the approach of night Wallenstein was obliged to withdraw his men, leaving the Swedes masters of the field. The blood-soaked paper containing his last orders to Pappenheim was found on the latter's body after the battle, and is preserved close to the waistcoat of Gustavus Adolphus.

At the time of the battle of Lützen, Wallenstein's career was fast drawing to a close.

Descended from an old Bohemian family, the birth of this remarkable man took place in 1583 on his father's estates on the Elbe. He married first a wealthy and elderly widow, whose entire fortune and lands he inherited on her death in 1614; while his second marriage to a daughter of the powerful Minister, Count Harrach, brought him into intimate relations with the Court. The Emperor Matthias died in 1619, and it was under his successor, Ferdinand II., a son of Archduke Charles of Styria and Mary of Bohemia, that Wallenstein won his brilliant military reputation.

In the spring of the year 1626 the Emperor found himself in urgent need of troops devoted to the interests of the House of Austria, and who might be relied upon to act independent of the wishes and plans of Bavaria and the League. Such a force, to number about thirty-five thousand men, Wallenstein offered to raise,

and to provide, moreover, for its equipment and maintenance. The offer was eagerly accepted, and Wallenstein was given absolute authority to levy his men and appoint his officers without interference from any one. Thus was formed the famous army with which, during the three succeeding years, Wallenstein won a series of splendid victories for the House of Austria. Then the jealous and well-founded fears of the Princes, who saw their estates and principalities on the eve of absorption into the Habsburg dominions, demanded the disgrace of the too powerful General. Ferdinand, therefore, most unwillingly signed the order of dismissal in July, 1629, and Wallenstein withdrew to his Bohemian estates, where for several years he lived in great magnificence, maintaining his vast establishment on a royal scale. Many of his former officers, who shared in his disgrace, held offices in his household; he had suites of pages, attendants and servants. A thousand horses were maintained in his stables, and when he traveled his suite numbered a hundred carriages.

In 1630 Gustavus Adolphus determined to come to the aid of the oppressed Protestants of Germany, and in June of that year he landed with a considerable force at Rugen. By the summer of 1632 his successes had been so remarkable, and his army had been so largely augmented, that Ferdinand found himself seriously threatened. Tilly was dead, and there was but one man who could be counted upon successfully

to oppose the victorious advance of the Swedish King; that man was Wallenstein. The Emperor accordingly sent him imploring messages to come to his assistance. For some time Wallenstein held off, but at length, having obtained a promise of absolute supremacy, providing that not the Emperor himself, nor his son, was to have any control over the government or movements of the army, Wallenstein agreed once more to raise a force and to place himself at its head. His first encounter with Gustavus Adolphus occurred near Nuremberg, and resulted in victory for the Imperialists. A few months later the two armies met again at Lützen, when, as already described, the Swedes won the battle, but lost their leader. For a little over a year longer Wallenstein remained at the head of the Imperialist army; but the Emperor found that in recalling him he had bound a heavy burden upon his own back. "It is as though I had a *co-rex*," he declared. "I am not free to act as I see fit in my own dominions." With the Emperor in this frame of mind, it was not difficult for Wallenstein's enemies, with Maximilian, the powerful Elector of Bavaria, at their head, to procure his downfall—only this time it was determined to make it final.

In February, 1634, Wallenstein, who was fully aware of the plots against him, went to Eger, a fortress on the Bohemian frontier; he had been negotiating with both the Swedes and the Saxons, and on finding himself seriously threatened at home, had, with a view to

his own safety, sent word to the Duke of Weimer to mass his troops on the Bohemian frontier. Some knowledge of these plans had come to one Colonel Walter Butler, an Irishman, serving under Wallenstein. This officer was marching with his regiment of dragoons towards Prague, when he met Wallenstein on his way to Eger, and was ordered to turn and accompany the General. Circumstances occurred on the march to strengthen his suspicion that Wallenstein was meditating treachery, and he sent a message to some of his brother officers declaring that he accompanied Wallenstein under compulsion, but that it might turn out that his so doing was "a special providence of God to achieve some particular heroic deed."

The commandant of the fortress of Eger was John Gordon, a Scotsman. Another Scotsman, named Walter Leslie, was a major of cuirassiers, serving under Adam Terzka, a brother-in-law of Wallenstein. Terzka's cuirassiers had formed part of the escort to Eger. These three men, Leslie, Gordon and Butler, now formed a plot to assassinate the General. Gordon invited four officers, who were known to be faithful to Wallenstein, to a supper in the citadel. As the dessert was placed on the table, a party of dragoons, under another Irishman named Devereux, was suddenly introduced into the hall. The guests were surrounded, and, after a brief struggle, were all dispatched. The conspirators then proceeded to Wallenstein's apartments. He had taken a bath and was on the point of

getting into bed. Pushing past his valet, who was bringing his master his evening draught of beer in a silver tankard, they burst into the room. Wallenstein was in his shirt, leaning against a table. Quite unarmed, he could offer no resistance, and fell at the first thrust of Devereux's partisan.

Wallenstein was a tall, spare man, very pale, with reddish hair and extraordinarily brilliant eyes. He was all his life greatly influenced by astrology, and an hour before his death had been consulting with the famous astrolger, Giovanni Seni, whose calculations, it is said, warned him of his impending danger.

There is a story told of how he once was restored to health, after a serious illness, by entrusting himself to the ministrations of a former soldier of his army.

It was in 1626, when his constitution had become seriously undermined by exposure in the Hungarian campaign. One stormy evening a carriage drove up before the doors of the Palace Harrach, on the Freiung, in Vienna, and Wallenstein, desperately ill, was lifted out and carried in on a litter.

A few days later a common soldier, a Croatian, presented himself at the doors and demanded to see the General. He was refused, but persisted so noisily that the uproar reached the sick man's ears, and the servants were obliged to explain the cause.

"Let him in," said Wallenstein.

No sooner had he set eyes on the stranger than he raised himself in bed and cried out:

"Oh, it is you, is it—the Gitschin rascal! I remember you perfectly."

Wallenstein knew every soldier in his army, and never forgot a face.

"Yes," said the man, "I am that 'Gitschin brute'!" and he came close to the bedside. "General, this was the way of it. I was drunk, and here you and Pappenheim come riding down the dirtiest street in all Gitschin, and I passed close by you, with never a thought whether I splashed generals or only ordinary people. Then you stood right up in your stirrups and called out, and your voice shook, you were so angry, 'Hang the brute!' Faith, I didn't want to be hung, so what did I do but fire. The ball must have whistled close to your ear. And then you just settled in your saddle, and you said, in the quietest way—I can hear you now—'Let the brute go!' General, you spared my life that day, and I have come here now to save yours."

There was a short pause, the two men looking one another steadily in the eye.

"General," said the Croatian, presently, "don't you believe all the doctors tell you. Sometimes an ignorant man like me knows more than any of them. I know what is the matter with you, and I can cure you."

"Are you a sorcerer?"

"No, General, I am not; but I have an old remedy for your trouble."

"I ask no better than to try it."

"Good! Then give your people orders to let me into the kitchen, while I go to buy some herbs that I need. I will prepare a medicine, and if you take it I will guarantee your recovery. I swear it!"

And, sure enough, Wallenstein, having faithfully followed the man's directions, was shortly completely cured.

CHAPTER XII.

The Hofburg—Austria in Charlemagne's Time—The Ostmark—The Romans and Avars—The Babenberg House—Henry Jasomirgott—The Duchy—Trade with the East—The Emperor Frederick II.—Otakar II. of Bohemia—Rudolph, Founder of the House of Habsburg—Early Adventures—Elected Emperor—Albert I.—His Assassination—The Emperor Henry VII.—Suspicious Circumstances of his Death—Albert II.—Imperial Dignity and the House of Habsburg—Growing Importance of Vienna—Frederick III. Imprisoned in the Hofburg—Matthias Corvinus—Maximilian I.—Marries Mary of Burgundy—Her Death—Greatness of Maximilian's Reign—Aulic Council—Charles V.—First Siege of Vienna by the Turks—Ferdinand I.—Maximilian II.—Matthias—The Court Established in Vienna—The Defenestratio Pragensis—The Thirty Years' War—Cardinal Clesel Seized—Death of Matthias—Ferdinand II.—A Religious Emperor—Protestant Disturbances—Ferdinand's Narrow Escape—His Reign—Impression Left on Vienna—Corpus Christi Procession—The "Vienna Chapel"—Ferdinand III.—Vienna Besieged by the Swedes—Monument in the Hof—Death of the Emperor—Leopold I.—Second Siege by the Turks—The Emperor's Funeral—Joseph I.—His Dislike of the Jesuits—Dies of Small-pox—Treatment of the Disease—Schönbrunn—Charles VI.—His Antiquarian Tastes—Fisher von Erlach—The Imperial Library—Prince Eugene—Builds the Belvedere—Brilliant Victories—Life in Vienna—Death—The Hofburg in the Eighteenth Century—Etiquette of the Court—The Empress Christina of Brunswick—The Pragmatic Sanction.

THE Imperial Hofburg, for nearly three hundred years the official residence of the House of Austria,

is an irregular agglomeration of buildings, dating from different periods, built in no particular style and imposing only from its size. Around it, however, there hovers a cloud of splendid memories, and every stone speaks of a historic past.

The easternmost district of the dominions of the Emperor Charlemagne (768–814) was the tract of country lying between the Enns and the Raab. From the name *Ostmark*, or Eastern-march, by which it came to be called, is derived the modern Oesterreich—Austria.

In the century which followed that of Charlemagne's death, Otho II. (973–983) granted the Ostmark to the House of Babenberg in fief. The Romans, when they held this territory, had built a town which they called Vindobona, and although there is no evidence to that effect, it is extremely probable that the Avars, who succeeded them, until they were themselves driven out by Charlemagne, continued to occupy this site. We have, however, no actual account of Vienna as a city until the time of the Babenberg Duke, Henry II. (1141–1177), "Jasomirgott" (from *Ja so mir Gott helfe*, an exclamation that was constantly on his lips). He was a son of the Margrave Leopold V., in whose time the Ostmark, together with Styria and Carniola, was formed into a duchy. By an agreement made between Henry Jasomirgott and the Emperor Barbarossa the Ostmark was detached from Styria and Carniola, formed into a distinct duchy, and conferred

on Duke Henry as an inalienable fief. On failure of male issue it was to descend in the female line, and on failure of the female line to be disposed of by will. These matters arranged, Duke Henry established his capital at Vienna and took up his residence in the Markgrafenburg, on the site of the present Hofburg.

Vienna had by now become a busy and important town; it had several streets, two churches—St. Stephan's and the Pfarr Church, now St. Rupert's—a market-place, and a number of shops and manufactories. During the period of the Crusades the town attained in fact a most remarkable growth. Owing to its situation near the banks of the Danube, it became the centre of an enormous traffic with the East, and by the latter part of the thirteenth century had grown to the dimensions of the present Old Town.

In the meantime the male descent from Henry Jasomirgott had failed; his great-grandson, Frederick II. the Warlike, died in 1246 without issue and without a will. Three female claimants at once arose. The all-powerful Emperor Frederick II. set all their claims aside, attached the duchy to the Imperial Crown, and appointed the Count of Werdenberg to be its ruler. A period of disorder followed the death of the Emperor; the duchy was annexed first by one neighboring State and then by another, and formed part of the domains of Otakar II. of Bohemia when, in 1273, after an interregnum of

nearly twenty years, Rudolph of Habsburg, the founder of the House of Austria, was chosen by the German Electors to succeed the Emperor Conrad IV.

Rudolph of Habsburg was at that time in his fifty-fifth year; but his stormy and adventurous career had not, if tradition is to be believed, been without premonitions of coming greatness. It is told that he was one day hunting a wild boar down a narrow valley, through which rushed a mountain torrent, swollen by recent rains. On the bank he saw a priest, bearing the *viaticum*, who stood irresolute, not daring to attempt the dangerous passage.

"My father," cried the Count, "you must mount into my saddle! It is the only possible way of crossing; and, moreover, my horse has too often been the bearer of death in these forests to miss this opportunity of carrying life and hope."

The priest gratefully accepted the offer, and Rudolph, after watching till he had reached the other side in safety, fell on his knees beneath a great oak tree and began to offer up prayers for the departing soul.

In due course of time the priest returned; but as he was about to dismount, the other stopped him, begging that he would keep the horse, and thenceforth consecrate it to the service of God.

The following day, Rudolph, while on his way to visit the Abbey of Fahr, met an old nun called Sister Bertha, who, to his great amazement, saluted him by the title of Emperor.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the Count.

"I mean," replied the sister, "that as you yesterday performed a good and holy deed, it is right that you should know that you and your descendants are destined to sit upon the Imperial throne."

The early years of Rudolph's career had been an almost continuous succession of struggles with the neighboring barons—struggles which invariably resulted, however, in the strengthening and increasing of his own domains.

In 1273, while engaged in a quarrel with the Abbot of St. Gallen, he received news from Bâsle that the townsmen, backed by their Bishop, had massacred a number of nobles, friends and relatives of Rudolph, at a recent tournament. Instantly making peace with the Abbot, and securing him as an ally, Rudolph hurried off to attack Bâsle. It was at this juncture that he heard of his election.

After laying waste the surrounding country, he had encamped before the city, and was only awaiting the expiration of a truce to continue the attack, when he was awakened one night in his tent by his nephew, Frederick of Hohenzollern, who brought him word of his elevation. Notwithstanding Sister Bertha, Rudolph was utterly astounded and could hardly credit the news; but the people of Bâsle, when they heard it, threw open their gates, saying, in reply to the Bishop's angry remonstrances, that they had taken

arms against the Count of Habsburg, not against the Roman Emperor. Upon which the indignant and impious prelate is said to have exclaimed, "Sit fast, thou Lord God, or Rudolph will occupy thy throne!"

Rudolph at once set about increasing his possessions, both by war and by means of those more peaceable methods for which his house later became famous. By marrying one of his daughters to a son of Henry of Bavaria, he gained over that province to his side and was able to attack the powerful Otakar II., King of Bohemia. The campaign closed with the siege and capture of Vienna by Rudolph, who was left in possession of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola and Windischmark. Peace was further assured by intermarriages between the sons and daughters of Otakar and Rudolph.

Under Albert I., son and successor of Rudolph, a revolt broke out among the Swiss Cantons, which had been forcibly annexed by his father; and it is to this period that the legend of William Tell and Gessler is assigned. In 1308 Albert was assassinated on the banks of the Reuss, by his nephew John, whose inheritance he had withheld. Through the influence of Baldwin, Elector of Treves, and Peter, Archbishop of Mentz, the Count of Luxembourg was chosen to succeed him as Emperor, under the title of Henry VII. His appointment was confirmed by the Pope, Clement V. The coronation took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, and later in the Church of St. John Lateran,

at Rome; and Henry crossed the Alps at the head of an army. Five years later he died suddenly, near Siena, at a moment so opportune for his enemies that the story was circulated and commonly believed that he had received poison in a consecrated wafer, from a Dominican friar named Bernard di Montepulciano.

"Assassin!" the Emperor is reported to have cried, in his death agony, "you have administered death to me in the bread of eternal life. Fly! save yourself! or my Germans will surely kill you."

It was not until the year 1438 that the Imperial dignity was restored to the House of Habsburg, in the person of Albert II.; but from that date to the abdication of Francis II., in 1806, every Emperor, with the two only exceptions of Charles VII. of Bavaria (1742–1745) and Francis I. of Lorraine (1745–1765), were Habsburgs.

Vienna now became more and more identified with the House of Austria; successive rulers made the Hofburg their occasional place of residence, adding to it and erecting new buildings in other parts of the town. Duke Rudolph IV. (1358–1365), called the Founder, from the number and importance of his institutions, rebuilt the already existing Church of St. Stephan and founded the University of Vienna.[1]

In the fifteenth century the Hofburg served on one occasion (1462) as a prison for its Imperial resident, when the Viennese, siding with Albert, brother of the

[1] See page 44.

The University

Emperor Frederick III., in a quarrel that had arisen between them, shut the latter into the citadel, together with the Empress and their young son (afterwards the Emperor Maximilian I.), and conducted the siege so strictly that the garrison had almost exhausted its supply of food, when Podiabrad, King of Bohemia, sent his son, at the head of a considerable force, and relieved the castle. Maximilian never forgot this incident, and though he was barely five years old at the time, he could never quite forgive the Viennese for the hunger and discomfort they forced him to endure during the siege.

In 1477 Vienna was attacked and captured by Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, and it was not until after his death, in 1490, that Maximilian not only won back his own Austrian possessions, but assumed the title of King of Hungary. Maximilian I. was the true founder of the greatness of his house.

"Uniting in his person those wide domains through Germany which had been dispersed among the collateral branches of his house, and claiming, by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy[1] most of the territories of

[1] If the tradition may be trusted, which assigns to King Matthias Corvinus the oft-quoted Latin epigram,

> "Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, *nube;*
> Nam quae Mars aliis, dat regna Venus."

> "Wars let others wage, but thou, lucky Austria, marry;
> For kingdoms which Mars gives to others, Venus gives to thee;"

it would refer to this marriage. Mary of Burgundy died in 1482,

Charles the Bold, he was a Prince greater than any who had sat on the Teutonic throne since the death of Frederick the Second. But it was as Archduke of Austria, Count of Tyrol, Duke of Styria and Carinthia, feudal superior of lands in Swabia, Alsace and Switzerland, that he was great—not as Roman Emperor. For, just as from him the Austrian monarchy begins, so with him the Holy Empire, in its old meaning, ends. . . . It is not only in imperial history that the accession of Maximilian is a landmark. That time—a time of change and movement in every part of human life, a time when printing had become common and books were no longer confined to the clergy, when drilled troops were replacing the feudal militia, when the use of gunpowder was changing the face of war—was especially marked by one event, to which the history of the world offers no parallel, before or since—the discovery of America." [1]

To Maximilian Vienna owes the establishment of an Imperial Court, the *Reichshofrath*, or Aulic Council, which, under one form or another, continues to exist down to the present day.

Maximilian's grandson and successor, the Emperor Charles V., spent his youth in the Netherlands. On the death of his maternal grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic, he assumed the government of Spain.

the result of a fall from her horse. She was but twenty-five, and very beautiful.

"Never, as long as I live," exclaimed Maximilian, as her body was removed for burial, "shall I forget this bonny wife of mine."

[1] *The Holy Roman Empire.* James Bryce.

Vienna, therefore, saw him but little, and in 1521–22 he ceded the Austrian dominions to his brother Ferdinand. Ferdinand was in Vienna in 1529, when the Turks, pouring into Austria from Hungary, laid siege to it. He, with his court, fled to Linz, leaving the capital to be protected by Nicholas Von Salm. The Turks concluded a twenty-one days' siege with an unsuccessful assault and then withdrew.

Ferdinand, brother and successor (in Austria) of Charles V., and his son, Maximilian II., held their Courts alternately at Prague and Vienna, while Rudolph II., son of Maximilian II., never went to Vienna at all after he became Emperor. His brother Matthias (1612–1619), on the other hand, was the first to establish the Court permanently at Vienna, and there ever since his day it has remained. Matthias was lying in the Hofburg, very ill and gouty, when he received news of the event called the "Defenestratio Pragensis." This was the attempted murder of two Catholic Councilors of Prague by the very extraordinary method of throwing them out of the window. The conspirators, headed by the Protestant Count Matthias Thurn, entered the Bohemian Chancellerie at Prague on the 23d of May, 1618, expelled two of the Councilors, and executed summary justice on the others.

". . . Martinitz and Slawata, it was resolved there and then to execute, according to ancient Bohemian usage, by the punishment of "defenestration," by

plunging them, as they were, in their Spanish costume, with cloaks and hats, from the window into the dry ditch of the castle. To complete the trio, the secretary, Philip Fabricius, was precipitated after them. They fell from a height of nearly sixty feet; but, owing to their cloaks filling with air and thereby breaking their fall, and to their alighting on a heap of waste paper and other rubbish, they all of them miraculously escaped with their lives. The very humble and very polite secretary, who was expedited last, is said to have had sufficient presence of mind, as he fell upon Baron Martinitz, most earnestly to beg his Excellency's pardon."[1]

The two Barons were received in a neighboring house and protected until they could get out of Bohemia. The secretary escaped at once to Vienna, where he brought the first intelligence of the event to the Emperor.[2]

The Emperor Matthias and his chief adviser, Cardinal Clesel, rightly judged that this act of the Protestants of Prague had a deep significance, and would have tried to avert further trouble by conciliation, but to this course Archduke Ferdinand, cousin and heir[3] to the Emperor would by no means agree, and the

[1] Vehse's *Austrian Courts*.

[2] The fanatic Emperor Ferdinand II. subsequently ennobled Fabricius under the title of Baron von *Hohenfall*.

[3] Matthias's two brothers, Maximilian and Albert, being childless, had resigned their claims to their cousin Ferdinand, who had issue male, so as to secure the succession to the throne.

"Defenestratio Pragensis" ushered in the Thirty Years' War.

Matthias, worn out and evidently dying, lay fuming and helpless in his bed in the Hofburg, while his cousin Ferdinand, who had already been crowned King both of Bohemia and Hungary, actively directed the policy of the Government. "The Emperor is deserted by everybody," wrote the Saxon representative, "there being very few in his ante-chamber at the ordinary hour of attendance, whereas in the King's apartments [Ferdinand also resided in the Hofburg when in Vienna] there is such a crowd that one can scarcely move."

Cardinal Clesel still stuck close to the Emperor, however, and was strong enough to interfere with Ferdinand's plans. The King therefore induced him one day to come to his apartments, where he was seized, stripped of his Cardinal's robes and hat, and hurried by a private passageway out of the palace and town. He was kept closely confined for four years, and then allowed to go to Rome, where he lived in the Castle of St. Angelo. In 1627 he was recalled by the very man (now Emperor) who had banished him, and entered Vienna amid the ringing of bells and other public demonstrations. He died in 1630, protesting to the last against the bigotry of Ferdinand's treatment of the Protestants, and was buried in the Cathedral of St. Stephan.

The news of Clesel's banishment was brought to

Matthias by Archduke Maximilian (his brother) and King Ferdinand. The unfortunate Emperor, now having no one about him upon whom he could rely, was powerless to resent it; he was furiously angry, but rather than let this be seen, he stuffed the bed-clothes into his mouth, until he could control himself. Eight months later he died, and was the first of the Emperors to be laid in the Imperial vault of the Capuchin Church. At the moment of the Emperor's death, Ferdinand found himself in a very dangerous position. Count Matthias Thurn had marched a Bohemian army into Austria almost unopposed, and was now beneath the walls of Vienna. The King was in the Hofburg, without soldiers or money. His advisers, the Jesuits, urged flight and a temporizing policy; but he would agree to neither. The Viennese, who were largely Protestants, had been obliged to deliver up their arms to the Governor; but they continued to assemble in the streets, and could be heard under the windows of the Hofburg, threatening to shut the King up in a monastery in order to be rid of him.

Count Thurn had his headquarters near the Stubenthor, and the siege was pressed until the very walls of the Hofburg were battered by the Bohemian guns, planted near the Church of St. Ulric. On the night of the 6th of June (1619) Ferdinand was driven from his own apartments by the enemy's fire, while the attitude of the citizens became yet more threaten-

ing. The King spent the remainder of the night in prayer before a crucifix, and, as he afterwards asserted, received a supernatural assurance of safety. On the following day some members of the Austrian Estates suddenly burst in upon him, and violently demanded his signature to an agreement of union with Bohemia. Ferdinand refused, whereupon one of them, clutching him by a button of his doublet, cried, "Nandel [the diminutive for Ferdinand], give in—thou *must* sign!"

At that moment there was heard a flourish of trumpets in the courtyard below. The Councilors, alarmed, hurried off to see what it meant. A report spread through the town that a large body of soldiers had won its way in to relieve the Emperor. A panic ensued, and by the time that the relieving force was discovered to consist of only five hundred cuirassiers, under Dampierre, who had slipped in by the unguarded water-gate near the Danube, it was too late to stem the rising tide of loyalty to the King; and a few days later, hearing that Prague was threatened, Count Thurn was obliged to raise the siege. Ferdinand very naturally attributed his rescue to a miraculous intervention of heaven in his behalf.

Ferdinand left a distinct and enduring impression upon Vienna. One religious order after another was welcomed by him to the capital, and established there. He completed the Capuchin Church, begun by Matthias; and his wife, Eleanora of Mantua, built the

Loretto Chapel in the Augustines' Church, to receive the hearts of the Emperors. Ferdinand, finding that the solemn procession of Corpus Christi was frequently disturbed by conflicts between Catholic and Protestant mobs, inaugurated the custom of taking part in it in person—a custom which the Austrian sovereigns have ever since observed. The late Empress of Austria is said to have given great offence by sometimes refusing to join in this procession. Ferdinand also founded the "Vienna Chapel," to furnish music for the services of the church.

His son, Ferdinand III., almost repeated in 1645 the experience of his father during the siege of 1619. A Swedish army lay encamped before Vienna, while the Emperor, frightened but determined, insisted upon remaining in the Hofburg, having previously dispatched the Imperial archives and treasure, with almost his entire Court, to Grätz. The Swedes were at last forced to abandon the siege, and the Emperor, in fulfillment of a vow made in the hour of danger, erected a monument commemorative of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in the Platz am Hof in Vienna. This monument was replaced in 1667 by his son, Leopold I., by the one we see there to-day.

Ferdinand died in the Hofburg. He was lying there ill, when on the night of April 2, 1657, a fire broke out in his apartment. A halberdier of the guard seized the cradle containing the Emperor's youngest child, to convey it to a place of safety. In

his haste he fell and broke the cradle, and although the child was not hurt, the Emperor received such a fright that he died in a few hours.

During the reign of his son, Leopold I., the Turks again overran Austria. Their siege of Vienna in 1683, and its defence under Count Starhemberg, have been referred to in a previous chapter.

Leopold I. died in 1705, after a reign of forty-eight years. His body, habited in Spanish costume, with hat, cloak and sword, lay in state for three days in the Rittersaal of the Hofburg. The heart was deposited in the Loretto Chapel, and the bowels in St. Stephan's. The body was conveyed to the Capuchin Church by night, through streets illuminated by innumerable torches, while an enormous throng of courtiers and ecclesiastics, bearing lighted tapers, accompanied it on foot. No fewer than thirteen of the religious orders, to whom the Emperor had shown the strongest attachment, were represented.

Leopold's son, Joseph I., was educated in a far more liberal school than was his ascetic and monkish father. He was taught to look with distrust upon the growing influence exercised by the priests in secular affairs. Especially active and meddlesome had the Jesuits become, and the young Emperor's former tutor, Rummel, devoted himself with great zest to the task of circumventing them. Accordingly a ghostly visitor began to disturb the peace of the Hofburg, and for several successive nights the Emperor was

awakened by a shadowy form, which warned him to get rid of Rummel. Frederick Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, was in Vienna at the time, and hearing of this, he quietly obtained permission to pass a night in the Emperor's room. When the ghost appeared, the powerful Elector suddenly rose up and flung it out of the window into the deep fosse below (where the present Imperial Library now stands). No more ghosts were seen, and the Emperor conceived a strong dislike of Jesuits; he refused to have a Jesuit for confessor, and when this was resented, threatened to expel all members of the order from Austria.

Joseph I. reigned only six years, being carried off in 1711 by that scourge of the eighteenth century—small-pox. The treatment of this dread disease was very little understood at that time, the main idea apparently being to shut the patient up as closely as possible. Joseph, wrapped in "a piece of English flannel, nearly twenty yards in length," was kept in a room from which every breath of air was rigidly excluded, and when, notwithstanding this care, he died, it was thought that the Jesuits must have given him poison. Two Empresses, six Archdukes and Archduchesses and two Electors died of small-pox in the Austrian dominions during the eighteenth century.

The Emperor Joseph had an especial liking for Schönbrunn, a former hunting-lodge of the Emperor Matthias, situated near Vienna, on the Wien. At the

time of his death he was deeply immersed in plans for completing the chateau, which Leopold I. had begun there. This chateau was altered by Joseph's niece, the Empress Maria Theresa, into the building which we see to-day. It became famous as the head-quarters of Napoleon in 1805, and again in 1809, and later it was the residence of the ex-Empress Marie Louise, and of her son, the Duke de Reichstadt.

Under Charles VI., who succeeded Joseph, Vienna was beautified by the erection of many fine buildings. This Emperor had artistic and antiquarian tastes. He was a great collector of coins, pictures and books, and employed that admirable architect, Fisher Von Erlach, to erect suitable buildings to contain them. It was he who built the Imperial Library, wherein he placed not only his own books and MSS., but the library of Prince Eugene, which he purchased on the latter's death, in 1736. Prince Eugene was likewise a public benefactor to Vienna. In 1714, when there was a fierce outbreak of the plague, he, in order to give employment to some of the thousands of persons thrown out of work, erected a number of handsome buildings, notably the Belvedere, which was afterwards purchased by Maria Theresa.

Prince Eugene was a grandson of Charles Emanuel of Savoy; his father was an officer of the Swiss Guards at the Court of Louis XIV. His mother was Olympia Mancini, one of the gay nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. She got into hot water at the Tuileries,

and, obliged to leave France, settled in Brussels, where Eugene was educated. When twenty years old he endeavored to obtain an appointment in the French army, but was refused. He next turned to the Austrian Court, where he was immediately given a commission, and from thenceforth devoted his brilliant military talents to the service of the House of Habsburg. After his victory over the Turks at Zenta, in 1697, Louis recognized the mistake he had made and tried to lure the young commander back with glittering offers of gold and high military rank, but without success. The loyal, upright, ugly little man had offered his sword to Austria and it had been accepted, and for the rest of his life he never wavered in his allegiance, although the brilliant victories he won for his adopted country sometimes met with very poor reward. He was the greatest general Austria ever had, and won no fewer than thirteen important battles. The closing years of his life he passed amid the most peaceful pursuits in Vienna, adding to his collections, conducting a large correspondence, assisting in the councils of State, and taking a lively and beneficent interest in schemes for the improvement of the industrial conditions of Vienna. His evenings he invariably spent in the company of his devoted friend, the widow of Count Adam Batthiany, Ban of Croatia.

"Eugene's well-known cream-colored horses, with pink harness, used of themselves to find the way from

Interior of the Belvedere

the palace of the Prince to that of the beautiful Countess, where they would stop of their own accord, although now and then it was some time before any one alighted, because Eugene was asleep within the coach, the coachman asleep on the box, the heyduck asleep on the steps at the carriage door, and the two footmen asleep in the rumble." As the Prince was not then an old man—he was but seventy-two when he died—Nature must have been taking her revenge for the manner in which she had formerly been defrauded, for it is said that, in his prime, he usually slept only about three hours.

One April morning, in the year 1737, he was found dead in his bed, his head buried in his hands. "When Prince Eugene's servants went into his chamber this morning," writes Mr. Robinson, British Minister at the Court of Vienna, under date of April 27th, 1737, "they found him extinguished in his bed, like a taper. He dined yesterday as usual, and played cards at night with his ordinary company, but with such appearance as prognosticated to nice observers the crisis of his life. . . . In a word, my lord, his life was glorious, and his death easy."

The Emperor Charles VI. was the last strictly to enforce the pompous and wearisome system of Court etiquette imported into Austria from Spain. The Hofburg at that time still preserved the appearance of a mediæval fortress. A traveler, writing in 1704, says that it was "of mean appearance, especially the

inner courtyard, with the apartments of the Emperor; the walls thick and ponderous, like a city wall; the staircases dark, without any ornament; the rooms low and narrow, the flooring of common deal, meaner than which could not be found in the house of the humblest citizen. All is as plain as if it were built for poor friars. On a small spot, called the 'Paradise Garden,'[1] fenced in with walls, under the windows of the apartments of the Empress, some flowers and shrubs drag on a stunted existence."

Amid these unpretending surroundings the most elaborate ceremonial was observed. The members of the Imperial family exacted "the Spanish Reverence" from nobles even of the highest rank. This consisted in making a profound obeisance and kneeling on one knee. It was ordered that, when the Emperor's name occurred in the public reading of proclamations, orations, and such like, it must likewise be received with "the Spanish Reverence." The court dress was Spanish—a short, black cloak, trimmed with point lace; a broad-brimmed hat, turned up on one side, with a long plume; red shoes and stockings. But the powdered, flowing wig, in vogue in France in the eighteenth century, had been added by the Emperor. No one else was permitted to appear at Court wearing any kind of wig.

On the occasion of a state dinner the Ambassadors and the Papal Nuncio attended standing, but were

[1] Eliminated in 1809.

permitted to retire when the Emperor had taken his first draught of wine. The meals always began, whether on occasions of ceremony or otherwise, with the Chamberlain presenting wine to the Emperor and Empress, who then pledged each other; the cup bearers poured out the wine kneeling. When the Empress drank his health and while the grace was being said, the Emperor uncovered, but during the rest of the meal he kept his hat on. The apartments of the Imperial pair were called respectively "the Emperor's side" and "the Empress's side," and there was a general feeling that life was a little less solemn and fatiguing on "the Empress's side." In the matter of entertainments, however, the Court, under the very transparent ruse of "incognito," would frequently indulge in quite riotous revelry. There were "ridottos," theatricals, "merendas," sleighing parties—when the gentlemen drew lots for the lady each was to drive and sit next to at supper, and, most popular of all, the "Wirthschaft" or "tavern." At this last the Emperor and Empress took the parts of landlord and landlady. The guests appeared in fancy dress and masks, the gentlemen providing the ladies' costumes. The "merenda," also very popular, was a supper served at two o'clock, followed by dancing, which was kept up till well into the day.

The complicated ceremonial of the Court rendered it necessary to have enormous retinues of persons constantly in attendance. At state dinners, for instance,

each dish when it reached the Emperor had passed through the hands of twenty-four officials. As the Hofburg, large though it was even then, could not pretend to accommodate all this throng of people, there had been established by Ferdinand I. what was termed "Court-quarters"—that is, a regulation requiring every house-holder to let (for a very small sum) the whole of his second story for the use of the Court; and this not only at Vienna, but at Saxenburg, or Grätz, or wherever the Court might happen to be. Joseph II. (1780–1790) abolished this very trying custom.

Charles VI., when still quite young, had married the beautiful Elizabeth Christina, Princess of Brunswick Wolfembuttle. The only son born of this marriage died in infancy. Two daughters lived to grow up, the elder of whom became, on the death of her father, the Empress Maria Theresa. Towards the close of his life, Charles was repeatedly urged by his advisers and by the Empress to take steps to have his son-in-law Francis, Duke of Lorraine, recognized as King of the Romans. The reason he gave for refusing to act on this prudent advice was hardly calculated to soothe his wife's affectionate solicitude concerning her daughter's future, for he declared that he thought the Empress (to whom he is represented as having been "tenderly attached") much more likely to die first, and he therefore "entertained hopes of male issue by a future marriage." The historian goes on to say that,

"in consequence of this ill-judged policy, he endangered the loss of the Imperial crown, and exposed his successor to the greatest difficulties." The Emperor had, however, been most active and determined in getting the agreement of the Powers to the Pragmatic Sanction, by which the Austrian throne was to be secured to the female succession according to the laws of primogeniture.

CHAPTER XIII.

Maria Theresa — Difficulties she had to Encounter — Modifies the Etiquette of the Court — Astonishes the Audience in the Burg Theatre — Joseph II. — The First Emperor to Appear at an Audience in Uniform — A Protectionist — Keeps Down the Price of Meat — Frederick the Great's Opinion of the Emperor — "Count Falkenstein" — His Travels and Adventures — Simplicity of his Habits — Intimacy with Catharine II. of Russia — Audiences in the Hofburg — His Disappointments — His Marriages — His Death.

THE close of Charles VI.'s reign marks an era in the history of his House. He was the sixteenth and last Austrian ruler of the direct male line of Habsburg, and on his death the Imperial dignity passed, for the first time since the election, in 1438, of Albert II., out of his House. The realm, moreover, which he had found in a condition of great power and prosperity, was at the moment of his death at its lowest ebb of weakness and misfortune.

Notwithstanding the Pragmatic Sanction, Maria Theresa found herself, on her accession, involved in most serious difficulties. Outwardly, indeed, all was peaceful enough; but it was well known that the Elector of Bavaria would lose no time in presenting a claim to the Austrian throne; that France was prepared to oppose the election of the Queen's hus-

band, Francis of Lorraine, to be Emperor; and that among her own people, owing to the failure of the grape crop and a general scarcity of provisions, there was a smouldering fire of discontent. The beautiful and spirited young Queen contrived, however, successfully to weather not only these storms, but the many more severe ones that disturbed her long and brilliant reign. Under her the stiff Spanish etiquette of the Court was modified. She was easy and accessible, devoted to gaiety of all kinds, and simple, almost homely, in her ways. She was passionately fond of her handsome husband (who later became the Emperor Francis I.), and for three years after his death she shut herself up and never appeared in places of public amusement.

On the evening of the 12th of February, 1768, however, news was brought to Vienna that Maria Louisa, wife of the Empress's second son, Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, had given birth to a son. This event was of great importance—for, as Joseph, the Empress's eldest son, was childless, it meant nothing less than the birth of a male heir to the Austrian throne. This infant was, indeed, to reign later as the Emperor Francis II.

"She received the news in the evening, whilst working in her cabinet. Without farther ado, she rushed out in her plain house dress, or rather *negligé*, ran through the ante-chamber, the outer rooms and passages, into the theatre of the Hofburg, and, lean-

ing far over the balustrade of the Imperial box, called, with motherly triumph, down into the pit, in the broadest Vienna dialect, 'Poldel (Poldy, Leopold) has a boy; and just as a token of remembrance, on my wedding-day. Is not he gallant?' The pit and the boxes were electrified."[1]

On the death of Francis I., his eldest son, Joseph, became Emperor; but he did not succeed to the Austrian inheritance until the death of his mother, Maria Theresa, which occurred fifteen years later. Under him the etiquette of the Court was still further modified. The "Reverence" was done away with. "Men," he declared, "should kneel only before God;" while officials were permitted to wait upon their superiors in walking dress and boots. He was the first Emperor to appear in uniform on occasions of state. "My Lord Chamberlain," he observed, the first time that he did so, "will faint when he sees this."

Under Joseph II. the industrial interests of Vienna and of the whole country received a tremendous impetus. He was a protectionist of the most advanced type, and enforced his decrees against the purchase and sale of foreign goods by seizing and destroying outright all articles of that kind that were found in the possession of merchants or store-keepers. On one occasion the Viennese were treated to the sight of a huge pyre of watches, costly laces,

[1] Vehese's *Austrian Courts.*

Monument of Empress Maria Theresa

VXORI · OPTIMAE
ALBERTVS

silks, jewelry, cloth, etc., burning merrily in the open square. When all were destroyed, the ashes were thrown in the river. Private individuals were allowed to import foreign articles on payment of a sixty per cent. duty.

Landed proprietors who remained more than six months of the year out of the country were obliged to pay double taxes.

The master-butchers of Vienna tried in 1787 to have the price of meat raised, declaring that they could make no profits with the existing rates. The Emperor advised them, in that case, to go out of business, and allow the journeymen to take their places, as these men were more than willing to do, adding that if any butcher was found raising his prices, he would receive fifty lashes for each pound of meat sold.

The Emperor insisted that no distinction should be made between the classes in respect of the administration of the law. Viennese society was therefore edified by such sights as a Count Liechtenstein, who had committed forgery, sweeping the streets, wearing the brown dress of a convict, with cropped hair and in chains; while a lieutenant-colonel of the Guards, who was a defaulter, had to stand for three days running in the public pillory, and then go to the House of Correction.

Joseph II. was the Austrian example of the popular ruler, represented in France by Henry IV. and

Napoleon, and in Prussia by Frederick II. "This young Prince," wrote the King of Prussia in his *Memoirs*, "adopted a frank, open manner, that seemed natural to him. His disposition was gay and vivacious; but with an ardent desire to know things, he lacked the patience to learn."

Joseph was thirty-nine when his mother's death placed him at the head of affairs. He had taken advantage of the long period that intervened between his majority and his accession to travel in foreign countries, with a view to investigating such laws and customs as might be beneficial, if introduced into his own country.

He traveled incognito, under the name of Count Falkenstein, and many and piquant are the stories which are told of his adventures. The hero of all these popular tales soon acquired an European reputation and was everywhere known and liked.

In Paris he established himself in a small "hôtel garni," and when he went out either walked or drove in a hired cab. One day he surprised Buffon in his dressing-gown. The savant tried to escape, so as to get into a coat.

"No, no!" cried the visitor. "Stay as you are; you look very well in that costume, and when a master receives a visit from one of his students, he should certainly not put himself out."

While going through the Hôtel Dieu he saw a sick man, and one who was dying, and a corpse, all in one

bed. He at once left the building, declaring that such an institution was not a benefit to society.

The librarian of the Library of Paris expressed his regret that the light was so poor that he could not see the collection of works on Theology."

"Oh, my dear sir," said Joseph, "where there is theology, there is never much light!"

When, in the course of his tour, he arrived at Wurtemberg, the Duke sent him word that his castle had been prepared for him; but, true to his habits, Joseph replied that he preferred to put up at a hotel. The Duke thereupon ordered every hotel, inn and tavern in Wurtemberg to remove its sign, at the same time causing a huge board, bearing the arms of the Austrian House and the words "Hôtel de l'Empereur Joseph II." to be displayed above the main entrance to the castle. Joseph could not but yield to such determined hospitality. At the castle gate he was received by the Duke, dressed in the costume of an innkeeper, while all the gentlemen of his court were attired like butlers, valets, waiters and so on. The ladies were dressed to look like maids—the kind one sees on the stage—with white caps, short skirts and lace kerchiefs and aprons.

The royal guest at once fell in with the joke, and the play was kept up till the next day. When the time came for him to leave, a carriage drew up in front of the gate, and, seated on one of the horses, he noticed a postillion, whose muddy boots and frayed waistcoat attracted his attention.

"That fellow is no flatterer, at all events," said he, as he got inside. "I suspect he is a tippler, but we'll give him a good fee all the same."

The shabby postillion drove, however, with a rapidity and skill that was simply amazing.

"If you would like to enter my service," said Joseph, when they reached the first relay, "I will engage you at once."

"I am sorry, sire," replied the postillion; "but I am so situated that I cannot leave my own country."

"And why is that?" asked the Emperor.

"Parbleu!" cried the man, with a shout of laughter; "because I am engaged to drive the car of State." And he pulled off his cap, to which a wig was attached.

"The Prince of Wurtemberg!" exclaimed Joseph, much amused.

"The same, at your service," replied the Duke, with a low bow.

"You played your part exceedingly well," said the Emperor; "only, had I thought a little, I would have seen through it, for I noticed you never once swore."

While visiting Moravia, Joseph, in order to show his respect for the dignity of agriculture, publicly, with his own hand, opened a furrow in a grain field, on the estate of Prince Liechtenstein. The plow used by him on this occasion was wrapped in silk and placed in the hall of the Moravian estates.

On the Hungarian frontier it is said that Joseph

was met one day by a peasant, who ran up to him, crying out:

"Most merciful Emperor! we have four days of statute-labor; on the fifth day we are obliged to go fishing with the Seigneur; on the sixth we have to hunt with him; the seventh day belongs to God. Most merciful Emperor, how *can* we pay our taxes and dues?"

"How, indeed?" said the Emperor, thoughtfully.

And although it was not until the death of Maria Theresa, fourteen years later, that he was free to do anything for the serfs, he never forgot them, and in 1785, five years after his accession, he abolished serfdom in Hungary and obliged the nobility to pay their proportion of the taxes.

In September, 1774, a meeting was arranged to take place at Neustadt between Joseph and the King of Prussia, and preparations were made for a great military review. Suddenly, however, the sky, which had been brilliantly clear, became overcast; peals of thunder were heard, and the rain fell in such torrents that the review had to be abandoned. As the two sovereigns, completely drenched, were hastening to get under shelter, Frederick was heard to observe, "After all, we have to acknowledge that there is one ruler still more powerful than ourselves."

The simplicity of Joseph's establishment offered a violent contrast to that of his grandfather, Charles VI. Two o'clock was his dinner hour, but the

Emperor's conscientious devotion to duty was such that it was sometimes five o'clock before he would allow himself to stop working. The meal, in the meanwhile, was kept warm on a stove. Being a widower and childless, the Emperor usually dined alone, waited upon by a solitary servant, with whom he conversed all the time. Dinner lasted about half an hour. Like all the Habsburgs, Joseph was exceedingly fond of music, and himself played on the violoncello and piano. He once asked Mozart's opinion of a sonata which he had written. Mozart made the very courtier-like reply that "the sonata was very good in its way, but that he who had written it was better;" but he handed it back, with some corrections.

The Emperor would never have a mattress on his bed until about a year before his death, when the doctors advised it. Before that he slept upon a bag filled with straw, and covered with a stag's hide and a linen sheet; for a pillow he had a leather cushion, filled with horse-hair. He always shaved himself, until he was too ill to do so any longer. Once, when journeying to Paris, he arrived at Rheims ahead of his suite. The landlord of the inn, finding him alone and engaged in shaving, asked if he were one of the Emperor's people, and what position he held. "I sometimes shave him," answered Joseph.

When in Vienna he occupied a suite of three rooms on the first floor of the Hofburg, and in the

same wing as the Rittersaal. His windows overlooked the Bastei, which were at that time the Boulevards of Vienna. In his bedchamber there hung a portrait of Catharine II. of Russia, presented to him by the Empress herself. Joseph had been dispatched by his mother to Poland, in 1780, to meet Catharine, and to win, if possible, the Russian interests from Prussia to Austria. He succeeded so entirely that, from the time of his visit, Frederick the Second's influence in Russia waned, while Catharine and Joseph for years kept up a lively and intimate correspondence.

The third room of the Emperor's suite was his private study. It was provided with a mechanical arrangement, by which papers could be sent up from the Chancellerie, situated directly beneath it. Here the Emperor worked throughout the entire morning, usually beginning at about six or seven o'clock. On the days when he gave audiences, the "Controlorgang," or passageway leading to his cabinet, was thronged with persons of all classes and conditions. From time to time the Emperor appeared at the door, took the petitions from some and showed in others who wished for personal interviews. The reason he gave for performing this office himself was that he wished to have as few barriers as possible between himself and his people, and he insisted on having those persons with whom he had made appointments shown in at once, as he said he had spent too many weary hours himself

waiting in his father's ante-chamber, not to know how tiresome it was.

Joseph died on the 20th of February, 1790, at the age of fifty-nine. His end was very sad. All through his active life he had labored conscientiously for the welfare of his country and his people, as he understood it; and yet he lived to see all his work undone. The capture of the Bastile (July 14, 1789) had been the signal for an insurrection in the Netherlands. News reached Vienna of first one disaster and then another. At last, when it became known that Brussels was in the hands of the Patriots, the Emperor, whose health had been failing for some time, became extremely melancholy. When the Prince de Ligne, a Belgian, visited him in February (1790), the Emperor said to him:

"Your country has killed me; the taking of Ghent is my agony—the evacuation of Brussels is my death."

But even more bitter to the dying Emperor was the course which he was obliged to follow in Hungary. Here his policy of centralization had met with violent opposition, and his reforms with scarcely less hostility. Buoyed up by the example of the people of the Netherlands, as well as by the general spirit of revolution that was abroad, the Hungarians now sent in a list of grievances, and threatened to resort to "the insurrection" if they were not immediately redressed. So Joseph, ill and broken-spirited, issued, only about three weeks before his death, a decree revoking

almost all the reforms he had introduced into Hungary, and at the same time sent back the Crown of St. Stephen, with which the Austrian rulers were crowned as Kings of Hungary, and which he had caused secretly to be removed to Vienna. Joseph was also obliged to yield to demands made at this time by the Tyrolese, and in his last hours to undo, in that country as well, the careful labor of years.

But more pathetic far than any of these public griefs were the sorrows and disappointments of the Emperor's private life. He had married, when only nineteen (1760), the young daughter of Philip, Duke of Parma. He was passionately in love with his wife, who—whether because, as is sometimes alleged, of a previous attachment, or whether solely on account of a constitutional melancholy—never returned his affection. As she was gentle and reserved, Joseph remained unconscious of this, and during the three years of their married life was happy, tender and devoted. Then the gentle young Princess, barely yet twenty years of age, was taken ill with small-pox. Her husband, beside himself with anxiety, would not leave her bedside, and when at last she died, he had to be removed by force.

Passionate as was his sorrow, it would doubtless have worn itself out in time, and have left no sting behind, had not his sister Christina (she who married Albert, Duke of Saxe-Teschen, and whose monument by Canova in the Augustiner Kirche has been de-

scribed) tactlessly endeavored to arouse him by telling him that his wife had confided to her that she did not really love him, and only assumed an affectionate demeanor from a sense of duty.

The iron that entered into Joseph's soul at this shattering of his dream left him hard and bitter, and the Bavarian Princess Josepha, whom, solely to please his family, he married two years later, much against his own inclinations, had to suffer for it.

This unfortunate lady, who was plain, nervous and unattractive, capped her other shortcomings by falling violently in love with her husband. The Imperial family, after insisting on the marriage, now rather meanly deserted the bride, and she was treated on all sides with unkindness and neglect. Joseph simply could not endure her, his dislike being increased by her nervous adoration. The only person who seemed to feel the least sympathy or kindliness for her was her father-in-law, the Emperor Francis.

"Oh, wretched me!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, when, about six months after her marriage, the news of the Emperor's death was received, "I have lost my only friend!"

Fortunately for the poor young thing, the same dreadful malady that had carried off her predecessor seized upon her, and she died in 1767, after but two years of married life.

After these unfortunate experiences, Joseph, though still only twenty-six years old, could never again be

Josefs Platz and Statue of Emperor Joseph II

induced to try matrimony. The two little girls born to him by his first wife died in infancy, and there were no children by his second marriage. In his latter years therefore the Emperor lavished all the devotion of a naturally affectionate nature upon Elizabeth of Wurtemberg, the wife of his nephew—and successor, Francis. Elizabeth returned this affection very heartily, and, herself in precarious health at the time, was deeply distressed when she realized that the Emperor's death was inevitable. There was a painful interview, from which the Princess was carried in a swooning condition, and three days later she died.

This news was received by the dying Emperor with an agony of grief. He ordered that the Princess should lie in state in the Hofburg Chapel, but not for long. "She must be removed to make room for my own corpse." Two days later he died, his last words, murmured as if to himself a few moments before his death, being, "I believe I have done my duty as a man and as a Prince;" and he asked that on his tomb should be carved the words, "Here rests a Prince whose intentions were pure; but who was so unfortunate as to see all his plans miscarry."

The Prince de Ligne beautifully summed up his career in the lines—

"Il entreprit beaucoup, et commançant toujours
Ne put rien achever, excepté ses beaux jours."

CHAPTER XIV.

Leopold II.—Policy of his Government—His Short Reign and Sudden Death—Francis II.—His Disinclination for Work—Louis XVI. Declares War with Austria—Wonderful Changes in the World's History—The French Wars—Peace of Luneville—Napoleon Proclaimed Emperor—Francis Assumes Title of Emperor of Austria—Alliance Against France—Napoleon in Vienna—Austerlitz—The Peace of Pressburg—Metternich on the Condition of Austria—The *Rheinbund*—Abdication of the Emperor Francis—End of the German or Holy Roman Empire—War Again—The Defeat of Eckmühl—Archduke Charles—Napoleon Back in Vienna—The Peace of Vienna—Humiliations for Austria—Napoleon's Marriage with the Archduchess Maria Louisa—Josephine Helps to Bring it About—Interview Between Josephine and Princess Metternich—Lofty Tone Assumed by the Emperor Francis and Metternich—The Previous Religious Ceremony Ignored—Birth of the King of Rome—Overthrow of Napoleon—The Congress of Vienna—The Prince de Ligne—Gaieties During the Congress—Metternich's View of its Labors—Frederick von Gentz's Account—News of Napoleon's Escape from Elba—Action of the Powers—Waterloo—Death of the Emperor Francis—Popular Misconceptions of his Character—The Emperor Ferdinand—His Weak Nature—Metternich More Powerful than Ever—His Absolutism—Revolution of 1848—Meetings in the Hofburg—Archduke Ludwig—Archduchess Sophie—"I'll Have No Shooting"—Deputations to the Hofburg—*Metternich muss Abdanken*—The Emperor Grants a Constitution—More Troubles—The Constitution a Failure—Revolution—Murder of Count Latour—The Emperor Abdicates.

THE Emperor Joseph II. was succeeded by his

brother, Leopold II., Duke of Tuscany, the "Poldel" of his mother, Maria Theresa.

In his short reign of barely two years he was further obliged to recall many of Joseph's measures; so that at his death, which occurred quite suddenly in March, 1792, the country was very nearly in the state in which Maria Theresa had left it.

Leopold's son, Francis, was now called upon to mount the throne; but, to the embarrassment of those about him, he at first flatly refused to do anything demanding so much trouble and hard work.

This Prince had been summoned to Vienna during the lifetime of his uncle, the Emperor Joseph, in order that he, as heir presumptive to the throne, might receive some training to fit him for the position he would one day be called upon to fill; but the spectacle of Joseph's upright and fearless discharge of his duties, and his close application to his work, only served to disgust the youth with the profession of an Emperor. To his dying day Francis had a hearty dislike of anything that required close application, and would procrastinate eternally in the transaction of ordinary business.

After two days' argument, however, his confessor succeeded in overcoming his reluctance to assume his new position by telling him that all he need do would be to appoint a Cabinet and then leave everything to his Ministers. Within two months of his accession, Louis XVI., husband of Francis's great-aunt, Marie

Antoinette, egged on by his advisers, proposed to the National Assembly that war should be declared against the King of Hungary and Bohemia. This was in April. In July Francis was crowned as Emperor. In the following winter the King and Queen of France were guillotined.

Francis's long reign of forty-three years saw marvelous changes effected in the conditions of the world at large, and his own dominions in particular. For twenty-three years of this reign Austria was engaged in a succession of wars with France. The first of these terminated in 1797, with the Peace of Campo Fornio, the second with the Peace of Luneville, signed in 1801. In 1804 Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, and in the same year Francis, who foresaw that the title of Roman Emperor, now held for so long by members of his family, might one day become extinct, assumed that of Emperor of Austria for himself and for his successors. In 1805 war again broke out, an alliance having been formed between Russia, England, Austria and Sweden against France. By November of that year, however, Napoleon was in Vienna, and on the 2d of December he won the decisive battle of Austerlitz. The Peace of Pressburg, which followed, imposed upon Austria the most humiliating and disastrous conditions. Metternich, writing of it two years later, says, "The Austrian monarchy, sapped in its foundations, only figured in the balance of Powers as an inert mass in opposition to France. Her military state dis-

organized, without confidence in herself, deprived of a great quantity of material resources, she awaited a new creation. Victorious France covered nearly the whole of the ancient Empire of Germany with armies intoxicated with a success as rapid as it was easily bought."

The German Empire was in fact no more. In July, 1806, a treaty was signed at Paris—the *Rheinbund*, or Act of Confederation of the Rhine. Sixteen sovereign houses separated from the Empire and accepted the "protection" of the Emperor of France. A few weeks later Napoleon, through his Envoy at the Diet at Regensburg, declared that he no longer recognized the existence of the Empire, and within the week the Emperor Francis abdicated.

"Of those who in August, 1806, read in the English newspapers that the Emperor Francis II. had announced to the Diet his resignation of the Imperial Crown, there were probably few who reflected that the oldest political institution in the world had come to an end. Yet it was so. The Empire, which a note issued by a diplomatist on the banks of the Danube extinguished, was the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself, against the Powers of the East, beneath the cliffs of Actium; and which had preserved almost unaltered, through eighteen centuries of time, and through the greatest changes in extent, in power, in character, a title and pretensions from which all meaning had long since departed. . . . Strictly speaking, it is from the year 800 A.D.,

when a King of the Franks was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III., that the beginning of the Holy Roman Empire must be dated. But in history there is nothing isolated, and . . . . among the institutions of the Middle Ages there is scarcely one which can be understood until it is traced up either to classical or to primitive Teutonic antiquity." [1]

"His deed [Francis's] states that finding it impossible, in the altered state of things, to fulfill the obligations imposed by his capitulation, he considers as dissolved the bonds which attached him to the Germanic body, releases from their allegiance the States who formed it, and retires to the government of his hereditary dominions under the title of Emperor of Austria. Throughout, the term 'German Empire' (*Deutsches Reich*) is employed. But it was the crown of Augustus, of Constantine, of Charles, of Maximilian, that Francis of Habsburg laid down, and a new era in the world's history was marked by the fall of its most venerable institution. One thousand and six years after Leo, the Pope, had crowned the Frankish King, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight years after Cæsar had conquered at Pharsalia, the Holy Roman Empire came to its end.

"There was a time when this event would have been thought a sign that the last days of the world were at hand. But in the whirl of change that had be-

[1] Introduction to *The Holy Roman Empire*. James Bryce.

wildered men since A.D. 1789, it passed almost unnoticed."[1]

The Peace of Pressburg was soon broken by both Prussia and Russia, while Austria only remained inactive in order to reorganize her army and collect her resources. In the spring of 1809, these preparations being completed, hostilities broke out in Bavaria. The campaign was unsuccessful; the Austrians, after repeated defeats, were obliged to withdraw.

"What will they say of us at Vienna?" asked the Commander, Archduke Charles, miserably, as he and General Lindenau were escaping from the battle-field of Eckmühl.

"Why, that your Imperial Highness has been a young fool, and I an old ass," growled the General.

Early in May Napoleon once more had his headquarters at Schönbrunn, and was in possession of Vienna. On the 21st–22d of that month Archduke Charles won a brilliant victory over Napoleon at Aspern, near Vienna; but in July the Austrians were again defeated at Wagram. The campaign closed in October with the Peace of Vienna, by which Austria was deprived of thirty-two thousand square miles of territory, three and a half millions of her people, and all her seaports. Before withdrawing, the French, as a final demonstration, blew up the fortifications of Vienna.

Napoleon was now desirous of strengthening his

[1] *The Holy Roman Empire.* James Bryce.

position by an influential alliance, and he was also extremely anxious for an heir. Of what avail was it to be, as he announced himself, the successor of Charlemagne,[1] if he himself had no successor? Several years before Talleyrand and Fouché had concocted a scheme for inducing the Emperor to contract a fresh marriage. Their plan was to force Josephine herself to take the initiative and ask for a separation; but Metternich says she baffled all their calculations and manœuvres, and consequently the plot failed. Towards the close of 1809, however, it was well understood that Napoleon had made up his mind to a divorce, and Metternich was actively negotiating to have the Archduchess Maria Louisa chosen for Josephine's successor. In these negotiations it is curious to find Josephine and her son, Prince Eugene, taking an active part. The Princess Metternich, writing to her husband from Paris, in January, 1810, describes an interview at Malmaison, in which the Empress had said to her, "I have a plan which occupies me entirely, the success of which alone could make me hope that the sacrifice I am about to make will not be a pure loss. It is that the Emperor should marry your Archduchess. I spoke to him of it yesterday, and he said his choice was not yet fixed. . . ." Throughout the negotiations Metternich insisted upon the high motives that were swaying himself and his master. In his instruc-

[1] He is quoted on one occasion as saying, "Je nài pas succédé a Louis Quatorze mais a Charlemâgne."

tions to the Austrian Minister at Paris, he reminds him that "his Majesty will never force a beloved daughter to a marriage which she abhors, and he will never consent to a marriage which would not be in conformity with the principles of our religion." The stumbling block of the divorce was gotten over by airily ignoring the private religious ceremony performed between Napoleon and Josephine in the Tuileries, prior to their coronation, and by thus regarding their marriage as purely a civil contract, with which the Church had no concern. In March, 1810, the marriage with the Archduchess was celebrated by proxy at Vienna. The bride went immediately to Paris. A year later a son was born, to whom was given the title of King of Rome.

These happy events had, however, not the smallest weight in securing for Napoleon the support of Austria after the unsuccessful Russian campaign of 1812. The fact of his being the husband of "a beloved daughter" did not make the Emperor Francis desire Napoleon's overthrow one whit the less, and when at last the tide of fortune turned and the European Powers saw their opportunity to crush the man who had for so long dominated them, Austria eagerly joined the Allies.

In March, 1814, the victorious Allies entered Paris, only the Emperor Francis, out of "consideration for his daughter," lingered on the road and arrived, with a small party, two weeks later. Vienna is described

as being, on the receipt of this news, "giddy with delight," and the event was celebrated with magnificent fêtes and illuminations.

In the fall the Great Congress of Vienna was convened. Crowned heads and Grand Dukes, potentates, Princes and Palatines, Emperors and Electors, together with a host of minor dignitaries, poured into Vienna, with their ladies and their suites. And all the members of this great throng were the guests of the Emperor Francis. As many as could be accommodated were given apartments in the Hofburg; the others were quartered about in the town.

Among the many people who, without having any official business there, were attracted to Vienna by all the brilliant doings, was a certain young Comte de la Garde-Chambonas, who has left a volume of sprightly *Souvenirs* of the Congress. Immediately on his arrival he waited upon the Prince de Ligne.

"'You have come just at the right moment,' cries the veteran, mockingly. 'All Europe is here; and if you are fond of fêtes and balls, you will have enough of them, I promise you, for dancing is the chief business of this Congress.'

"Such complicated and important interests were certainly never before discussed amidst so much festivity and dissipation. A kingdom was dismembered or aggrandized at a ball; an indemnity granted at a dinner; a restitution proposed during a hunt, and a *bon-mot* or a happy observation sometimes cemented

a treaty, which otherwise might have lingered through tedious discussion and correspondence."

Metternich's view of the character of the Congress, of which he was the presiding genius, was quite different. He took exception to the *mot* of the Prince de Ligne, that "Le Congrès danse mais ne marche pas."

"The Congress opened," says Metternich, "on November 3, 1814, with an unpretending conference, not at all corresponding to the expectations of a public greedy for a spectacle. . . . During the Congress a number of crowned heads, with numerous retinues, and a crowd of tourists, assembled within the walls of Vienna. To provide social recreation for them was one of the duties of the Imperial Court; that these festivities had no connection with the labors of the Congress, and did not interfere with them, is proved by the short duration of the Congress, which accomplished its work in five months."

Frederick von Gentz, the close friend, supporter and confidant of Metternich, tells us that "The grand phrases, 'reconstruction of social order,' 'regeneration of the political system of Europe,' 'a lasting peace, founded on a just division of strength,' etc., etc., were uttered to tranquilize the people and to give an air of dignity and grandeur to this solemn assembly; but the real purpose of the Congress was to divide amongst the conquerors the spoils taken from the vanquished."

As a fact, the greed, mutual jealousy and conflicting claims of the Powers represented were such that the five months were spent principally in wrangling, and it is more than likely that the Congress would have broken up in discord and a general war have resulted, had not a common danger, which suddenly involved them all, driven them to seek one another's support.

"A conference between the Plenipotentiaries of the five Powers," writes Metternich, "took place in my house on the night of March 6th, and lasted till three o'clock in the morning. Since the Cabinets had met in Vienna, I had given my servants orders that if a courier arrived at night he was not to awaken me. In spite of this order a servant brought me, at six o'clock in the morning, a dispatch sent by courier and marked *urgent*. When I saw on the envelope the words, 'From the Consul-General at Genoa,' having been only two hours in bed, I laid the dispatch, unopened, on the nearest table and turned round again to sleep. Once disturbed, however, sleep would not come back. About half-past seven I resolved to open the dispatch. It contained the information in six lines:

"'The English Commissary, Campbell, has just appeared in the harbor to inquire whether Napoleon has been seen in Genoa, as he has disappeared from the Island of Elba. This question being answered in the negative, the English ship has again put out to sea.'

"I was dressed in a few minutes, and before eight

o'clock I was with the Emperor. He read the dispatch and said to me, quietly and calmly, as always on great occasions, 'Napoleon apparently wishes to play the part of an adventurer. That is his concern; ours is to secure to the world that peace which he has disturbed for years. Go without delay to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia,[1] and tell them that I am ready to order my army to march back to France. I do not doubt but that both monarchs will agree with me.'"

There is something almost ludicrous in the dismay and alarm of the assembled Potentates who had just been ruffling it so grandly, when they learned of the escape of the one man whom they all feared. The news was made public when a brilliant company had assembled in the Hofburg to witness some *tableaux vivants*. It came like a thunderbolt, and was heard with general consternation. Metternich, cool, collected, and in his element, took the lead. The Powers agreed to sink their differences, Napoleon was proclaimed an outlaw, and each country prepared for war. The battle of Waterloo (June 18, 1815) decided Napoleon's fate forever, and the partition of Europe, hastily concluded during the last weeks of the Congress, was carried out.

In 1835 the Emperor Francis died.

"Good Father Francis," "The People's Emperor,"

[1] These two Powers were on the eve of allying themselves against Austria, France and England.

left behind him a cheaply-gained reputation for a kindly, amiable father of his people, one who took a good-natured interest in all their little affairs. As a fact, his was a thoroughly cold, impassive and calculating nature. Metternich was execrated and Francis was beloved, yet the Minister had a genuine dislike of bloodshed, while his master regarded it with complete indifference

"The people!" said he, on one occasion. "I know nothing of the people. I know only of subjects."

One way in which he gained his popularity was by frequently pardoning persons convicted of murder, forgery, and such crimes, but towards political offenders he was unrelenting. "With respect to granting pardons," said he, of this class of persons, "I am a very bad Christian. It goes against the grain with me. Metternich is much more merciful."

But because he would sometimes advise the Viennese about their domestic affairs and discuss with them the marriages of their sons and daughters, they could not sufficiently extol his kind heart. A contemporary observer wrote that the Emperor would listen to cases of peculiar hardship and suffering that were laid before him "with a cold, so to speak, petrified countenance, and answer, 'Well, well, we'll see about it.' Yet he never does anything."

Mrs. Trollope, in her *Vienna and the Austrians*, is reduced to almost an hysterical condition when contemplating the character of "this great and good

man." He had been dead but two years when she visited Vienna, and she heard many anecdotes of him which she enthusiastically repeats—his exquisite condescension, in telling the Princess Metternich that he "could not do without her husband;" which, indeed, was strictly true, for it was Metternich who governed;[1] the affection he displayed towards his unfortunate grandson, the Duke of Reichstadt, whose father's inveterate enemy he had been; his amiable way of saying to the townspeople who came to his audiences, "Well, my children, . . . what is there I can do for you?" and many other details of the same condescending, but unconvincing character.

The Emperor Francis was succeeded by his son Ferdinand, who reigned for thirteen years and abdicated after the revolution of 1848.

Ferdinand's coronation in his Italian dominions took place in 1838. It was marked by a general pardon for all political offenders—a concession which Metternich had for years labored in vain to wring from "Good Father Francis." Metternich, indeed, was now more absolute than ever. The new Emperor was feeble, both intellectually and physically, and was, moreover, so poorly educated that he was unfit to govern. To the veteran Minister, therefore, was confided the conduct of affairs.

While the world was progressing towards more

[1] Metternich wrote of the Emperor, "Heaven has placed me near a man who seems as if he had been made for me."

liberal forms of government, however, Metternich's principles of absolutism became, with advancing years, more deeply rooted than ever. In Galicia riots broke out; in Italy hatred of the Austrian rule manifested itself in ever-recurring disturbances; and in Hungary Kossuth had arisen to weld together the elements of the opposition, and to give vigorous life to the national discontent. From Denmark, from Prussia, from Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, tidings came of decrees wrung from unwilling rulers; of reforms, of liberal demands; and everywhere was heard the hated word "Constitution"—a word so abhorrent to the ears of the Emperor Francis that he forbade his physician to use it even in referring to his state of health. And all the time Metternich trimmed and temporized, confident in his own power to stem the current, and refusing to recognize that the hour for concessions had sounded. Then came the news of the revolution of 1848 in Paris, and on the 29th of February word was received in Vienna of the flight of Louis Philippe.

Many and anxious were the conclaves held in the Hofburg to devise means for repressing the revolution that was now ready to break out at any moment in Vienna. Placards appeared demanding the resignation of Metternich. The Princess Metternich tells of a series of anonymous letters received by her husband, filled with threats and calling upon him to resign.

"There was a strange scene in the Hofburg one March day in that maddest of all mad years, '48. The

Habsburgs were assembled, Archdukes and Archduchesses without end, in the Emperor Ferdinand's private apartment. . . . The poor old Emperor,[1] with his weak, kindly ways, and his head that was always on the shake, was present at this family conclave, with the Empress at his side, almost as weak and almost as kindly as himself. Opposite him sat his brother, the Archduke Ludwig, who was more hated in Austria than all the other Habsburgs put together. . . . He was virtually the regent of the Emperor, he and Prince Metternich dividing all power between them.[2] His elder brother, Archduke Franz Carl, was also at the council, but only as a matter of form; for, although heir to the Crown—the Emperor was childless—he was a personage of no importance. Both Prince Ludwig and Metternich were known to entertain for him the most unmitigated contempt. . . . But their scorn of him was as nothing to their hatred of his wife, the Archduchess Sophie, 'the only man in the family,' as Count Beust used to call her. . . . For she was a clever, clear-sighted, keen-witted woman, who had no patience with their antediluvian ways, and cared not

[1] Ferdinand was but fifty-five, but his poor health and feeble mind made him seem like an old man.

[2] Metternich says in his *Memoirs* that the Emperor Francis's last illness was so brief that he had only time to dictate, a few hours before his death, an "exhortation" to his successor, advising him in every emergency to consult his uncle, the Archduke Ludwig, and Metternich. And the Minister adds that Ferdinand evincing no desire to conduct the Government, three men were selected for this duty, the Archduke Ludwig, Count Kolowrat and himself.

one whit for family traditions. . . . Better grant fifty Constitutions, she told her relatives roundly, than lose a crown. Whereupon glances of unconcealed mistrust were exchanged, and a whisper of 'Philippe Egalité' went round.

"The Archduke John alone, he who was the Emperor's uncle, took up his stand by her side and declared stoutly that she was in the right; if the Austrian Crown were to be saved, concessions must be made and at once. The Archduke John was known in those days as the 'White Raven,' because he was a Habsburg democrat. He had married the daughter of an innkeeper, and had forced the world, practically at the point of the sword, to treat her with the honor due to his wife. It was he and the Princess Sophie against the whole Habsburg clan that day. . . . They two strove with heart and soul to awaken any glimmering of common sense their relatives might have. . . . They argued and pleaded, threatened and entreated; but for any good they did they might just as well have been fast asleep in their beds. Prince Metternich listened to them with a gentle, deprecating smile, shaking his head sorrowfully from time to time, as if to say, How can Habsburgs be so misguided? As for Archduke Ludwig, he told them bluntly they were renegades. 'As things are, so they must remain,' he declared, and 'as things are, so they must remain,' was caught up on all sides.

"At length the Archduchess appealed to the Em-

peror, beseeching him to think of her boy, and for his sake to yield to the popular demands. Then for a moment there was keen anxiety even on Metternich's well-trained face, for the old man was evidently touched by what she said. . . . But Prince Ludwig sprang to his feet, and in a voice of thunder bade him think of his dead brother, the Emperor Franz of ever blessed memory. 'The Emperor Franz, when on his death-bed,' he said, 'had summoned him and made him swear never to allow the Austrian Crown to be despoiled of one jot or tittle of its prerogative. . . .' The old Emperor cowed before him in fear as he spoke, and the Archduchess gave up the struggle in despair. She rushed from the room, crying as she went, '*Man will also meinem Sohn das Schiksal des Herzogs von Bordeaux bereiten!*' (They are determined to bring the Duke of Bordeaux's fate upon my son as well.) . . . Before many minutes had passed it was decided that, come what would in Vienna, there should be none of that weak yielding to the populace that was going on elsewhere. . . .

"Just when this point was settled, a curious little episode occurred. The Emperor suddenly raised his head, and looking first at Ludwig and then at Metternich, remarked sharply, '*Ich lass' nit schiessen*' (I'll have no shooting). The company glanced at one another in amazement, for he spoke as he had never spoken before. . . . 'Do as you like,' he continued, in reply to some remonstrance; 'manage affairs in your

own way, only, now remember, I'll have no shooting.'

"When the Viennese heard his words they dubbed him, 'I'll-have-no-shooting Ferdinand,' and from that day, whenever he appeared among them, they cheered him, poor, feeble-brained creature though he were, as no Habsburg had ever been cheered before."[1]

For days after this the Hofburg was besieged with deputations. Every club, association and society in Austria was petitioning the Emperor for something, and a very pretty game was kept up by Archduke Ludwig, who attempted to frustrate them, on the one hand and Princess Sophie, who tried—and usually succeeded, to get them the Emperor's ear, on the other. All the time the hatred and mistrust of Metternich was gaining in depth and force until one day the President of the Landtag came, at the head of some thousands of the citizens, to demand the Minister's dismissal. While he was endeavoring to gain admittance to the Hofburg, a scuffle occurred in the streets between the people and the soldiers; a shot was fired, and instantly matters assumed a serious aspect.

Barricades were thrown up in the streets, and the populace poured out of the houses, ready to take part in the struggle. The Imperial party at first failed to realize the gravity of the situation, and it was not until word was brought that one regiment had fraternized with the people, another had refused point

[1] *In Vienna in the Mad Year, '48.* Edith Sellers.

blank to obey the order of Archduke Maximilian to fire, and the Commander of the Civic Guard had declined to order out his men for the purpose of restoring order, that they began to have a glimmering of their own peril.

To the insistent demand for Metternich's dismissal no one had thus far paid any heed—he least of all. "*Metternich muss abdanken!*" had been the burden of the cries heard for days past in the streets of Vienna and under the very windows of the Hofburg; and now, just when for the first time the Imperial family began to think that after all something would have to be done to appease the wild beast that was abroad, and to look around for a scapegoat, some one —sent, it is said, by the Archduchess Sophie—"opened the council chamber door softly, and whispered, '*Metternich muss abdanken!*' and the courtiers in the ante-chamber repeated the words quite eagerly. Had a thunderbolt fallen at the Chancellor's feet, he would not have looked more startled. He gave but one glance at Prince Ludwig. It was enough; in his face he read his own fate. . . . In an instant he was on his feet, explaining, with much quiet dignity, that, if by resigning his office he could in any way contribute to the restoration of peace, he would resign it and gladly. No one spoke; no one had for him a word of sympathy. He went his way without even a parting greeting." [1]

[1] *Vienna in the Mad Year*, '48.

The Viennese spent the night in wild jubilations over their victory, only to find in the morning that Prince Windischgrätz had been appointed Military Governor of the city, and that he had declared Vienna to be in a state of siege. The populace once more poured into the streets and besieged the Hofburg, demanding to see the Emperor. Ferdinand was, however, befriending them in a more practical fashion than by bowing to them from a balcony. Notwithstanding the most earnest representations from almost every one about him, he refused to empower the new Governor to clear the streets, adhering obstinately to his "*Ich lass' nit schiessen.*" At last, on the 15th, the Archdukes decided that there was nothing for it but to allow the people to see the Emperor, hoping that they might then be induced quietly to disperse to their homes, and to abate their demands. Ferdinand accordingly was driven about through the city in an open carriage. Wherever he went he was greeted with cries of "*Vivat unser Konstitutioneller Kaiser!*" "*Vivat unser Ferdinand der nit schiessen lässt!*"

"The old man was delighted; he lavished kindly words, smiles and greetings on all sides; and no sooner was he in the Hofburg again than, to the dismay of the Court, he announced that '*ein so gutes Volk, welches ihm so sehr liebe, müsse halt auch die verlangte Konstitution haben*' (So good a people, and one that loved him so much, must certainly have this Constitution that they wanted.) They must have it,

too, that very day, he insisted; the decree granting the Constitution must be drawn up there and then. And it was drawn up, for the Princess Sophie was at hand to prevent delay; and he signed at once, pushing aside, quite angrily, those who would have stayed his hand.

"'Am I, or am I not, Emperor?' he demanded, with a touch of the old Habsburg spirit, in reply to a suggestion that the decree should be submitted to a family council."

Unfortunately, however, the affairs of the Empire were in too serious a condition for so simple a solution. With an empty exchequer, mutual distrust and jealousy in the National parties, serious distress among the working classes, and a painful absence of men of ability to take the lead in the government, the dissatisfaction grew deeper and deeper. To crown all, the famous Constitution, when it finally appeared, was a miserable affair, satisfactory to no one. The Emperor went (or was taken) secretly to Innspruck, with the Court, and remained there till the middle of August. After his return there were evident indications that his power of resistance was spent, and the Court party was getting the upper hand. Then came the order removing the two Grenadier regiments known to be friendly to the citizens to distant garrison duty, and replacing them with two regiments of Czechs, between whom and the Viennese there was an old standing quarrel. This was all that was needed

to bring matters to a crisis. The attack on the War Office and murder of Count Latour, described in a previous chapter,[1] quickly followed, and the revolution of 1848 was on in earnest. It failed miserably. By November Prince Windischgrätz had taken possession of the capital, with a hundred thousand men at his back, and a few weeks after this the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated.

"If they shoot at my people, I will just go away," he had been heard to declare more than once; and that is what he did, resigning his crown to his nephew, Francis Joseph—the young son of the Archduchess Sophie, who still occupies the throne.

[1] See p. 27.

CHAPTER XV.

The Imperial Hofburg—Statue of Prince Eugene of Savoy—Archduke Charles—The Franzens Platz—Interior of the Burg—The Burg Kapell—Anecdote of the Emperor Leopold I.—Statue of the Emperor Joseph II.—The Imperial Library—"Incunabula"—Rare MSS.—*Verbotene Bucher*—Apartments of the Emperor—His Audiences—Private Interviews—Guard Mount—Scenes in the Franzens Platz—The Roving Population—Church Ceremonies—Easter Even—Corpus Christi—The Procession—Maunday Thursday—Washing the Feet—The Ceremony as it is Performed in the Hofburg—Other Religious Observances—Frederick II.'s Annual Pilgrimage to Herrnals—Superstitions—The Lottery—The Princess Metternich's Cook and the Emperor's Illness.

THE Hofburg, the residence for so many succeeding generations of the Imperial House, a brief outline of whose history as it is connected with Vienna we have attempted to give in the preceding chapters, is approached from the Ring Strasse by a monumental gateway—the Burgthor, erected in 1822. Beyond this is the Outer Burg Platz, where are seen on the right a statue of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and on the left one of Archduke Charles, brother of the Emperor Francis. After the peace of Pressburg,[1] Archduke Charles was appointed President of the Aulic Council

[1] See p. 254.

of War, and it was he who reorganized the army and established the "Landwehr." The statue represents him at the battle of Aspern, a spot near Vienna, on the opposite side of the Danube, where the Archduke completely defeated Napoleon on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.

On the southeast of the Outer Burg Platz and skirting the Hofgarten, is the new wing of the palace; a corresponding wing is designed to extend along the northwest, on the side of the Volksgarten. In the centre of the palace is the Inner Burghof, or Franzens Platz, with a bronze monument of Emperor Francis II.; facing the Franzens Platz are the wing erected by Leopold I. and the *Residenz*, in which is situated the magnificent "Rittersaal." Here also are the apartments occupied by Maria Theresa and by Joseph II. On the north is the "Amalienhof." A passage and a drawbridge crossing an ancient moat lead from the Franzens Platz to the "Schweizerhof," the oldest part of the Burg (1210), which gets its name from the old Swiss Guard of the palace. The Imperial Treasury is also reached from the Franzens Platz. The richest and most valuable collections have been removed from the Treasury to the Imperial Museum of Art History.[1] South of the "Schweizerhof" is the Burg Kapell, built in the middle of the fifteenth century; a small part of the choir is all that now represents the original building.

[1] See p. 72.

Here Ferdinand II. was wont to hear two masses daily, and on Sunday two sermons, one in German and one in Italian, besides the vesper service. It was he, as has been already mentioned, who instituted the "Vienna Chapel," consisting of eighty instruments and voices.

The Emperor Leopold I. used to hear three masses daily in the Burg Kapell, remaining kneeling throughout, and never raising his eyes from the various books spread open before him on the floor.

One day, while this Emperor was dining, the room in which he sat was struck by lightning. Amid the general excitement that followed, Leopold calmly observed, "As the Lord has given such a visible sign that it is now a better time for praying and fasting than for banqueting, take the meats away."

From the Burg Kapell a gateway leads to the Josefs Platz, on the east. Here is seen a fine bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor Joseph II., with an inscription by Abbé Neumann:

"Josepho Secundo, arduis nato, magnis perfuncto, majoribus præcepto, qui saluti publicæ vixit non diu, sed totus."

The Imperial Library, built by the Emperor Charles VI. in the first half of the eighteenth century, is reached from the southeast corner of the Josefs Platz. In addition to its splendid collection of rare MSS. and Oriental documents, this library possesses no fewer

than six thousand "Incunabula," that is to say, books printed before the sixteenth century.

Among the greatest treasures are a Psalter of Saint Hildegarde, wife of Charlemagne, which, besides being interesting from its historical associations, is a very beautiful example of the illuminator's art; a copy of "Gerusalemme Conquistata," written with Tasso's own hand; rare copies of "Gerard de Roussillon," and of the "Divine Comedy," the latter with fourteenth century illustrations; and a "Parseval," also finely illustrated.

Among the MSS. collected by Madam Ida Pfeiffer, in the course of a journey around the world, there are a Calendar and a Book of Fables, belonging to a certain tribe of cannibals. It appears that these amiable and interesting anthropophagi have a code of laws, and number among their people men of science and of letters. They combine, it would seem, with a weakness for eating one another, a taste for bucolic verse. Certain shelves of the library bear the label, "Verbotene Bucher"—prohibited books. These consist, for the most part, of "heretical" religious works, with a sprinkling of such books as Rousseau's "Confessions," and Ovid's "Art of Loving."

The new façade of the Burg, facing the Michaeler Platz on the north, was erected in 1890–93. It occupies a part of the site of the old Burg Theatre, once an integral part of the Palace, the theatre in which Maria Theresa so startled the audience by announc-

Gateway of the Hofburg on the Michaeler Platz

ing, from the Imperial box, the birth of a grandson.

The apartments occupied by the present Emperor are reached from a vestibule between the Michaeler Platz and the Franzens Platz.

"One can say of him (Francis Joseph) that he has been, and still is, the most popular and sincerely beloved monarch in all Christendom; beloved, too, by both rich and poor; by the high-born and by the humbler classes. To the latter, in particular, he has been always accessible, ever ready to lend an ear to their personal troubles and grievances, and eager to redress them. Nothing is more characteristic of this than the scenes which take place in his ante-chamber on Monday and Thursday mornings, when he is in Vienna. The great ante-room is thronged with cardinals and prelates, with generals and statesmen, with great nobles and magnates, and, mingling with all these high and mighty personages, are Bohemian bricklayers, miserable creatures from the poorer quarters of Vienna, and village priests, all waiting to submit their troubles, their sorrows, their wrongs and their grievances to 'unsern guten Kaiser.' I need scarcely add that, very much in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament, it is the village priest who is generally received before the scarlet-robed cardinal; the poorly-clad peasant before the cabinet minister in his gold-embroidered uniform, and the farmer before the great territorial

magnate. . . . Any one who has serious business with him may see him, and speak with him quite alone, without even a secretary being present. The applicant, whatever may be his station, is ushered into a study, and finds the Emperor in a plain uniform, without a single decoration. He may say what he likes, sure of being hearkened to with patient attention. The scenes that have been enacted in the Emperor's private chamber no chronicler will ever tell. Of the acts of kindness, mercy and charity shown; of the swift redress of wrongs; of the shrewd, soldierly advice given, and of the Imperial magnanimity displayed at all times, no record has been kept, excepting in the Emperor's own memory, if even there." [1]

The Burg, like the Imperial Residence at Berlin, has its legend, or phantom. Here it is a White Lady, who appears on the eve of some terrible calamity. Other phantoms cross the pages of the history of the Burg; but they have lost caste, and a modern and incredulous world refuses to be terrified by them.

Every day, at one o'clock, the gray walls of the Old Residence are enlivened by the gay sounds of military music. These concerts are a sort of musical absinthe, taken before the great evening concerts, and are one of Vienna's chief attractions, in the estimation of the Viennese.

The Guard House is on the south of the Franzens Platz. The Guard Corps is drawn up under arms,

[1] *Martyrdom of an Empress.*

waiting to be relieved; the band, disposed in a circle, performs marches, waltzes and *pot pourris*, while two or three hundred people stand about in groups, or walk around the statue of the Emperor Francis, who is represented on foot and in the act of blessing his people. The crowd is largely composed of individuals clad in what might pass for coal-heavers' blouses; their shoes give evident signs of wear; their garments are forlornly ragged; in short, they are the lazzaroni of Vienna.

With both hands thrust deep in his tattered pockets, and an old cigar end, picked up before the door of some café, between his teeth, a member of this community will pass his days tramping about in the wake of every band that marches through the streets. He has probably breakfasted "by heart;"[1] he will dine off a bit of sausage and an end of bread, and sup in some kitchen off of broken bits, given in exchange for an errand done for madam, or some trifling favor performed for the cook.

On the Feast of "Corpus Christi," and during Holy Week and at Easter, the ceremonies of the Church are conducted at Vienna with accompaniments of mediæval pomp and circumstance. On Easter Even a blare of trumpets announces that the Holy Sacrament, which has previously been transferred from its usual place on the altar of the Burg Kapell

[1] *Dêjeuner—diner par coeur*—a French figure of speech signifying to go without a meal involuntarily.

to a tomb especially constructed to receive it in a distant chapel, is about to be escorted back to its golden tabernacle. The procession, in which the Emperor and Empress take part in full court dress, passes around one of the interior courts of the Burg, and presents a very brilliant spectacle.

But the most imposing of these ceremonies is the *Fronleichnamsfest*, the "Corpus Christi" festival, instituted by Pope Urban IV. in 1264, in honor of the Consecrated Host. As already mentioned, it was the religious Emperor Ferdinand II. (1619–1637) who inaugurated the custom of the Emperor taking part in person in this celebration, in order to prevent the Protestants from creating a disturbance.

The departure of the procession is announced by a salvo of artillery, and presently it is seen slowly issuing forth from beneath the draped and decorated archway of one of the entrances to the Burg. There is a flourish of trumpets, at once warlike and sacerdotal, and then the military escort, in full dress, and each soldier wearing an oak leaf in his shako, forms in two solid lines. The throng of spectators, thus swept back on either hand, flows up against the neighboring walls like a wave of the sea; while overhead every window and balcony shows a compact mass of curious faces and outstretched necks. The cortége sweeps along, gorgeous and many-colored as the processions of saints one sees in the stained-glass windows of ancient cathedrals. First come the lesser clergy,

the vivid whiteness of whose lace-edged surplices is increased by contrast with the black cassocks worn below. Next are the equerries, wearing red, gold-embroidered waistcoats; and then the pages, their pretty, cherubic faces surmounting doublets of satin; lackeys in scarlet coats and knee-breeches; game-keepers in black and blue liveries; cooks, whose advance guards are their own stomachs, and their noses their cup-bearers. Following the Emperor's household come kettle-drummers in gala uniform, the musicians of the Court Chapel wearing side-arms; then more pages, displaying on their breasts the Imperial escutcheon; chamberlains, with the key worn cross-wise; chevaliers of the Teutonic Order, wearing long cloaks, like those in which St. Joseph is usually represented; and then a group of nobles, in furred capes, slashed and festooned boots, broad hats looped back with diamond aigrettes, and curved sabres, glorious and resplendent as so many Magi.

The Archbishop bears the Holy Sacrament in a shrine encrusted with rubies, and enveloped in a cloud of incense, through which it shines like a celestial luminary; while the dove, worked in silver thread, its outspread wings sewn with spangles, stands out against the crimson heaven of the dais as though it were living and breathing in this atmosphere of paradise. Behind the Archbishop, whose tunic glows with embroidery as rich and gorgeous as that on the cloak of a Byzantine Emperor, walks the Emperor

Francis Joseph, wearing the uniform of a General of the army. He is surrounded by his staff of marshals and officers, and followed by the German Guard, uniformed in red and gold, and the Hungarian Guard, with shining helmets, and leopard-skins thrown over their shoulders, caught together on their breasts with jeweled clasps. Heralds-at-arms, sounding upon their silver trumpets; members of the Imperial Guard, armed with lances; the Police Corps of the Court, their black helmets surmounted with scarlet crests; and the Castle Guard, carrying halberds, bring up the rear of this imposing cortége. It is like a vision of fairyland. All this Imperial and sacerdotal pomp, the robes of crimson and violet, the glowing tunics and chasubles, the floating albs, the gold-laced uniforms, the plumed head-pieces, the theatrical liveries, the cloud of lace, the flaming mass of gold braid, church ornaments of gold and jewels, sweeps before one's dazzled eyes like a celestial vision.

The Viennese dote on these magnificent functions, and such enormous crowds congregate to see them that on great feast-days it is almost impossible to make one's way through some of the streets, so dense is the throng of persons going about from one church to another, impelled, however, more by curiosity than by piety.

On Maunday Thursday the Archbishop washes the feet of the Canons, to each of whom is handed a cup of Spanish wine. Formerly the magistrates and prom-

Empress Elizabeth

inent ladies who witnessed this ceremony presented similar cups to the Archbishop.

The Emperor, assisted during her lifetime by the late Empress, also performs this office in the Hofburg for twenty-four old men and women, who are then waited upon at table, and presented each with a small purse full of silver pieces. Witnesses of this ceremony declare that it is impossible to view it without emotion. Especially impressive was it when the late Empress, in the full bloom of her majestic beauty, took part. The spectacle of the sovereign of the haughtiest Court of Europe humbly kneeling before each feeble old man; of that glorious Imperial head bent low at the feet of each trembling old woman, recalled irresistibly the words pronounced by Christ in that upper room in Jerusalem—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord. . . ."

Mrs. Trollope has left a graphic description of this ceremony as she saw it performed in 1836 by the Emperor Ferdinand I. (of Austria) and his Empress.

"A long, narrow table was spread down each side of the grande salle of the palace, raised on an estrade covered with a carpet; on the inner side of each table were twelve arm-chairs, and, about an hour after the spectators who lined the walls had taken their places, twelve old men and as many old women were led in, each by two supporters, and placed in them. They were neatly and warmly clothed for the occasion, but the form of their garments looked as if they were

coeval with the institution. After they had been some time seated, the usual three announcing taps were heard upon the floor, the throng of officers and high officials of the Court fell back, and the Emperor and all the Archdukes at present in Vienna, all in military uniforms, walked up the room. Immediately afterwards the Empress, Archduchess Sophie [mother of the present Emperor], and a dozen attendant ladies followed. They mounted the estrades on which the tables were placed; the Emperor and his suite on the side allotted to the men, and the Empress, Archduchess and their ladies on the other.

"The graceful Empress placed herself opposite a tidy, little old woman, whose superiority of age (she only wanted one year of a hundred) gave her the first place, the Archduchess stood next, and they had both a grande-maîtresse behind them; while ten noble ladies in attendance stationed themselves each one opposite an old woman, all of whom were placed in order from the venerable ninety-nine down to the cadette aged eighty-four.

"On the other side of the room the Emperor and the Archdukes and the gentlemen in waiting did the same.

"As soon as the Court had thus placed themselves, and each old pensioner received a kind word or two, which in more than one instance called up a blush of pleasure and agitation on the faded, furrowed cheek of age, a double file of servants in state liveries marched

up the room, each bearing a tray laden with what appeared to be very dainty viands, but of which meat, of course, made no part.

"The top of the female table was immediately before the place we occupied, and the Empress being stationed at that end of it, our attention was naturally fixed upon her, and certainly no one ever went through a ceremony with greater perfection of demeanor in every way. The first part of the humble Christian office she had lent herself to perform consisted in placing with her own hands the various dishes provided for the venerable senior upon whom she waited; and this was done with a quiet, gentle sweetness that made us almost forget the Empress in admiration for the woman. Her august sister-in-law, and each fair dame in order, followed the edifying example, and the table was speedily covered. Nothing, however, was eaten by the guests but soup; it having been ascertained for some years past, that sending home untouched the portion served to each, for their private enjoyment and that of their friends, gave them more pleasure than eating a nervous meal in the Imperial presence, and having the remnants sent after them. Three entrées, and a dessert, comprehending I imagine as much food as would serve a family for a week's feasting, were successively placed on the table, and removed by royal and noble hands, with all the zeal and activity of careful attendants.

"I suppose one of the old women looked wistfully

at the parting dishes, as if she were hungry; for the Archduchess Sophie bent across the table, spoke a few words to her, and then proceeded to cut off a slice of bread from a loaf that flanked her plate, and gave it to her. It was eaten with much apparent appetite, aided perhaps by the draught of what I presume was wine, which the poor soul drank with evident and hearty goodwill from a goblet that stood before her. This draught was, I think, taken by all, and was in every way well-timed, as it served to drink to the health of their Imperial hosts, to recruit strength and spirits that must undoubtedly have been somewhat tried by the whole scene, and to fortify them against the effects of the severe cold without.

"The dinner having been thus placed and removed, the tables were withdrawn with great celerity and the most remarkable part of the ceremony began. Pages approached with gold basin, ewer and napkins; the beautiful Empress drew off her gloves and tied a white linen apron round her waist, while every lady on the estrade knelt down before the poor old woman opposite to her and pulled off her shoe and stocking. When this was completed they drew back, and a long line of white linen cloth was placed by some of the attendants over the row of naked feet, to prevent their being unnecessarily exposed.

"Meanwhile a priest placed himself at a desk prepared for him, exactly, by the way, in front of the Nuncio and the Turkish Ambassador, who sat side by

side on the same bench we occupied—the former having performed the prescribed ablutions for twelve poor men at an early hour of the morning, that he might be present at this Imperial ceremony. The Gospel from whence the necessity of performing this act of humiliation is drawn by Roman Catholics was read; and it was then that one might perceive how truly the Empress of Austria submitted herself to the performance of this lowly office from genuine religious feeling. She had hitherto performed the part she had taken upon herself with an air of smiling kindness; but her countenance, which is one of great feeling, is rather grave than joyous, and even her smile expresses more of goodness than of gaiety. But, while she placed the dainty dishes that were to be their portion before the poor people seated at the board, her look and manner spoke, without the slightest shade of affectation, a well-pleased, gracious hospitality, that had no mixture of penance in it. But no sooner did the priest begin to pronounce the words of the Gospel, than her soul seemed to retire into itself; her lips moved in prayer, and, though neither her hands nor eyes were raised to heaven, nor gesticulations of any kind used to produce the external appearance of devotion, there was something in her whole person that might have helped a painter at need, who wished to represent, not the martyrdom, but the holy self-devotion of a saint.

"When the preparations were completed she drew near the first woman in the line, and, kneeling down,

dipped the corner of a napkin in water and touched the foot, which, having wiped, she bent low her fair Imperial head and kissed it. . . . I think it impossible for any real Christian, let the form of his Christianity be as simple and undemonstrative as it may, to see this gracious creature drag herself along upon her knees in the performance of this painful ceremony, without feeling that she had humbled her heart before God.

"On rising from her knees she was very pale, and I saw tears in her fine dark eyes; but she presently resumed her tranquil air, laid aside her apron, drew on her gloves, and concluded the business of the morning by throwing over the neck of each poor old soul a ribbon, from which depended a little purse containing *forty pieces of silver*, adding what really, from the manner of its reception, seemed more precious still, the favor of her extended hand to kiss. Even this, however, was not enough to satisfy the feeling she inspired, for after she had passed by I saw one of the old women stretch out a palsied hand to seize her dress, which she pressed fervently to her lips, and I almost envied the good soul her opportunity, for I should have well liked to kiss the hem of her garment myself.

"We were in the front row of the tribune, which was so placed that the gentlemen who were walking about the room were able to converse with those placed in it, and I overheard a young scapegrace say as he

passed, 'N'est ce pas jouer la comedie?' 'Au moins la pièce est fort belle,' was the answer.

"The kind-hearted Emperor appeared to perform his part of the ceremony in serving the table with great activity and good nature; but we were too far from his estrade to see very well what was done upon it.

"The twenty-four poor people were all dressed in new uniforms for the occasion: the women in gowns of gray cloth, with large, round black hats, over which, though they were flexible enough, the ribbon that sustained the purse was not passed without some little difficulty. The caps, pinners and aprons were all most delicately white. The dress of the men was of the same material as the gowns of the women, and their hats were nearly similar. The greatest singularity of the male attire was a sort of white muslin tippet round their necks, such as we often see in the pictures of Holbein. Their gray beards, which had been permitted to grow, in honor of the ceremony, added greatly to their venerable and picturesque appearance. The ages of the men varied from ninety-nine to eighty-three; those of the women from ninety-nine to eighty-four, the aggregate of age among the females surpassing by eight years that of the males. The old women, too, appeared considerably the most active and robust. They are twenty-four of the oldest poor people to be found in the city, capable of being brought to the palace."[1]

[1] *Vienna and the Austrians.* Frances Trollope.

In the eighteenth century the "Passion Play" was acted at midday of Good Friday, in the choir of the Cathedral. On Palm Sunday a wooden ass, painted and crowned with flowers, was drawn along in the procession—a custom, the memory of which still survives in the Viennese proverb, "Beautiful as the ass of the Palms." Formerly the priest used to appear at Christmas, at the portal of the Cathedral, to pronounce the "Blessing of the Wolves," a custom dating from the time when wolves, made bold by hunger, would sometimes venture in the winter time into the very streets of the city, their savage howls occasionally mingling with the religious services of the Cathedral.

All Souls' Day is observed with reverent piety. The graves are decorated with wreaths and flowers, and lit up with lanterns, tapers and small lamps. Among the lower classes it is firmly believed that, should one have the courage to walk through a cemetery at midnight of that day, he would meet a long procession of phantoms, following after whom would be seen the spirits of all who were destined to die in the course of the ensuing year. In a popular drama, which was given every year on the eve of All Souls', this funereal procession was represented passing slowly across the stage, while the entire theatre was filled with the sobs and moans of the audience.

Under Ferdinand II. (1619–1637) an annual pilgrimage to the estate of Herrnals was instituted, in

expiation of the preaching there of the first Protestant sermon delivered in Austria. The pilgrimage took place in Holy Week. The highway leading from Vienna to Herrnals was divided into Stations of the Cross. The processions set out from the Hofburg, each individual masked, mounted on an ass, and costumed to represent some Biblical personage—one of the three wise men, an apostle, the Virgin, Joseph, Mary Magdalen, even Herod and Pilate, would appear; and all along the route there were throngs of persons on foot, also masked, stumbling under heavy burdens, these sometimes in the form of a cross, flagellating themselves, and carrying on their breasts boards, on which lists of their particular sins were set forth.

Many ancient superstitious practices are still religiously observed by the Viennese. They never fail, for example, to address a "God keep you" or "God bless you" to any one who sneezes. In the Middle Ages all nervous affections were believed to be caused by an evil spirit, whom prayer alone could exorcise; but in certain Austrian villages it is customary to apply the whip to children suffering from whooping cough.

The lottery tends to keep alive a quantity of superstitious practices. Mention to your landlady that you have lost your pocket-book, she will eagerly inquire the exact date and hour when it was lost, in order to purchase a lottery ticket with corresponding numbers.

"I am certain to win," she will say. When Baron Sina died, all the old women in Vienna bought tickets corresponding to the date of his death. This form of superstition is not confined to the lower classes. During the last illness of the Emperor Francis, in the spring of 1835, the Princess Mélanie, wife of Prince Metternich, makes the following entry in her journal:

"*March* 1.—This morning's report is a fairly good one. Our revered Emperor had passed a tolerably quiet night. My people told me the cook had yesterday put into the lottery with the following numbers: No. 12 (the Emperor having been born on the 12th of February); 43 (to-day being the forty-third anniversary of his accession); and 67 (his age). The tickets cost her thirty kreutzers [about seventeen cents], and this morning she has won 2800 florins [nearly $1200]. We looked upon this as a good omen, and Clement [Prince Metternich] wrote about it to the Empress, who showed the note to our good Emperor."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Augustiner Kirche—The Loretto Chapel—Monument of the Archduchess Maria Christina—Canova's Monument at Venice—Tomb of General Daun—His Services to Austria—Gratitude of Maria Theresa—She Establishes the Order of Merit called by her Name—Church of the Capuchins, the St. Denis of the Imperial House—Tomb of Maria Theresa and Francis I.—Personal Charm of Francis—His Wife's Devotion—Her Grief at his Death—Visits to his Tomb—Her Unwieldy Size—Death of the Empress—Disturbances in the Streets—Tombs of Maria Louisa and the Duke of Reichstadt—Tomb of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico—Agreement of Spain, Great Britain and France for a Demonstration in Mexico—France's Action—Causes Assigned for the Policy of Napoleon III.—The Archduke Maximilian Invited to be Emperor—France Promises Support—The Oath of Office Administered at Miramar—Maximilian and Carlotta go to Mexico—Difficulties of the Situation—Desertion of France—The Empress goes to Europe to Appeal for Aid—Maximilian Betrayed by General Lopez—President Juarez Orders the Emperor and Generals Miramon and Mejia to be Shot—The Emperor's Body Conveyed Back to Austria.

A SUBTERRANEAN passageway leads from the Burg to the Augustiner Kirche, in the Augustinergasse, the Court church of Vienna. Here, in the Loretto Chapel, built in 1627 by Eleanora of Mantua, wife of Ferdinand II., are preserved in silver urns the hearts of the Emperors and Empresses who have reigned since her day. The church is Gothic, its

oldest part dating from 1330. On entering the attention is at once drawn to the imposing white marble monument of the Archduchess Maria Christina, executed by Canova, a poor copy of which was erected in 1827 in the Church of St. Maria Gloriosa de Frari, at Venice, as a memorial to the sculptor himself, his heart being preserved there in an alabaster vase.

A half-open door in the centre of a marble pyramid leads to the interior of the tomb, about to enter which are a number of allegorical figures. Virtue, veiled, carries an urn, containing the ashes of the Archduchess. Goodness supports the figure of a feeble old man, bowed down with the weight of years and grief. A weeping child brings up the rear. Aloft, Happiness is seen bearing a medallion, on which are carved the calm and smiling features of the beautiful Archduchess. She was the favorite daughter of Maria Theresa, and was married to Duke Albert of Saxe Teschen, a son of the King of Poland. Apart from her handsome face, she was especially famed for her beautiful hands. Her death occurred in 1798.

The Emperor Leopold II. is interred in the Augustiner Kirche, and here likewise is seen the tomb of the celebrated Austrian General Daun, who at a critical moment saved the Monarchy to the Habsburgs.

In the spring of 1757 Frederick II. of Prussia (Frederick the Great) made a determined effort to

Monument of Archduchess Maria Christina

break down the league formed against him by most of the European Powers. Suddenly appearing in Bohemia in April, he made a rapid advance towards Prague, and on the 6th of April defeated the Austrians, after a desperate battle in which both sides lost heavily. Prague, where twenty-eight thousand of the Austrian army took refuge, was at once blockaded, and before many weeks had passed was reduced almost to a state of famine. Maria Theresa contrived, however, to get a message introduced within the walls, couched in the most hopeful and encouraging terms, and giving no hint of the really desperate situation in which she found herself. The townspeople and garrison accordingly determined to hold out, in the belief that relief would shortly come.

It was then that the Bohemian General, Count Daun, by pursuing a plan of his own, and opposing the wishes and advice of all his officers, won a brilliant victory over the Prussians at Kolin (June 18, 1757), and thus turned the tide of fortune in favor of the Austrian arms. The siege of Prague was raised, the Prussians rapidly withdrew from Bohemia, and the Princes of the Empire, who had been wavering in their allegiance, once more rallied to the support of the Empress-Queen.

When the news of the victory of Kolin was received, Vienna went into paroxysms of joy. The Empress, determined to show her appreciation of General Daun's achievement, and to do him all pos-

sible honor, went to announce the glorious news to the Countess Daun in person. Banquets were given, rewards were distributed generously among all who had contributed to the victory, and the Empress instituted the Order of Maria Theresa—a military order of merit—in commemoration of the event. The decoration is a gold Maltese cross, enameled in white on a white circlet; framing the medallion, which is red, is the word *Fortitudini*.

Four years later, on the anniversary of the battle, she writes to General Daun:

"My dear Count Daun:

"I cannot possibly allow this day to pass without offering to you my, believe me, most heartfelt thanks and congratulations. The Monarchy owes to you its preservation, and I owe to you my existence, my fine and beloved army, and the life of my dear and only brother-in-law. . . ."[1]

But the St. Denis of the House of Austria is the Church of the Capuchins, on the Neue Markt. Here Matthias II. and his wife were buried (in 1619 and 1618 respectively), and it has since then been the burial-place of many members of the Imperial family.

In striking contrast with the other tombs, most of which are extremely simple, is the large sarcophagus built by Maria Theresa to receive her own and her husband's bodies.

The Empress married, in 1736, Francis of Lorraine,

[1] Prince Charles of Lorraine, who married the Empress's sister, the Archduchess Maria Anne, in 1744.

Grand Duke of Tuscany, and later, German Emperor. His mother was a daughter of the Duke of Orleans and niece of Louis XIV.

Francis was exceedingly handsome; he was cheerful, amiable and pleasure loving, with winning manners, generous and manly. Throughout the twenty-nine years of their married life he was the object of his wife's passionate if somewhat exacting love. He died on August 18, 1765, at Innspruck, whither he had gone to attend the marriage of his second son (afterwards Leopold II.) with the Spanish Infanta, Maria Louisa. Maria Theresa never recovered from this blow, and for the remaining fifteen years of her life she wore mourning for her "never-enough-to-be-praised handsome and amiable Francis." She declared that in him she had lost "the most affectionate friend, the most dearly beloved companion during a union of thirty years, and the only joy of my life," and she insisted upon making his shroud with her own hands. She abandoned the apartments on the first floor of the Hofburg, which she had occupied with her husband, and established herself in another part of the palace, and she every year set aside the entire month of August, as well as the eighteenth day of every month, to be passed as a time of mourning, and in the exercise of particular acts of devotion.

Although in her youth the Empress, besides being very beautiful, had a graceful and well-proportioned figure, she became later, owing to a dropsical com-

plaint, exceedingly corpulent. Towards the close of her life, therefore, when she wished to visit her husband's tomb in the Capuchins, she had herself placed in an arm-chair, and lowered into the vault by means of ropes. On the last of these visits one of the ropes broke. "See!" she cried, "he wishes to keep me. I shall come soon." Shortly after this she was taken ill; the malady increased rapidly and the Empress suffered greatly. As the end drew near, she started up, and asked to have the windows thrown open. "Where does your Majesty wish to go?" asked her eldest son Joseph, who for several days had hardly left her bedside.

"To thee! I am coming!" cried the dying Empress, and immediately expired (November 29, 1780).

The body, very simply habited, lay in state for four days; the heart was placed in the Loretto Chapel of the Augustiner Kirche, and the bowels beneath the high altar of St. Stephan's Cathedral. It is said that owing to a lately imposed tax upon liquors, the Empress, at the moment of her death, was very unpopular among the Viennese; so that, notwithstanding the presence of an escort of Grenadiers, the funeral procession to the Capuchin Church was the occasion of disturbances in the streets, some stones actually being hurled at the coffin.

The Capuchin vault also contains the tomb of Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis II., and wife of Napoleon, and of her son, the Duke of Reichstadt (died 1832).

Close by lies the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and brother of the present Emperor Francis Joseph.

In 1861 France, Spain and Great Britain entered into an alliance for the purpose of exacting from Mexico compensation for losses and injuries inflicted upon their respective subjects on Mexican territory. An expedition was planned, but before anything could be accomplished Great Britain and Spain made private settlements with Mexico and withdrew from the alliance. France, from the first the most interested party, was left to handle the matter alone. Various causes have been suggested to explain the keen interest manifested throughout by the French Government in Mexican affairs. To provide, by the establishment of a stable and friendly government, a steady supply of cotton for the French market, independent of the United States, was the reason given out; while the fantastic notion that Napoleon III. contemplated transplanting the Papal See from Europe to Mexico, in order to accomplish the re-establishment of a temporal state, was seriously discussed in more than one European capital.

Two prominent Mexicans, Generals Miramon and Almonte, had visited the Courts of the three Powers unofficially—the Mexican Government being then Republican, with President Juarez at its head—as representatives of the monarchical party in Mexico, and had urged them to intervene to establish a monarchy, which they, of course, declared was earnestly desired

by a majority of the people. France now sent a military expedition to Mexico; after winning one or two battles over the troops of the Republic, the French entered the capital amid every appearance of national rejoicing, the opposition keeping well out of sight. A provisional government was organized, and on July 10, 1863, the so-called Assembly of Notables voted to establish an Imperial form of government, and to invite Archduke Maximilian of Austria to come and rule over them.

Archduke Maximilian was then thirty years old. He had married Carlotta, of Belgium, a Princess whose jealousy and animosity helped to embitter the early married life of the late Empress Elizabeth, as her ambition proved the ruin of her husband. The couple occupied the beautiful Palace of Miramar, on the Adriatic. Here, in October, 1863, a Mexican deputation waited upon the Archduke to offer him the crown. This he declined to accept, unless it could be shown that the vote of the "Notables" voiced the desires of the people of Mexico.

On the 10th of April, 1864, the delegation returned. Some sort of general election had been attempted, with, they declared, the result that Maximilian was the desired of the people.

"It was Sunday, and one of the most serene and lovely of Italian days, as the Mexican deputation left their apartments in the Hotel de Ville, of Trieste, and repaired to the palace of Maximilian. . . . They

were presented to the Archduke in the magnificent hall of reception. Maximilian, in the uniform of a Vice-Admiral of the Austrian navy, stood before a table covered with a cloth of richest tapestry. Carlotta was by his side, also in very elegant attire. . . .

"The oath of office was administered by high dignitaries of the Church. The assembly then repaired to the chapel, where the grand *Te Deum* was chanted. The flag of Mexico rose proudly over the tower of the castle, greeted by salutes, which echoed along the hills, from the frigates in the harbor, and from the Castle in Trieste.

"Four days after this, on the 14th of April, Maximilian and Carlotta left their beautiful home on the shores of the Adriatic to enter upon that tragedy in Mexico which is one of the saddest in the annals of time. . . .

"At two o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor and Empress, having taken an affectionate and tearful adieu of their friends, arm-in-arm descended the marble steps of the palace to the sea which washed their base. The air was filled with the roar of cannon, with the music of the bands, and with the acclaim of the thousands who were clustered upon every adjacent point. A boat, canopied with purple and gold, received them and conveyed them to the steamer Novara. The event was announced by a salute from all the frigates in the harbor, and from the guns in the Castle of Trieste, while the crews of the boats

and the ships almost drowned the thunders of the cannon by their shouts.

"The flag of Mexico was unfurled and the steamer weighed anchor and put to sea, escorted by the French frigate Themis and an Austrian fleet of eleven steamers."

The Imperial pair landed at Civita Vecchia and visited Rome, where they had a magnificent military reception, followed by two days of public festivities. They attended mass at the Vatican, where the Pope was the celebrant. They had also two long private audiences with his Holiness, and on the 20th of April they re-embarked at Civita Vecchia. More than a month later (May 28th) they arrived at Vera Cruz.

All writers agree in giving Maximilian and Carlotta credit for a conscientious and unwearying zeal in the performance of the difficult task that lay before them. They did all that courage, earnestness and fortitude could accomplish to rescue the people and the country they had come to rule over, from the state of anarchy and misery into which years of misrule had reduced it. But the odds were too fearfully against them.

France had agreed to keep an army of twenty-five thousand men in Mexico until the work of pacification should be accomplished, and in any case to maintain there for six years a force of eight thousand men, at the disposal of the Emperor. The necessary funds were to be raised by the creation of two loans, one at least of which, in small shares at a high rate of inter-

est, was taken up for the most part by small proprietors in the provinces of France.

Maximilian found a large proportion of the inhabitants of his new realm in a state of sullen opposition to his government; the exchequer was bankrupt; the United States inimical. M. Thiers described the progress of the French forces through the country as being like that of "a vessel cleaving its way through waters which immediately close upon its track." On the approach of the French, the native troops and officials would abandon the towns, returning as soon as the army had passed on. And all the time Juarez (the ex-President of the Mexican Republic) was able to keep his army in some sort of state of organization, avoiding actual engagements as far as possible, and awaiting the opportunity for decisive action.

On October 3d, 1865, Maximilian issued a decree, declaring that all persons found in arms against his government, and all who supplied arms or provisions to the same, were liable to be tried by court-martial and shot within twenty-four hours. The execution within a fortnight of the publication of this decree of six Mexican officers captured by the French, aroused a general feeling of horror, and had the effect of strengthening the Emperor's enemies and of weakening his own party.

In 1866 the Emperor Napoleon, in consideration of the urgent representations of the United States Gov-

ernment, and the discontent of his own people, who had grown heartily sick of the enterprise, agreed to ignore his treaty and to withdraw his troops from Mexico. Realizing to the full what was likely to result from this cold-blooded act of desertion, the Empress Carlotta hastened to Europe and made the most passionate personal appeals to the Emperor to abide by his promises. Failing entirely with him, she next went to Rome to implore the intervention of the Pope, and it was on this journey that the first symptoms of the insanity that shortly afterwards destroyed her reason appeared. The cause has been sometimes ascribed to poison, which it was thought had been administered in Mexico; but the strain and anxiety to which she had been subjected were quite enough in themselves to unsettle her mind.

Maximilian meantime was struggling with a situation that every moment became more desperate. In March, 1867, the Emperor, with a small force, was surrounded at Queretaro by the Republican army. By the middle of May the place was so reduced by famine that a sortie was planned for the night of the 14th. The plan was betrayed by the Mexican General Lopez, who had turned traitor. This man was on the closest terms of intimacy with the Emperor, who regarded him with peculiar affection and confidence. His high position in the Imperial councils enabled him easily to admit the enemy into the town and to put them into complete possession of the defences. The

Emperor and his staff were captured, and a month later, after being subjected to a form of court-martial, "Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria, and the so-called Generals Miramon and Mejia," were condemned to be shot.

"The court-martial was convened on the 13th of June, in the theatre of Iturbide. The court occupied the stage, while the house was filled to overflowing with spectators. The Emperor, however, did not appear before the court. He said, 'If I am to be condemned, my presence or absence will make no difference.'"

Early on the morning of the 19th of June the Emperor and the two generals were shot at the foot of a hill called the Hill of the Bells, about a mile from Queretaro—the same spot where they had been captured.

Earnest efforts were made by his physician and some of the foreign Ministers to obtain the Emperor's body, in order to send it back to Austria; but this Juarez absolutely refused to allow, and it was not till the month of November, when the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff presented a formal request to that effect, from the Emperor Francis Joseph to "the President of Mexico," that the latter consented to permit the remains to be removed from the San Andres Hospital, in the city of Mexico, where they had been deposited.

The Novara, the same ship which had brought Maximilian and Carlotta to Mexico three years before,

lay at Vera Cruz, waiting to receive all that remained of the unfortunate Prince. The coffin was placed upon a bier in the centre of the saloon; at the head an improvised altar was arranged; and, surrounded by lighted candles, and attended night and day by a guard of honor, it was conveyed across the ocean. On nearing the Austrian coast, the Novara was met by a Government fleet and escorted into port, and the body was interred with solemn pomp in the vault of the Capuchin Church in Vienna.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sunday in Vienna—Music in the Churches—Fashionable Attractions—Character of the "Audiences"—Mlle. Murska at the Minorites—Afternoon and Evening Concerts—Why is Vienna the Most Musical City of the World?—Mozart Forced to Seek Appreciation in Prague—First Production of "Le Nozze di Figaro"—The Rehearsals—The Singers Strike on the First Night—Reception of the Opera in Prague—Birth and Childhood of Mozart—Presented at Court at the Age of Six—Marie Antoinette—The Archbishop of Salzburg—Mozart's Position in the Archbishop's Household—Marries Constance Weber—His Appearance—Poverty and Struggles—Court Appointment—Small Pay and Large Promises—Mozart's Disinterestedness—Prodigies of Work—The "Requiem"—Illness and Death—"Papa Haydn"—His Love for Mozart—His Birth and Early Training—Receives an Appointment from Prince Esterhazy—Gets Rid of his Wife—His Tranquil Life—Journeys to England—Old Age—"God Save the Emperor!"—Death—His Standing in Art—Glück the "Father of German Opera"—Early Experiences—Influence of Calzabigi and Rameau—Transition Period—Goes to Paris—Marie Antoinette a Former Pupil—Returns to Vienna—Nervousness—Unhappiness—Death—Glück's Portrait by Duplessis.

By the native of the Continent the London Sunday is said to be accounted the most depressing experience that life has to offer. The Viennese Sunday, on the contrary, seems to be ordered expressly with a view to the enjoyment of unlimited

gaiety and dissipation. All the shops and factories are closed, work is entirely suspended, and one sees only people in holiday attire. The hotel chamber-maid emerges in a white bonnet with pink ribbons; the industrious little woman who has the cigar shop at the corner dons her solitary silk gown, and proudly displays the portrait of her husband, made into a large brooch. By the middle of the afternoon the whole town has put its house-key under its door-mat, and is off to the various pleasure resorts, purposing to crown the day's enjoyment by eating the evening meal in a restaurant. From morn till night there is a succession of material pleasures, with a running accompaniment of spiritual harmonies; a chorus of church-bells and of tinkling wine-glasses, sacred music and the rattle of dishes, psalms chanted, with a refrain of street songs. One realizes on that day especially that Vienna stands at the threshold of Italy and of the Orient. The winds that blow through that half-open door quicken her senses, and fill her people with a passionate love of music, motion, pleasure, sensuous life. The gorgeous ceremonies of the Church are spectacles which work upon their emotions; but they are nothing more. People attend the Mass as they would attend a musical matinée, and the programme is carefully published in the newspapers of the evening before. On Saturday one frequently overhears in some café such dialogues as the following:

"Where are you going to Mass to-morrow?"

The Karls Kirche

"I have not the least idea. Garçon! the *Presse.*"

The waiter brings the paper, and after a careful examination of the list of announcements for the following day, it is ascertained that the Baroness de W—— is advertised to chant the Sanctus at the Augustines; so it is decided to go to hear her.

At the Burg Chapel, the Church of the Augustines, the Votif Kirche and the Karls Kirche[1] the music is selected from the works of the great composers, and is carefully rendered. Every one has *his* or *her* especial church in the same sense as one might have *his* or *her* favorite theatre.

Piety at the Augustines wears white kid gloves and silk attire. It is the same audience that one sees at the opera, the real music-lovers of Vienna; and they come to hear an offertory or a Gloria, sung by the Baroness de Z——, or Mlle. B——, members of the opera company, with a clarionet accompaniment by M. F——. On great festivals the chorus is, or was, sometimes composed of society women, members of the aristocracy. As soon as the solo begins every one turns his back, so to speak, upon God, and faces the charming performer, who, albeit perched up on high, contrives so to place herself that the admiring throng below may not lose the play of her fine eyes, which she rolls effectively as an accompaniment to her trills.

[1] The church erected in what is now the Wieden district by the Emperor Charles VI., after plans by Fischer von Erlach, to commemorate the cessation of the plague in 1716.

One would never suspect that he was in a church. Occasionally there is heard a muttered *bravo, bravissimo,* amid the murmurs of *sehr gut* or *très-bien.* Some of the listeners keep time with their feet, and others hum the air below their breath. Close by a languishing fine lady exclaims aloud, "Oh, admirable!" Nothing is needed to complete the picture but two or three men in the act of lighting their cigars. When at length the soloist gives her final trill, and the clarionet sounds its closing note, the entire company saunters out, leaving the priest alone at his neglected altar.

On one occasion, when the Italian Opera was in Vienna, the congregation at the Church of the Minorites, frequented mainly by Italians, ranged itself in two compact masses on either side of the entrance, uncovering as Mademoiselle Murska, who had just sung a magnificent solo, passed down between them, her long red-gold hair floating about her shoulders, and with the same pretty, modest air which made her rendering of the part of "Marguerite" surely one of the most satisfactory impersonations that has ever been seen on the stage.

All the church-going public may be seen again on Sunday afternoon or evening at the Cursalon, the Casino, the Horticultural Society building, or at one or another of the innumerable cafés or restaurants, where concerts are given. The music of the military bands is excellent, and many of them have their colors

hung all over with the medals and decorations they have won.

Vienna has held its place as the most musical city in the world for more than a century and a half—just why it is not very easy to determine. At no time have the emoluments offered by the Viennese patrons of art been liberal enough to account for the preference given to the Austrian capital by musical geniuses. Nor has the Viennese public, with all its undoubted love of music, ever been a discriminating one. Again and again did Mozart, utterly heart-sick and discouraged by the failure of the Viennese to appreciate his work, carry it elsewhere, notably to Prague. In the spring of 1786, when "Le Nozze di Figaro" was about to be produced, Mozart's father writes to his daughter, from Vienna:

"The first stage rehearsal of 'Le Nozze di Figaro' will take place on the 28th. It will be fortunate if the opera succeeds, for I know that there are immensely strong intrigues against it. Salieri and all his tribe will move heaven and earth to put it down."

A young Irishman, Michael Kelly, a pupil of Aprile, who was in Vienna with Stephen Storace and his sister, gives an account of the first rehearsal:

"I remember Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, 'Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,' Benucci gave

with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce,* was repeating, 'Bravo, bravo, Benucci!' and when Benucci came to the fine passage, 'Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar,' which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated 'Bravo! bravo! Maestro. Viva! Viva grande Mozart!' Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished marks of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him."

There were in Vienna at this time a quite extraordinary number of musical celebrities, and there is no reason to doubt that the first performance of "Figaro" was listened to by Haydn, Glück, Paesiello, Storace, Salieri, Righini, Anfossi, and others. Notwithstanding the enthusiastic reception given to the new opera at the rehearsals, on the first night, at the close of the first act, a number of the performers suddenly struck and refused to return to the stage. Mozart, frantic at the prospect of failure for a work upon which he had built such high hopes, rushed to the Emperor's box, and in great agitation explained the situation. Joseph at once sent an order that there was no disobeying, and the performance proceeded.

Although the audience showed a certain amount of enthusiasm, the net results were so discouraging, that, after the third night, Mozart declared that never again would he attempt to bring out an opera in Vienna.

Nine months later (February, 1787) the composer went to Prague, on the invitation of Count Thurn, an enlightened and liberal connoisseur. On the night of his arrival "Figaro" was given.

"The news of his presence in the theatre quickly ran through the parterre, and the overture was no sooner ended than the whole audience rose and gave him a general acclamation of welcome, amid deafening salvos of applause.

"The success of 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' so unsatisfactory at Vienna, was unexampled at Prague, where it amounted to absolute intoxication and frenzy. Having ran through the whole previous winter without interruption and rescued the treasury of the theatre from ruinous embarrassments, the opera was arranged in every possible form—for the pianoforte, for wind instruments (garden music), as violin quintettes for the chamber, and German dances; in short, the melodies of 'Figaro' re-echoed in every street and every garden; nay, even the blind harper himself, at the door of the beer-house, was obliged to strike up 'Non più andrai,' if he wished to gain an audience or earn a kreutzer. . . . The director of the orchestra, Strobach, under whose superintendence 'Figaro' was

executed at Prague, often declared the excitement and emotion of the band in accompanying this work to have been such that there was not a man among them, himself included, who, when the performance was finished, would not have cheerfully recommenced and played the whole through again." [1]

Finding the Bohemians so favorably disposed towards him, Mozart arranged to give a concert in the opera house, in which every piece was to be of his own composition.

"The concert ended by an improvisation on the pianoforte. Having preluded and played a fantasia, which lasted a good half-hour, Mozart rose; but the stormy and outrageous applause of his Bohemian audience was not to be appeased, and he again sat down. His second fantasia, which was of an entirely different character, met with the same success. The applause was without end, and long after he had retired to the withdrawing room he heard the people in the theatre *thundering* for his reappearance. Inwardly delighted, he presented himself for the third time. Just as he was about to begin, when every noise was hushed and the stillness of death reigned throughout the theatre, a voice in the pit cried 'From Figaro!' He took the hint, and ended his triumphant display of skill by extemporizing a dozen of the most interesting and scientific variations upon the air 'Non più andrai.'

[1] *Life of Mozart.* Edward Holmes.

"It is needless to mention the uproar that followed. The concert was altogether found so delightful that a second, upon the same plan, soon followed. A sonnet was written in his honor, and his performances brought him one thousand florins [about four hundred and twenty dollars!]. Wherever he appeared in public, it was to meet testimonies of esteem and affection. His emotion at the reception of 'Figaro' in Prague was so great that he could not help saying to the manager, Bondini, 'As the Bohemians understand me so well, I must write an opera on purpose for them.' Bondini took him at his word and entered with him on the spot into a contract to furnish his theatre with an opera for the ensuing winter. Thus was laid the foundation of 'Il Don Giovanni.'"[1]

Mozart, whose Christian names were John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus, was born in 1756 at Salzburg, where his father held the singular post of "valet musician" to the Archbishop. Of a number of children, Wolfgang and a sister, five years his senior, were the only ones to grow up.

In addition to his official duties, the elder Mozart gave lessons on the clavier and violin. He published a number of his own compositions and a method for the violin, which gained a high reputation throughout Europe.

Under his direction the musical education of the two children advanced rapidly. Maria began her studies

[1] *Life of Mozart.*

at seven, and became a brilliant and widely-known performer on the piano. Wolfgang imbibed his first knowledge of music from listening to his sister's lessons, and showed such aptitude that, when he was four years old, his father began to give him regular instruction. His progress was so remarkable that, two years later the family set out on a professional tour, in the course of which the brother and sister gave public performances, and were overwhelmed with attentions from all manner of distinguished personages. Their fame preceded them, and soon after reaching Vienna an introduction to the Empress (Maria Theresa) was arranged. The proud father writes to a friend in Salzburg:

"At present I have not time to say more than that we were so graciously received by both their Majesties that my relation would be held for a fable. Woferl sprang into the lap of the Empress, took her round the neck and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six o'clock, and the Emperor himself came into the ante-chamber to fetch me in to hear the child play on the violin. Yesterday, Theresa's day, the Empress sent us, through her private treasurer, who drove up in state before the door of our dwelling, two robes—one for the boy, the other for the girl. The private treasurer always fetches them to Court."

A few days later, however, the father got a great fright.

"On the 21st, at seven in the evening, we were with the Empress, on which occasion Woferl was not himself, and soon after exhibited a sort of scarlet eruption. Pray get read three holy masses to Loretto, and three to the holy Francis de Paula."

It was a month before the universal fear of anything that might develop into small-pox permitted the children again to appear in public.

It was during this visit that an incident occurred that links the name of Mozart with that of the ill-fated wife of Louis XVI. While playing with two of the little Archduchesses in the Burg one day the boy tripped and fell. Marie Antoinette, though very little older than himself, helped him to get up, and was very sympathetic, while her sister showed complete indifference. Mozart thereupon announced to the great Empress that he was ready to marry her daughter out of gratitude for her kind heart.

Until he was twenty-five Mozart's home was, nominally at least, with his father at Salzburg, though much of his time was spent in professional tours; there was also a somewhat lengthy stay in Paris, where he thought of settling.

In 1779, however, at the urgent solicitation of his father, he accepted the appointment of Court and Cathedral organist at Salzburg, a poor position, involving hard work and small pay, and in the gift of the Archbishop, whom he already had reason heartily to dislike.

Two years later he was ordered to Vienna in the

train of the Archbishop, and as a member of his household. The estimation in which he was held by this prelate is shown by the following passages in a letter, written to his father, describing his first day in Vienna:

"Dinner was served at half-past eleven in the forenoon, which was for me, unfortunately, rather too early, and there sat down to it the two valets in attendance, the controller, Herr Zetti, the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and my *littleness*. The two valets sat at the head of the table, and I had the honor to be placed at least above the cooks. . . . There is no table in the evening, but each has three ducats, with which you know one may do a great deal! Our excellent Archbishop glorifies himself with his people, receives their services, and pays them nothing in return.

"Yesterday we had music at four o'clock, and there were about twenty persons of the highest rank present. Ceccarelli has already had to sing at Palffy's. We go to Prince Gallitzin to-day, who was one of the party of yesterday. I shall now wait to see if I get anything; if not, I shall go at once to the Archbishop, and tell him without reserve that, if he will not allow me to earn anything, he must pay me, for I cannot live upon my own money."

A few months later he left the service of the Archbishop, and from thenceforth lived in Vienna, dependent for the most part upon his own resources. In 1782 he obtained his father's consent (which, though twenty-

six years of age, he evidently considered necessary) to his marriage with Constance Weber. His bride, to whom he was devotedly attached, was a younger sister of Aloysia Weber, a singer of some fame, with whom Mozart had fallen deeply in love a number of years before. She was supposed to return his affection, and the two families expected that a match would be arranged. On his return from Paris, however, the young lady, who was only seventeen, had changed her mind. Long after Mozart's death and her own unhappy marriage, she declared that in those early days she had no conception of her lover's genius; he appeared to her "*just a little man.*" Her greatest successes on the operatic stage were won when singing his music.

The young Irishman, whose account of the rehearsal of "Le Nozze di Figaro" was given above, describes his first meeting with Mozart, about two years after his marriage: "I went one evening to a concert of the celebrated Kozeluch's, . . . and was there introduced to that prodigy of genius, Mozart. . . . We sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady of whom he was passionately fond. . . . He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine, fair hair, of which he was rather vain."

The history of Mozart's short life—he was not thirty-six when he died—is a record of struggles and disap-

pointments. The demands of a growing family and a delicate wife, who, moreover, was a remarkably poor manager, kept him constantly in debt, and the ungrateful Court and Viennese public cared not the least how near starvation he came, so long as he continued to produce his marvelous works, and to shed a glory upon their capital by his presence. All his life long he was expecting a Court appointment that might at least insure him a living. Offers came from other countries and were refused for this will-o'-the-wisp.

Towards the end of the year 1787 the Emperor Joseph, disturbed by rumors that Mozart might be driven to abandon Vienna, gave him an appointment —Chamber Composer to the Court—with a salary of something under four hundred dollars a year. There were, however, glittering intimations of great, though vague, possibilities for the future.

Two years later the King of Prussia offered Mozart a position at Berlin, with a good salary. Mozart hesitated.

"I am fond of Vienna," said he. "I care little for money."

Finally, however, the desperate state of his affairs decided him to accept, and he went to the Emperor to give in his resignation and to say farewell. Joseph was piqued and irritated.

"My dear Mozart," he exclaimed, "will you leave me?"

Mozart, much moved by this touching proof of the

esteem in which he was held, at once reversed his decision, and left the Burg, full of gratitude and affection for his good Emperor.

"At least," said one of his friends, to whom he described the interview, "you stipulated for a position that would enable you to live."

Mozart was deeply annoyed.

"Satan himself," said he, "would hardly have thought of bargaining at such a moment."

The year 1791, the closing year of Mozart's life, was one of extraordinary productiveness. The "Zauberflöte," the "Clemenza di Tito," a quantity of minor pieces—minuets, waltzes and others—and the "Requiem," which so strangely affected his last days, were all written at that period. In November his illness, which had been rapidly increasing, obliged him to take to his bed, where, however, he still continued to work on the "Requiem." On the afternoon of December 5th several of his friends came to see him, and at his request they stood around his bed, singing the "Requiem," Mozart himself taking the alto; but at the first bar of the *Lacrymosa* he broke down and began to weep. His visitors left, and the same night he died.

His funeral was of the simplest description. No stone or tablet marked his grave in the Marxer Sinie Cemetery, and in a few years the very site was lost.

The harassed and troubled life of Mozart, constantly hampered by debts, which his enormous and

unremitting labor could never avail to throw off, surrounded by enmities and jealousies, and with the ever-recurring bitterness of deferred hopes and frustrated dreams, contrasts strikingly with the calm seclusion of the existence which Haydn was at the same time pursuing, under the sheltering patronage of Prince Esterhazy.

Between the two men there existed a strong friendship, founded on a generous mutual appreciation. "Papa Haydn" and "My Mozart" they affectionately termed one another.

"Oh, papa," cries Mozart, anxiously, when Haydn was preparing to accompany Solomons to England in 1790, "you are not educated for the wide world, and you do not know any foreign languages!"

"My language," says Haydn, with his gentle smile, "is understood all over the world."

Three years before this Haydn had written: "I only wish I could impress on every friend of music, and on great men in particular, the same deep musical sympathy and profound appreciation which I myself feel for Mozart's inimitable music. Then nations would vie with each other to possess such a jewel within their frontiers. It enrages me to think that the unparalleled Mozart is not yet engaged at any Imperial Court! Forgive my excitement; I love the man so dearly."

Sixteen years after Mozart's death Haydn could still not hear him spoken of without emotion. "For-

give me," he cries, one day, when the mention of his friend's name had upset his self-control; "I must ever, ever weep at the name of my Mozart!"

"Papa Haydn" was born in 1732, in the village of Rohrau, about thirty miles from Vienna, and close to the Hungarian border. His parents were in humble circumstances, and gladly accepted the offer of a relative named Franck to take the boy, then six years old, and instruct him in music, for which he had already shown an aptitude.

About three years later he was carried off to Vienna by the *Capellmeister* of St. Stephan's Cathedral, and established there as a chorister. This position he lost when his voice changed, and for a time he had a hard struggle to live. The Italian musician Porpora was in Vienna, in the household of the Venetian Ambassador, and from him Haydn received valuable instruction, in return for all manner of little personal services; while a wig-maker named Keller, who had greatly admired his singing when he was in the Cathedral choir, took him into his house and let him live there, free of charge, until his circumstances improved and he could hire a lodging for himself. He early attracted the attention of the director of the theatre, who promptly engaged him to compose the music for a comic opera, "The Devil on Two Sticks." Next he came under the notice of that liberal patron of music, Prince Anthony Esterhazy, who made him second professor of music in his orchestra.

On the death of the old Prince, Haydn was retained by his son, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, and for thirty years he led the most placid of existences at Eisenstadt, on the Esterhazy estates.

"Haydn rose early, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his pianoforte, where the hour of dinner usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was performed in the Prince's palace four times every week. Sometimes, but not often, he devoted a morning to hunting. The little time which he had to spare was divided between his friends and Signora Boselli" [a singer in the Esterhazy Opera].[1]

His position was not, however, a sinecure. Every morning he was expected to present his patron with a new composition, and the number of his works has been estimated at nine hundred and ninety, including one hundred and eighteen symphonies, eighty-two quartets, and twenty-two operas and oratorios.

Before he had entirely settled down into this tranquil and well-ordered existence, he had gone through the trying experience of an ill-assorted marriage. The wig-maker Keller, who had so kindly taken him in when he was friendless and homeless, unfortunately had a daughter, to whom Haydn, in the thoughtlessness of youth, became engaged. When he

[1] Review of *The Lives of Haydn and Mozart,* Quarterly Review for 1817.

was in a position to support a wife, there was nothing for it but to fulfill this obligation, and for a time the two lived together in acute unhappiness. Then Haydn broke away. He continued to support his wife, but declined absolutely to ruin his prospects by living in the same house with her.

It was after the death of Prince Esterhazy, in 1790, that Haydn made his visits to England—visits which materially increased both his fame and his fortune. By 1795 we find him once more in Vienna, and still hard at work. The "Creation" and the "Seasons" were written at this time, and with the sale of the scores he bought a small house and garden, where he settled down to pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement.

"At the extremity of one of the suburbs of Vienna, on the side of the Imperial park of Schönbrunn, you find a small, unpaved street, so little frequented that it is covered with grass. About the middle rises an humble dwelling, surrounded by perpetual silence. You knock at the door; it is opened to you, with a cheerful smile, by a little old woman, his housekeeper. You ascend a short flight of wooden stairs, and find, in the second chamber of a very simple apartment, a tranquil old man, sitting at a desk, absorbed in the painful sentiment that life is escaping from him, and so complete a nonentity with respect to everything besides, that he stands in need of visitors to recall to him what he has once been.

When he sees any one enter, a pleasing smile appears upon his lips, a tear moistens his eyes, his countenance recovers its animation, his voice becomes clear, he recognizes his guest, and talks to him of his early years, of which he has a much better recollection than of his latter ones. You think that the artist still exists; but soon he relapses before your eyes into his habitual state of lethargy and sadness." [1]

"The eighteenth century was closing in, dark with storms, and the wave of revolution had burst in all its fury over France, casting its bloody spray upon the surrounding nations. From his little cottage near Vienna Haydn watched the course of events. Like many other princes of art, he was no politician, but his affection for his country lay deep, and his loyalty to the Emperor Francis was warm; the hymn, 'God Save the Emperor,' so exquisitely treated in the seventy-seventh quartet, remained his favorite melody; it seemed to have acquired a certain sacredness in his eyes in an age when kings were beheaded and their crowns tossed to a rabble. . . . In 1802 his two last quartets appeared. A third he was forced to leave unfinished; over it is written—

'Hin ist alle meine Kraft,
Alt und schwach bin Ich!'

"He was now seventy years old, and seldom left his room. On summer days he would linger in the gar-

[1] Bombet's *Life of Haydn.*

den. Friends came to see him, and found him often in a profound melancholy. He tells us, however, that God frequently revived his courage; indeed, his whole life is marked by a touching and simple faith, which did not forsake him in his old age. He considered his art a religious thing, and constantly wrote at the beginning of his works, 'In nomine Domini,' or 'Soli Deo gloria,' and at the end 'Laus Deo.'

"In 1809 Vienna was bombarded by the French. A round-shot fell into his garden. He seemed to be in no alarm, but on May 25 he requested to be led to his piano, and three times over he played the 'Hymn to the Emperor,' with an emotion that fairly overcame both himself and those who heard him. He was to play no more; and being helped back to his couch, he lay down in extreme exhaustion to wait for the end. Six days afterwards, May 31, 1809, died Francis Joseph Haydn, aged seventy-seven. He lies buried in the cemetery of Gumpfendorfe, Vienna. . . .

"Haydn is valuable in the history of art, not only as a brilliant, but also as a complete artist. Perhaps, with the exception of Goethe and Wordsworth, there is no equally remarkable instance of a man who was so permitted to work out all that was in him. His life was a rounded whole; . . . good old Haydn came into port over a calm sea, and after a prosperous voyage. The laurel wreath was this time woven about silver locks; the gathered-in harvest was ripe and golden." [1]

[1] H. R. Haweis, in the *Contemporary Review*, 1868.

Twelve years before this another of Haydn's great contemporaries had died in Vienna. Christopher Willibad Glück, the father of German opera, was born in 1714. His father was a gamekeeper on the estate of Prince Lobkowitz, and the boy was educated in a Jesuit college. After spending some years in Prague, as organist and chorister in the Convent of St. Agnes, besides filling any engagements to play the violin that came in his way, he took the usual step of going to Vienna in search of means to carry on his musical education. Through his father's master, Prince Lobkowitz, he was brought to the notice of an Italian connoisseur, Prince Melzi, whom he accompanied to Italy.

When he was forty-eight years old Glück fell in with Calzabigi. He had by this time become disgusted with the school of Italian opera, to which his work had for the most part been hitherto confined.

"Passing through Paris [about 1748] Glück heard for the first time the French operas of Rameau; he received a new element, and one sadly wanting to the Italian opera—the dramatic declamation of recitative. This was the one element that France contributed to the formation of the opera as now existing. We observe, therefore, three sources from which this composer derived the elements of his own system. His early training in Italy determined the importance which he ever afterwards attached to pure melody. His subsequent acquaintance with France taught him the value of dramatic declamation. Germany gave him har-

mony, a more careful study of the orchestra, and that philosophical spirit which enabled him to lay the foundation of the distinctive German opera." [1]

There follows accordingly a transition period of some twelve years, during which such works as "Telemacco" and "Il Ré Pastore" were produced with more or less success. Then came the meeting with Calzabigi, and Glück, with this masterly librettoist for collaborator, emerged into his perfected style in "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Alceste."

In 1774 Glück determined to go to Paris. The directors of the Freneh opera urged him to come, and his former pupil, Marie Antoinette, now Dauphiness, was ready and eager to welcome and applaud him. Notwithstanding the pronounced and active rivalry of the Italian school, the six years Glück spent in Paris were, on the whole, successful ones. He had some failures and disappointments, but he had likewise many triumphs; and when, in 1780, he determined to return and pass the remainder of his days in Vienna, he had made enough money to support him in comfort.

". . . But he does not appear to have been happy in his old age. Nervous maladies, long kept off by dint of sheer excitement and incessant labor, seemed now to grow upon him rapidly. He had always been fond of wine, but at a time when his system was least able to bear it he began to substitute brandy. The

[1] *Glück and Haydn.* H. R. Haweis.

very thought of action, after his recent failure in Paris ['Echo and Narcissus,' which fell flat], filled him with disgust. He did nothing; but his inactivity was not repose, and the fire which had been a shining light for so many years, now, in its smouldering embers, seemed to waste and consume him inwardly.

"His wife, who was ever on the watch, succeeded in keeping stimulants away from the poor old man for weeks together. But one day a friend came to dine. After dinner, coffee was handed round and liqueurs were placed upon the table. The temptation was too strong. Glück seized the bottle of brandy, and, before his wife could stop him, he had drained its contents. That night he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and he died November 25th, 1787, aged seventy-three. . . .

"M. Felix Clement is facetious on the subject of the intemperance which marked the failing years of a man whose nerves had been shattered by hard work and the excitement inseparable from his vocation. We prefer to recall one who, in the midst of an immoral Court, remained personally pure, and who, in an age of flippant atheism, retained to the last his trust in Providence and his reverence for religion."[1]

In the early part of the article just quoted, a portrait of Glück, painted by Duplessis, is thus described:

". . . He is looking straight out of the canvas,

[1] *Glück and Haydn.* H. R. Haweis.

with wide and eager eyes; his nostril a little distended, as of one eager to reply; his mouth shut, but evidently on the point of hastily opening. The noble brow and pronounced temples carry off the large development of the cheek-bone, and slightly heavy, though firm and expressive nose. The attitude is one of noble and expectant repose, but has in it all the suggestion of resolute and even fiery action. 'Madame,' said he, drawing himself up to his full height and addressing Marie Antoinette, then Dauphiness, who inquired after his opera of 'Armida,' 'Madame, il est bientôt fini, et vraiment ce sera superbe!' These words might be written at the foot of Duplessis's picture; they evidently express one of Glück's most characteristic moods."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Beethoven and Mozart—Beethoven's Obstinacy as a Child—His Intercourse with Haydn—Princely Patrons and Small Pay—The "Immortal Beloved"—A Music Lesson and its Consequences—Count Franz—Visits to Montanvasar—The Countess von Brunswick's Secret—Giulietta Guicciardi—The "Moonlight Sonata"—Peter von Cornelius's Recollection of the Countess—An Awakening—"Fidelio"—A Secret Betrothal—The Letter to the "Immortal Beloved"—The Portrait—A Stormy Engagement—Separation—A Visit from Baron Tremont—Beethoven's Establishment in Vienna—Improvisation—Beethoven's Tastes—His Death—Immortelles—Beethoven and Schubert—Schubert's Struggle for Existence—The Poet Vogl—A Tour—The Songs—Death—A Link Between Beethoven and Liszt—Liszt Abandons Vienna for Paris—Weimar—The Bayreuth Festivals—Modern Musical Celebrities—Dr. Johannes Brahms—Herr Johann Strauss—Musical Career of his Father—Lanner and the Elder Strauss—Eduard Strauss—The Passion for Waltzing Among the Viennese—Balls of Sixty-five Years Ago—The Cab Drivers' Ball—Partners for Hire.

In the winter of 1786–7, when Mozart's fame had been greatly spread abroad by the "Nozze di Figaro," and when he was giving a series of brilliant concerts in Vienna, there arrived there a stranger youth, of seventeen or thereabouts, who was mightily anxious to take lessons from the great master. Mozart told him to play something, and, after listening a few minutes,

Beethoven Monument

LUDWIG
VAN
BEETHOVEN

gave him a certain *motif*, with instructions to improvise upon it. The youth complied, and, as he warmed to his task, Mozart suddenly turned to those who were present, saying, "Note this young man well, for some day he will make a noise in the world."

Although Mozart thus early recognized the genius of Beethoven, the latter was by no means the youthful prodigy that he himself had been. Beethoven developed slowly; he was excessively obstinate, and it is told that when, as a child, he had been forcibly driven to the piano, it was often impossible to make him stay there.

Ludwig von Beethoven was a native of Bonn, where his father was a member of the Elector's band. He was born in December, 1770, and on the occasion of his meeting with Mozart was merely visiting Vienna. A year after the latter's death he came to the capital to live. Haydn was then conducting some of his new symphonies—it was the interval between his two visits to England—and Beethoven had some lessons from him in counterpoint; but there was little sympathy between the two men, and Beethoven was wont to declare later that he never got anything from Haydn. "He never would correct my mistakes."

The leading connoisseurs of Vienna soon recognized the great ability of the young stranger, and with so distinguished a name as that of the Cardinal Archduke Rudolph, brother of the Emperor Francis,

on the list of his pupils, it was not difficult for him to get employment. It is notorious, however, that Vienna, while immensely proud of numbering so many great musicians among her residents, has never, until quite recently, given them a decent support.

Beethoven accordingly, though highly thought of and much sought after, at last told the Cardinal Archduke that he saw nothing for it but to leave Vienna in order to make a living.

The Archduke was dismayed. Lose their Beethoven! lose his teacher! the thing was not to be thought of. So he bustled about and got a number of Princes and others to subscribe to a fund to keep Beethoven in Vienna. Beethoven accordingly remained; but he never got the subscriptions, and was obliged to continue to eke out a livelihood by teaching—work that to one of his exacting, ill-governed and passionate nature was infinitely irksome and uncongenial.

His failure to obtain a post that would bring him in an assured and sufficient income had, moreover, one result which until quite lately was hardly more than suspected.

Much has been written about Beethoven's numerous love affairs—how first one high-born dame and then another attracted his ardent and impressionable heart. But of the one great passion of his life nothing was certainly known, and very little suspected, until the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. Thayer, author of the *Biography of Beethoven*, and later of

an article entitled "*Beethoven's 'Immortal Beloved'*" by Mariam Tenger, which appeared in 1890.

Among Mozart's pupils at the time of his death was a certain Countess Theresa von Brunswick, the daughter of wealthy and aristocratic parents. When Beethoven's genius began to be recognized in Vienna, he was engaged to fill Mozart's place as her teacher. The little Countess was fifteen, a shy, sensitive, reserved child, alternating between a passionate admiration for her master's genius and a shrinking terror of his brusque, rough ways.

One bitterly cold winter day she sat awaiting his arrival. The moment he entered she saw that he was in one of his gusty, stormy moods, and trembled with apprehension.

"'Practiced the Sonata?' he asked, without looking at her.

"His hair stood more on end than it was wont to do; the eyes—the magnificent eyes—were but half open, and the mouth angry—oh, so angry! With a failing voice, she answered:

"'I have practiced it; but—'

"'We'll see!'

"She took her place; he stood behind her. She thought, 'If I could but please him by playing well!' But, heaven knows how it happened, the notes swam before her eyes and her hands trembled. She began hastily; he said 'Tempo' once or twice, but it did not help the matter. She saw that he be-

came more and more impatient, and she became more confused; and at last she struck a false note. It caused her own fine sense of hearing such pain that she could have cried out. Then her teacher did what pained her mentally and physically. He did not strike the keys, but, roughly and angrily, her hands—rushed, as though mad, out of the salon and through the hall-door, which he slammed behind him.

"'Without his coat or hat!' she cried, and indiscreetly hurried after him, while her mother entered the salon to see what the noise was about.

"The salon was empty; the hall-door open. Where was the servant? The Countess was frightened; but her fright gave way to other feelings when her daughter appeared before her, and she learned what she had done and where she had been. Her daughter, the Countess Theresa von Brunswick, had run into the street after a musician with his coat, hat and stick! To be sure, she had gone hardly ten feet from the door, when the frightened servant reached her. Not far off stood Beethoven, undecided what to do in order to get the things he had left behind him. He took them from the servant, while his scholar, unnoticed, slipped back into the house. Her mother sent her to her room, with the stern reprimand to think over the unfitness of her conduct for the rest of the day; but as much as Theresa meditated, she always arrived at the conclusion, 'He might have caught cold and died.'

"The gentle father put the blame on the servant who had left the entrance. He comforted his wife, telling her that Theresa was still a child, and had acted like one. 'After us, and her brothers and sisters, her teachers are the first in her affectionate young heart, and this excuses her precipitation.'

"It was not exactly, however, as the old Count had thought. In Theresa's diary, written in French in 1794, nearly every page has some reference to '*mon maitre*,' '*mon cher maitre*,' and there was none other than Beethoven meant by these words."[1]

Between Beethoven and Count Franz—Theresa's brother—a warm friendship sprang up. Beethoven was often invited to Montanvasar, the castle of the Brunswicks in Hungary, where he was treated with the easy familiarity of a family friend. For twelve years Countess Theresa persevered in her secret admiration for the great composer.

"As I grew up this feeling grew with me. It strengthened and increased, with the unspeakable pain of jealousy, which was its constant companion. When in the salons they discussed the conquests of the great musician, every nerve in my body trembled. Two daughters of the Brunswick family shone in the great world; the third played the piano, painted, read and dreamed. My mother said, 'My Theresa is a born canoness,' and let me go my way. What troubled my passionate young heart and what I suffered no one

[1] *Beethoven's "Immortel Beloved."* Mariam Tenger.

suspected, not even my brother, my beloved companion and Beethoven's friend. And I had often hard trials. One day my cousin, the charming Giulietta Guicciardi,[1] rushed into my room, threw herself, like a stage princess, at my feet, and cried out, in a choking voice, 'Advise me, you cold, wise one! I so long to dismiss my betrothed Gallenberg, and marry the wonderfully ugly, beautiful Beethoven, if—if I did not have to lower myself so.' . . . Heaven protected Beethoven from Giulietta. She became the Countess Gallenberg and disappeared from his life."

At last came the day when Beethoven saw his friend's sister, his former pupil, with new eyes. It was the year 1806; Beethoven was thirty-six, the Countess was twenty-seven—a tall, noble-looking woman. "Her great, dark eyes had that mild look that comes only from a pure spirit. When she smiled—and that happened seldom—a divine glorification lay on her features. Such faces never grow quite old. When one spoke to her, he felt elevated and better. She spoke inimitably, beautifully and clearly."

Thus she was described many years later by the painter, Peter von Cornelius.

Of the crowning moment of her life we have the Countess's own account, as she related it to Mariam Tenger. Beethoven had come to Montanvasar, and she had detected a subtle change in his attitude towards her.

[1] To whom the "Moonlight Sonata" was dedicated.

"One evening we sat in the salon. Beethoven was at the piano. There were no other guests than the curate, who dined with us every Sunday and remained until evening. The moon shone into the room; that was what he liked best. Franz, who had seated himself beside me, whispered in my ear, 'Listen! now he will play.' How I listened! His dark face was transfigured; he passed his hands once or twice over the keys. We knew—I mean Franz and I knew—that he used to prelude by such discordance the greatest harmony. Then he struck a few chords in the base, and then played slowly, mysteriously, solemnly that song of Sebastian Bach, the only worldly song which that great master of church music has composed:

'Willst Du Dein Herz mir schenken,
So fang' es heimlich an,
Dass unser Beider Denken
Niemand errathen kann.
Die Liebe muss bei Beiden,
Allzeit verschweigen sein,
D'rum schliess' die groessten Freuden,
In Deinem Herzen ein.'

"My mother and the curate had fallen asleep; my brother looked earnestly before him. I was awakened to fullest life by that song, and by his look.

"Next morning we met in the park.

"'I am writing an opera now,' he said. 'I have the principal figure in my mind before me, wherever I go

or stay.[1] I was never at such heights before! All is light; all is clear and open! Before this I was like the stupid boy in the fairy-tale who gathered the stones and failed to see the beautiful flowers that blossomed on the roadside.

"So we found each other."

A secret betrothal followed, known only to Count Franz, who made it the one condition of the marriage that Beethoven should obtain some post that would insure him a fixed income.

The Countess, while hating concealment, especially dreaded to tell her proud and aristocratic mother of the step she contemplated taking.

Beethoven left Montanvasar. The betrothal took place in May; in July he wrote from Furen, a small watering-place in Hungary, the letter to the "Immortal Beloved" that was found in an old chest in his rooms after his death, together with the portrait of a lady, inscribed "To the rare genius, the great artist, the good man. From T. B."

The letter is now preserved in the Imperial Library in Berlin. The portrait, which was painted by Lampi, and represents the Countess as she appeared at about the time of her betrothal, was purchased some years ago by the Beethoven Society, and placed in the house No. 20 Bonngasse, Bonn, where Beethoven was born.

[1] The second version of "Fidelio" and "Overture No. 3" were brought out in 1806.

The engagement lasted four years. During all this time Beethoven was striving, without success, to win some position that would justify him in marrying.

"He hoped for us both; he was full of courage and energy, notwithstanding his hearing grew ever worse, and he had to journey repeatedly to a watering-place to strengthen his over-strained nerves. I, too, was blissful in his love. Only the secret from my mother oppressed me like a crime, and like a calumniation against my beloved. I could have said to every one, 'Even though I should have to beg, I would be proud to be his wife.' Later the mood changed with Beethoven. Patience was not part of his nature. How could he stand this long test in his frame of mind? He soon felt hurt that I ceased to complain, and tried to quiet him. Storms and sunshine alternated in his letters and in the hours we spent together. Startled by his outbursts of temper, awed in my inmost heart by his deep, passionate love, I besought comfort and help from God. That during the four years of our engagement his greatest works were written and silently dedicated to me, was not until long afterwards of comfort to me. In those most terrible days of my life, the eternally long, dreary days that followed the hour when—we parted forever—I was comfortless. . . . You must know that *I* did not say the word that parted us—but *he*. I was terribly frightened, grew deathly pale, trembled violently. . . ."

The gentle, high-strung, reserved Countess was, in

fact, utterly unfitted to cope with her lover's violent nature. This she recognized years later. "I know now that I was the chief cause. The true, great courage that conquers all things was after all wanting." And again, "I regard it as a wise ordinance of God in Beethoven's life that we separated. What would have become of his genius? What, too, of my love, if I had been afraid of him? As it was, we remained each other's greatest treasure forever."

Beethoven evidently saw this, too — saw that the marriage would only bring misery and unhappiness to his "Immortal Beloved," and he loved her enough to spare her.

Baron Spaun, a friend and pupil of Beethoven's, tells of coming unawares one day upon the master in his rooms in Vienna. He was seated with his back to the door, and did not hear his visitor enter. "The light from the window fell upon a picture he held in his hand, and which he, weeping, kissed. He was speaking to himself, as he often did when alone. I did not wish to play eavesdropper and noiselessly withdrew as I heard the words, 'Thou wert too good, too angelic.' When I returned after a while, I found him at the piano composing magnificently."

In 1809, the last year of the engagement, a Baron Tremont came to Vienna on some diplomatic business. He had long desired to meet Beethoven, for whose genius he had the highest admiration. Accordingly, armed with a letter of introduction from a close friend

of the composer's, he proceeded to the latter's house. A neighbor volunteered the information that he was at home, "but at present he has no maid; he changes them every minute. It is doubtful, therefore, if he'll let you in."

After knocking repeatedly, the Baron was about to go away when the door was suddenly opened. "A very ugly man, who seemed to be in a most disagreeable mood, had opened it, and now asked what I wished. I said in French, 'Have I the honor to speak to Herr Beethoven?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied in German; 'but I must tell you at once that I do not understand French very well.'

"'And I German no better,' I answered; 'but my business is merely to bring you a letter from M. Reicha, of Paris.'

"At this he eyed me critically a moment, took the letter, and bade me enter.

"His house consisted, I believe, of but two rooms. One of these was an enclosed alcove, in which stood his bed; but it was so small and dark that he was obliged to dress and undress in the second room. Here untidiness and disorder reigned; water-bottles stood on the floor; upon an old piano dust and music fought for supremacy; the little walnut table had frequently received the entire contents of the ink-stand on its surface; innumerable pens, thickly encrusted with ink, lay about; and everywhere was music. On the chairs—

mostly of rush or straw—stood dishes containing remnants of past meals, and from their backs hung various articles of clothing."

Hardly a home to which to take a delicately reared bride!

A labored conversation followed, carried on partly in French, partly in German, and rendered more difficult by Beethoven's deafness. Nevertheless, the two men discovered a hearty liking for one another, and the interview resulted in a warm friendship.

Baron Tremont became a frequent visitor at the comfortless little house. He describes the effect the master's improvising had upon him. "It always awakened in me the liveliest musical enthusiasm. . . . Everything with him was of instant inspiration. He would often seat himself at the piano, strike a couple of chords, and say, 'To-day it doesn't come. We'll wait till another time.' Then we would talk of philosophy, of religion, politics, and, in preference to all else, of Shakespeare, his idol—and all this in a language that would have made a listener laugh had any such been present."

Beethoven died in March, 1827, in rooms in the Schwarzspanierhaus, Vienna, at the moment when a terrific storm burst over the town. He was buried in the Währinger churchyard. Countess Theresa von Brunswick outlived him for thirty-four years, and on the 27th of every recurring March a wreath of immor-

telles was laid by an unknown hand upon Beethoven's grave.

One of the torch-bearers at Beethoven's funeral was Franz Peter Schubert, then thirty years of age. As Mozart had prophesied of Beethoven's future celebrity, so Beethoven, on reading Schubert's songs for the first time, exclaimed, "He has the divine afflatus!" Beethoven was, however, dying then, and Schubert only outlived him by two years. Although he was born in Vienna, and spent his life there, Schubert met with the usual treatment accorded by the Viennese to their great men. His career is the record of a painful and continued struggle with poverty. For example, in the summer of 1825, he went on a tour with his friend the poet Vogl. The latter sung Schubert's seven songs from the "Lady of the Lake," accompanied by the composer. They everywhere met with the greatest success. But when the songs were offered for sale on their return to Vienna, they could only get one hundred dollars for the whole set, while a few years later Schubert was obliged to part with some of his most beautiful songs for almost nothing.

On his death Schubert was buried, at his own request, close to Beethoven in the Währung Cemetery. Later his remains were removed to their present resting-place in the Central Cemetery, near Kaiser-Ebersdorf.

Beethoven's memory is linked by a charming incident with the name of one of the great musicians of our own day. Franz Liszt always recalled with pride

that when in the spring of 1823, he, then a boy of twelve, played in a concert in Vienna, Beethoven, at the conclusion of the performance, ascended the stage and kissed him.

Liszt was a native of Hungary, and received the early part of his musical education in Vienna; but he soon removed to Paris, and from thenceforward was but slightly connected with the Austrian capital, a circumstance to which is probably largely due his prosperous and successful career. Paris appreciated him to the full, and his tours through the cities of Germany were highly successful; while at a later date London received him with marked enthusiasm. The latter half of his life was spent at Weimar, where, in addition to his duties as director of the opera, he devoted himself to composition, and also became the most famed and sought-after piano teacher of his day. His brilliant career closed in July, 1886, at Bayreuth, whither he had gone to attend the musical festival.

Before closing these chapters on the famous musicians of Vienna, a few words must be said of two of the most conspicuous figures in the musical world of recent times — Dr. Johannes Brahms and Herr Johann Strauss.

The time is past when a Beethoven could draw up for his private guidance a scale of prices in which "a symphony for orchestra" figures at from one hundred dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and "a sonata" at sixty dollars. The sums realized by

Statue of Schubert

the Paderewskis of our day from renderings of the music of Mozart and Schubert are enough to make those ill-starred composers rise from their graves and demand, at least for their relatives, a share in these enormous profits.

Dr. Brahms was a native of Hamburgh, but for many years he made his home in Vienna, where he occupied a unique position in musical circles.

"He may be frequently seen on the street, taking with brisk step his daily constitutional, looking neither right nor left, his hands crossed on his back. His massive, leonine head, his thick-set figure, are as familiar as household words. In former years he frequently sought the companionship of Herr Johann Strauss, but latterly he has shown a preference for solitary exercise. . . . It is not often that Dr. Brahms is seen at a musical entertainment, unless it be the Philharmonic or Gesellschafts' Concerts [the two only series of orchestral concerts which are given during the season in Vienna], where he may be observed peering down from the directorial box, an earnest and attentive listener, yet one who hardly ever expresses approval or disapproval. . . . Though apart from his personal friends, who are to be found mostly among the professional musicians, there are numerous sincere admirers of his compositions, it cannot be said that the fact of his living in Vienna insures for him a special following there. . . . Wide-spread popularity, in the full sense of the term, Brahms has not achieved

in Vienna; but it lies in the nature of the music that this is probably the very last reward for which he strives."[1]

Quite other is the work—and the estimation in which it is held—of Herr Johann Strauss. This son of a no less famous father has been for more than fifty years the "Waltz King" of a country where in every grade of society the love of waltzing amounts to a passion. When his Golden Jubilee was celebrated in 1895 tributes of admiration and appreciation poured in from every quarter of the globe. The strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" had set the entire world in motion.

His father, also named Johann, was the son of a Viennese innkeeper, and at a very early age was wont to attract people to his father's inn with his lively performances on the violin. Notwithstanding this significant fact, his parents determined to give him a trade, and apprenticed him, when still a mere child, to a bookbinder. From this uncongenial work Johann soon escaped, and the story goes that a certain citizen of Doëbling, who frequented the Strauss Inn when visiting Vienna, was much astonished one day to come upon the small musician, whom he had often seen in his father's house, seated by the roadside, some miles from Vienna, playing happily upon his violin, without a morsel of food, or a penny in his pocket. The worthy man, on hearing his story, took him home

[1] *Musical Celebrities of Vienna.* W. Von Sachs.

with him, and having made matters right with the parents, arranged to have the little Strauss take lessons on the violin from Polyschansky. He later got a position in Lanner's orchestra, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. Strauss's waltz music became widely popular, especially in France, where he had a great success. His sons—Johann, Josef and Eduard — all inherited in a marked degree their father's musical talent. Josef died, but Eduard is highly thought of in Vienna, where he holds the post of *Hofball musik director*.

The passion of the Viennese for waltzing is an old story. Mrs. Trollope speaks of it, in 1837, as existing among all classes, and describes balls given respectively by Prince Metternich, several of the foreign Ministers, a society of small tradesmen, the Viennese wash-women and the hackney coachmen. She was told that among the working classes it was not uncommon for single women, who were no longer young and attractive, to hire partners for the evening. The price varied according to the skill and general appearance of the swain. Supper was included in the charge; so that for a really eligible partner one had sometimes to pay as high as two dollars, or even more. She was told of a middle-aged cook who gave this necessary expense as one reason why she was obliged to ask for an increase in her wages.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Allgemeines Krankenhaus — Antiquated Methods—Absence of Trained Nurses—The Viennese Nurse of To-day—No Fees, No Attention—The Patient of Minor Importance—Treatment Nothing, Diagnosis Everything—Dissection—No Free Patients —A Visit to the Hospital—Beer for the Inmates—The Plague in 1898—A Sanitarium—Plush, Potted Plants and Fleas—The Landesgericht Interior — Silence — Administration — The Prisoner's Devices for Keeping his Money—Cells—Telegraphic Communication Among the Inmates—Turnkeys—The Prisoners—The Sham Antiquities Dealer—Work of the Prisoners—The Women's Wards—The False Countess Kinsky—Former Customs in the Treatment of Condemned Criminals—The People's Kitchen Association—Dr. Kühn's Plan for Helping the Poor—The First Kitchen—Success—Later Associations—Appearance of a Kitchen—Organization—Cost of the Food—A Busy Day—Dr. Kühn's Further Efforts—The Imperial Pawn Offices—Character of the Depositors—Auction Sales—Old Age Homes — Their Objects and Management — The Restaurant System—No Uniforms—Liberty of the Inmates.

WEST of the Votif Kirche, in the Alsergrund district, and facing the Alser Strasse, rise the vast barrack-like buildings of the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, which, with its two thousand beds, ranks as the largest hospital in Europe.

Vienna, however, whose school of medicine stands in the fore front of the medical schools of the world,

yearly attracting throngs of students of every nationality to its clinics—Vienna is a full half century behind the age in the matter of hospital management, and makes no provision whatever for the training and equipment of nurses. Unless she be a Sister of Charity, the Viennese nurse is usually a woman who, unable to get any other kind of work, accepts this employment as a last resource. At the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, with the exception of those employed in the obstetric ward, the nurses undergo no training whatever. They receive five dollars a month, their lodging and one meal a day, and they remain on duty for twenty-four hours at a time, two being assigned to each ward of twenty-eight patients.

They are permitted, however, to supplement their salaries by peddling out small comforts to the patients, such as hot coffee, which they sell in the morning for four cents a cup, and, far worse than even this very undesirable practice, they are allowed to accept fees for the performance of their regular duties. From this system it naturally follows that only those who have money receive anything like the proper attention, and patients are generally expected to administer their own medicines; if they neglect to do this, there is no one to insist.

"In Vienna, hospitals are looked on primarily as medical schools, and quite incidentally in any other light. Under treatment, the sick may or may not be cured. That is a matter of relatively little import-

ance. As the students individually are kind-hearted men, they are glad, no doubt, that a poor devil should pull through, but the main object in having him there at all is for them to learn as much about his disorder as possible. The result is that a patient with a rare or acute disease is the object of general interest. He is visited, and sounded, and punched and questioned, at all hours, by successive bodies of students. It happens not infrequently that patients are submitted to examination when in their death agony. A doctor who visited the hospital told me he saw a party of students sounding a woman who was dying of pleurisy, or pneumonia, in order that they might each hear the crepitation in her lungs as her last moments approached. She expired before they left the ward.

"He said something about treatment in another case to the professor who was lecturing these young men. The reply was, 'Treatment! treatment! That is nothing. It is the diagnosis that we want.' . . .

"Patients, moreover, when entering, are required to sign a paper, agreeing to submit to any operation the authorities may consider necessary. The body of every one who dies in the Allgemeines Krankenhaus is subject to dissection, no matter who he may have been, or how strong may be the objection of relatives. . . .

"All patients are paying patients. Public hospitals in Austria are not maintained by public subscription and benevolent bequests, but are State-en-

dowed, receiving grants from the Minister of Education and the Minister of the Interior. In addition, each patient is expected to give one gulden [forty-two cents] a day for his maintenance, which does not, however, include an early breakfast. Paupers are paid for by their province. Thus a Tyrolean would be chargeable on the public funds of the Tyrol. . . .

"On the occasion of my first visit to the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, the day was stormy and bitterly cold. The fierce wind, characteristic of Vienna, swept the streets, blowing the sleet in swirls, and rendering progress difficult. When we entered by the Alserstrasse gateway, round which prospective patients were standing, and reassured the porter as to our right to pass him, we found ourselves in a large square garden, the paths laid with planks. As we made our way, heads down against the blast, an elderly peasant woman, with weather-beaten face and gnarled fingers passed us. On her back she carried a basket of wood. Her short skirt of yellowish-brown cotton stuff reached her ankles. Over it was worn a loose wrapper, or camisole, to match, girded in by apron strings round her thick waist. On her head was a little gray shawl. My companion indicated her. 'That,' he said, 'is one of the nurses.'

"We learned that beer was supplied to the patients, at their own expense, from a canteen on the premises, and that those well enough to leave their beds fetch it. We met some carrying cans, the men arrayed in

a bluish-gray cotton dressing gown and pajamas, covered by a blanket cloak; the women in camisoles, short skirts and head shawls. . . . It seemed odd to see them out in such weather, though of course they were not dangerously ill." [1]

It was in the Allgemeines Krankenhaus that the plague broke out in 1898, "thanks to a man who did not think it necessary to wash his hands before meals," while the attendant in charge of the bacilli drank.

It is not alone the inmates of the General Hospital who are obliged to suffer from the ignorance and inefficiency of the nurses. Good nurses are not obtainable at any price; they simply do not exist in Vienna. The sisters are far superior to the others, in that they are usually clean and attentive; but they have no training.

An expensive sanitarium, frequented by the patients of the fashionable doctors, while sumptuously fitted out with plush, potted plants and Persian rugs, is infested with fleas. Breakfast is served at eight o'clock, and the patients can have nothing before that hour. No fires can be lighted before half-past seven. The nurses get a little more than six dollars a month, and depend on fees from the patients for the rest of their income. They are terribly over-worked, and the patients are given to understand that after half-past nine they are not to expect any further attention for the night. In short, it would be well for all trav-

[1] C. O'Conor-Eccles, in *The Nineteenth Century*, October, 1899.

elers to make up their minds, under no circumstances, to be ill in Vienna. At the first symptom of illness, fly. If you remain, while your case will be thoroughly understood by the doctors and diagnosed in the most scientific and brilliant manner, you will probably die of neglect.

A little further to the west, and on the opposite side of the Alserstrasse from the General Hospital, is the "Landesgericht," where are the House of Detention and the prison for persons guilty of minor offences; also the cells for those condemned to death. The entrance is guarded by soldiers of the line, with bayonets affixed to their muskets, and, instead of a porter's lodge, there is a guard-house.

On entering, one finds himself in a long corridor, well lighted, absolutely clean, silent and deserted. It might be a Chartreux monastery, so profound is the stillness that reigns everywhere; only from time to time a turnkey, reconducting one of the prisoners to his cell, closes to the door with a resounding clang, while the heavy key grinds remonstrantly as it turns in the lock.

The administration of the prison is in the hands of a guardian-in-chief and a swarm of minor officials, all wearing military uniform. From six in the morning until seven at night a great clock, which can be heard throughout the entire building, regulates the routine of duties of the inmates. Immediately upon his arrival each newcomer is subjected to a rigid inspection,

and is then dressed in the uniform of the establishment, this uniform being of cloth in winter and of linen in summer. The very poor are furnished with shoes and underwear as well. Their toilets completed, each prisoner receives a large gray woolen blanket, which is to serve for his bedclothes, and half a loaf of bread, and he is then conducted to his cell.

One of the keenest anxieties of the newcomer is to contrive some means of secreting any money he may happen to have; for with money to spend, an inmate of an Austrian prison can get almost anything that he wants. The inexperienced therefore resort to all manner of innocent devices, such as hiding their capital in their stockings or their shoes, or in the linings of their hats, where the inspector—who is of course entirely familiar with all these tricks—instantly pounces upon it. The money is then confiscated and taken to the office, where it is doled out to the owner at the rate of forty kreutzers a week—the most that any inmate is allowed to spend. With this he is able to purchase from time to time a little wine, or a few ounces of tobacco.

By the old hands the most ingenious methods are originated for escaping the vigilance of the inspectors. One habitué of the establishment, who had apparently come to submit to his terms of imprisonment with the most complete resignation, always arrived with his savings disposed in some new and clever manner about his person. As the prisoners are permitted to

keep their own caps, shirts and shoes, he on one occasion had a cap made to order, with a visor of double leather, between the two layers of which a quite considerable sum in paper money was neatly introduced. In the large linen-covered buttons of his shirt more paper florins were concealed; while the heels of his shoes were found to contain not money only, but two small files, in case an opportunity to escape might present itself. The heavily-starched wristbands of his shirts also yielded up a rich harvest of paper money, when soaked and carefully cut apart.

The most common mode of concealment is to hold the money in the mouth; but this, as well as the plan of fastening it to the soles of the feet with sticking plaster, is too old a story to succeed.

Visitors have of course to be carefully watched, notwithstanding which they now and again succeed in handing over money rolled in a cigar, or hidden in some other innocent-appearing gift.

An inmate once hit upon a most outrageous device for outwitting the officials. Every week this loving husband received a visit from his wife. The instant the pair set eyes upon one another, they flew into each other's arms; while the jailer, obliged by the stern behests of duty to intrude upon their privacy, could hardly view the scene without emotion. At last, however, it was discovered that the devoted wife, in the act of pressing her lips to those of her husband, always slid into his mouth a five-florin note, which

she had held in a tight little roll beneath her tongue.

The cells vary in point of size, some of them accommodating three or four persons at a time. Each prisoner is provided with a straw mattress, a pitcher of water and a wooden spoon. Chairs and tables are found only in the cells of a few privileged characters. Peep-holes, that look like the glasses of telescopes, enable the employees to maintain a constant supervision over the prisoners.

Notwithstanding the great thickness of the walls, the heavy iron-bound doors, and the unremitting watchfulness of the jailers, the prisoners manage to hold frequent intercourse among themselves. They have a complete system of signals, a telegraph code that they all understand. Three rapid blows on the wall signifies, "Be on your guard."

He who has received the warning awaits with intense anxiety a reply to the sharp, quick blow he himself then gives. If everything remains tranquil, it is a good sign: but should a double knock be heard, he knows that one of his accomplices has been arrested. His own signal has conveyed the question, "Have they just brought in another suspected person?" This query is passed on from cell to cell until it has gone the rounds. Should the number of prisoners be the same as on the preceding night, no answer is returned: but if the investigation develops the presence of a fresh arrival, the news is rapidly circu-

lated. When something serious is at stake, in which every one is more or less interested, these signals are sent out in the middle of the night. Then the turnkey arrives in hot haste to re-establish order, but it is too late—the mischief is done.

These turnkeys are miserable creatures, who, in return for a wretched stipend, are called upon to discharge most disagreeable, and at the same time highly responsible duties. Frequently subjected to very harsh treatment by their superiors, they cannot even avenge themselves on the prisoners, as they are strictly required never in any way to ill-use those placed in their charge. Escapes from the prison occur very rarely.

The interior of a cell containing prisoners awaiting a hearing presents a curious field of study. As they still wear the clothes in which they were arrested, it is comparatively easy to recognize to what class of society, and to what nationality, trade or occupation, each belongs. Most of them appear to be restless and preoccupied; but a few groups are talking or playing cards, with every appearance of cool indifference.

Look into this cell, whose three occupants are carrying on a most animated conversation. The tall man who is holding forth so glibly is a certain Weininger, who obtained an international celebrity by his effrontery and success in exploiting sham antiquities. Every museum in Germany had dealings with him at one time or another. He flooded the Gallery of the Duke

of Modena with twopenny pistols and armor, which he passed off as antiques. From his factory, which was in Vienna, he shipped two sixteenth century altars to a London dealer for the modest sum of thirty thousand pounds, producing papers to show that they had been purchased in Rome from a Jesuit monastery for two hundred thousand francs. This enterprising individual had made an arrangement with a Hungarian noble by which the latter, in return for the payment of all his debts, agreed to furnish patents of nobility for all this contraband antiquarian stuff.

Many of the prisoners are employed in the manufacture of meerschaum pipes, shoes, toys, pasteboard boxes; or in carpenters' and joiners' shops. Those who cannot read and write are obliged to spend a part of each day in the school-room, so that on the expiration of their terms they may have laid at least the foundations of an education.

The women's quarters are in a separate wing of the building.

"Do you see that respectable-looking young girl, with an odd expression, who is seated near one of the windows embroidering?" asks the inspector. "Well, she persists in trying to pass herself off for an American; we know perfectly well that she is a Viennese, but she refuses absolutely to speak a single word in German."

In another apartment a young woman, bending over a loom for knitting stockings, is pointed out as "the

false Countess Kinsky." This spirited young person hit upon a method for improving her fortunes, which promised not only material gains, but the most diverting experiences. She contrived, solely by correspondence, completely to turn the heads and inflame the hearts of a crowd of artists, clerks and shopkeepers, giving herself out to be the young Countess Kinsky; and every man of them believed that she really wanted to marry him. One evening she appointed a rendezvous at the opera with each and all of them. It was faithfully kept, and each ardent lover appeared duly attired in correct costume, black coat, white necktie, camelia in the button-hole. The real Countess Kinsky, seated decorously beside her parents in a box, little dreamed that the parterre was filled with her adorers. This was in fact a clever and entirely successful device for exciting on their parts an answering feeling to the love which the adventuress had herself been the first to declare. After this the interchange of letters became more and more frequent until at last she announced—to each one—that her parents had discovered her secret, and faithful to the aristocratic prejudices of their ancient race, would not hear of such a marriage, but were making arrangements to remove her from Vienna. For her own part, she was determined to follow the dictates of her heart, and to take advantage of the confusion of departure to fly with her lover, *if* she could by any possible means raise enough money to purchase the connivance and assistance of her maid,

the man-servant, the coachman, the porter, etc., etc. Naturally each individual lover at once furnished generous means to remove all obstacles, but just as the ingenious young woman was beginning to reap the harvest of all her toil and inventiveness, something aroused the suspicions of the police, and now, instead of the Countess Kinsky traveling in aristocratic luxury in foreign lands, she was just plain Marie Lichtner, considerably out of pocket for stationery and postage stamps, and required to weave stockings in the Alserstrasse prison.

Some curious customs formerly prevailed in the treatment of criminals condemned to death. When the prisoner had confessed his guilt—without which confession the death sentence could not be pronounced—he was conducted to a platform erected in front of the Maison de Police, in the Hoher Markt, and there exposed for ten minutes to the public gaze, while his sentence was read aloud for the benefit of the multitude whom morbid curiosity had drawn to the Platz. On the following day still larger crowds were admitted to a sort of reception held by the condemned man in the interior of the building.

Mrs. Trollope has left an account of one of these scenes, which occurred while she was in Vienna. The prisoner on this occasion was a young man convicted of the murder of his sister's mistress, an old woman, whom the girl declared had ill treated her.

"At the extremity of a small room sat the criminal,

with his confessor beside him, and before a table whereon was placed a crucifix between two lighted candles. The priest had a book before him, from which he read some sentences in a low voice; while the prisoner, whose limbs were perfectly free, smoked a long pipe, which a man, who appeared to be one of his jailers, replenished for him when it was exhausted. . . . The prisoner seemed to take little heed of the scene before him, excepting that as every newcomer threw a piece of money to him, upon a napkin spread behind the crucifix on purpose to receive it, he slightly bent his head to each.

"The money thus collected is entirely at the disposal of the prisoner. If he be a pious Catholic, he will dispose of it in masses to be performed for the repose of his soul; but he is permitted, if such be his wish, to expend it in eating and drinking whatever he may choose to command, during the last day and night of his existence, or he may bestow it on any surviving friend."

Just thirty years ago there was inaugurated in Vienna what has proved to be a most successful beneficial enterprise, the People's Kitchens Association.

Dr. Josef Kühn, a resident of Vienna, who took a deep and intelligent interest in the welfare of the working people, had, after careful investigation, satisfied himself of two things. First, that large numbers of the working classes were habitually underfed, and second, that this was mainly due to the outrageous

profits made by the keepers of cheap restaurants. The dwellings of the very poor in Vienna are so ill provided with cooking arrangements, that many people are forced to go outside for their meals; yet, so low was the scale of wages at that time—married men being frequently unable to earn more than two dollars a week—that many laborers could not afford to spend so much as fourteen cents on a single meal, that being nevertheless the smallest sum for which a dinner could be had.

It was Dr. Kühn's conviction that good and sufficient food could be furnished for less than half this amount, and that an association which should undertake to do this could be made at least to pay its way. He accordingly enlisted the interest of some of his friends, and in 1872 the first "People's Kitchen" was opened on the Hechtengasse.

At first dinners only were served, consisting of beef or mutton and vegetables and costing six cents. Then the menu was extended, and when the scheme had been thoroughly tried and found to be not only enormously beneficial, but, after the initial expense, self-supporting, breakfasts and suppers were added.

Associations were formed in other parts of Vienna, and in the course of twenty years no fewer than thirteen kitchens had been established, all self-supporting and all doing a rushing business. Two thousand four hundred people are sometimes served in one kitchen in the course of a single day. The Jews have one, in

which the food is dressed and prepared in strict accordance with the Mosaic law.

The writer from whose interesting article[1] these facts have been taken, gives the following description of the appearance of a Kitchen, and the routine of work for each day:

"There is no more interesting place in all Vienna than a People's Kitchen. The most important is the one in the Hechtengasse, only a few hundred yards away from the house in which the first association began its work, twenty-two years ago. It is held in a fine, handsome building, which was erected in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the Emperor's accession, the money for it being raised by the late Princess Auersperg. The Kitchen itself consists of two very large, lofty rooms—one on the right of the hall, the other on the left. In each of them are a number of long tables, covered with American cloth, and having benches on either side. The room to the right is the principal dining-hall. The upper part of the one to the left is cut off from the rest by a counter, beyond which the public are not allowed to pass. Here is the huge fireplace, at which the food is cooked and kept hot until the time comes for serving it. A marked feature of the Kitchen is its scrupulous cleanliness. Although many hundred persons pass through it every day, the air is always fresh and

[1] *People's Kitchens in Vienna.* Edith Sellers. *Nineteenth Century*, 1894.

pure, and there is never a sign of dust or untidiness. The white china plates and dishes are spotless, the knives and forks are brightly polished, whilst, as for the glasses, they literally sparkle.

"Attached to the Kitchen are fourteen paid servants —a matron, two assistant matrons, a cook, an assistant cook, two kitchen maids, two scullery maids, a washer-up, a general helper, two men waiters and a cashier. They are all hard at work by half-past five in the morning, for by six o'clock they must have breakfast ready for the men who call on their way to the factories. Breakfast is a very simple meal—soup, tea and bread being the only things provided.

"A portion of soup or of tea costs three kreuzers [a kreuzer is equal to something less than half a cent]; a white roll, two kreuzers, and a slice of brown bread one kreuzer. For eight kreuzers, therefore, a good breakfast can be had, and, as most of the men are content with soup and brown bread, they pay only four kreuzers for their meal.

"After eight o'clock no breakfasts are served, for then preparations for dinner begin. The cook and her assistants, since six o'clock, have been chopping and paring, and stewing and boiling; for a meal for two thousand persons or more is not to be prepared in a hurry. When the cooking is done, the dividing out begins. This is the work of the matron, and most tiresome work it is; for, as the association makes it a point of honor that every portion shall be exactly

equal in size and quality, each one of them has to be weighed.

"The first guests to arrive are always the school children; for, as they are received on special terms and have a menu of their own, they are admitted only from eleven until a quarter to twelve. . . .

"The menu for the day is written on a huge slate, which hangs near the door. That menu is a curiosity; it is never twice the same in one week, and the variety of dishes it includes in the course of a year is simply marvelous, considering the prices charged for the dinners. . . . As everything is sold *à la carte*, no one need spend more than he chooses on his meal. The average cost of a dinner is eighteen kreuzers, though the prices range from twenty-five kreuzers to six. . . . The remarkably low price at which food is sold in the People's Kitchens must be ascribed in some measure to the gigantic scale on which the undertaking is conducted. The associations require such vast quantities of provisions, that they are able to open out new markets for themselves, in places where the supply is great and the demand small. Vegetables and dairy produce, for instance, are transported by the wagon-load from remote country districts, where they are bought at considerably under the wholesale market prices."

Dr. Kühn's interest and activity grew and increased with the growth of his enterprise. As the Kitchens of the first association multiplied, he gave to each the

same careful personal supervision that had insured the success of the first one. The service, the quality of the food, the tastes of his patrons—no detail was too insignificant for his careful attention. He likewise inaugurated an arrangement by which supplies can be furnished from his Kitchens for soldiers stationed near Vienna in time of war; and at periods of unusual distress among the working people, the association undertakes to furnish special meals, on short notice, for the unemployed.

Another institution that has proved of the greatest benefit to the Viennese poor is the Imperial Pawn Office, an outgrowth of an enterprise started in the beginning of the eighteenth century to relieve the working classes at a time of great distress.

The Poor Law Department of that day, under the patronage of the Emperor Joseph I., opened a pawn-shop, where money was loaned in large proportion to the value of the articles pledged, and a very trifling interest required. Later the pawn-shop came under the direct management of the Imperial Government. It grew into an exceedingly flourishing institution—so much so that its large profits became a snare, and in the time of Joseph II. a thorough reorganization and reform in its methods was necessary. It was then that the large convent—made vacant by the Emperor's act of suppression—on the Dorotheergasse was bought, which has ever since remained the chief office of the association. The low rate of interest

demanded makes it impossible for any profits to be realized on the small sums loaned to the very poor. It is from members of the well-to-do classes, whom extravagance, illness or misfortune have driven to apply for temporary help to the Imperial pawn-shops, and who deposit articles of real value and obtain considerable sums on them, that the income is derived. If after ten months an article has been neither redeemed nor re-pledged, it is sold at auction. If it brings more than the amount for which it was pledged, the difference is returned to the owner.

Before leaving the subject of the philanthropical establishments of Vienna, a few words must be said of its Old Age Homes—institutions which, in their organization and workings, present very different features from the poor-houses and similar institutions of other countries.

These Old Age Homes have existed, in some form or another, for upwards of six hundred years. In the time of that indefatigable reformer, the Emperor Joseph II., the right of aged and destitute persons to receive support from the State was clearly laid down, and has ever since been recognized.

At the present day these Homes are so managed as to offer a cheerful and comfortable refuge for old people who are no longer able to work for a living, and who have no near relatives upon whom their support should properly devolve.

Each inmate receives the sum of about ten cents per

day with which to pay for his meals, and he can frequent any restaurant in Vienna that he prefers, or patronize the one on the premises, which is run by a professional caterer, under the supervision of a committee appointed by the Poor Law Department. This restaurant is apparently managed with the same marvelous thrift as the People's Kitchens, for a study of the menu develops the fact that the old people are able to buy good and sufficient food for this extremely modest sum, and even to indulge occasionally in a glass of the red or white wines, or beer, that figure in the bills of fare. Naturally the mere fact of being able to order their meals and pay for them themselves tends greatly to increase the contentment, happiness and self-respect of the inmates; and, as a fact, to reside in an Old Age Home in Vienna does not cast any reflection upon one's respectability or social standing. The laboring class—everywhere the most conventional class of people—regard these Homes in the light of well-earned havens for people who, having worked hard and lived decently all their lives, are now able to do so no more. The spirit of independence and self-respect is further stimulated by the absence of uniforms and by the almost entire freedom allowed to the inmates in the disposal of their time.

[1] "Practically the inmates may do just as they like, so long as they conduct themselves in an orderly fashion and do not quarrel. When once they have made

[1] *Old Age Homes in Austria.* Edith Sellers.

their rooms neat, they may lounge about in the sunshine, or by the stove, the whole day long, if they choose. After dinner [served between eleven and two] they may all go to bed for an hour, and this many of them do. In each Home there is a chapel in which Mass is celebrated every day; but the old people are perfectly free to go there or not, just as the fancy takes them. If they care to do so, they may leave the Home every day at one o'clock, and need not return until eight in the evening. Then they have the right to spend one whole day with their friends every week; and if they wish to spend two, the director rarely or never refuses them the permission. Once a year, too, they may go away for a whole month, provided that they have anywhere to go. Some of them pay quite a string of visits during the summer, and return to the Home all the better and the more contented for the change. These privileges, however, are strictly conditional on good behavior. Should any of the pensioners show a disposition to abuse their liberty, it is at once curtailed."

CHAPTER XX.

Schönbrunn—Its Origin—Fischer von Erlach's Plans—Maria Theresa's Alterations—The Gloriette—Napoleon at Schönbrunn—Reviews in the Great Court—The Emperor's Attention to Detail—Attempt to Assassinate Napoleon—Marriage of Marie Louise—Her Conduct after Napoleon's Abdication—Attitude of her Father—Her Return to Vienna—Life at Schönbrunn—Madame de Montesquieu and the Little King of Rome—Count Neipperg—Queen Caroline of Naples—Her Advice to her Grand-daughter—The Congress of Vienna—Visit of the Comte de la Garde to Schönbrunn—His Description of the King of Rome—Isabey's Portrait—Marie Louise and the Congress—Her Presence at One of the Fêtes—Feeling of the Public with Regard to her Marriage—She Hears of Napoleon's Escape—Appeals to the Allies—Goes to Parma with Count Neipperg—"L'Aigle and l'Aiglon"—Death of Napoleon—Death of the Duke of Reichstadt—Death of Count Neipperg—Marie Louise Marries Charles de Bombelles—Tragic Death of a Young Archduchess at Schönbrunn—Marriage of Crown Prince Rudolph—Forebodings of the Empress Elizabeth—The Mystery of Meyerling—Tragedies in the Imperial Family—Assassination of the Empress—The Rule of the Emperor Francis Joseph—The Future of Austria.

THE Imperial chateau of Schönbrunn, with its elaborate park and gardens, occupies a site to the southwest of Vienna, on the south bank of the Wien.

Schönbrunn is almost as rich in historical associations as the Hofburg itself. It began as a hunting-

seat of that sport-loving monarch, Maximilian II. (1564–1576), whose chief pleasures in life are said to have been the chase and Hungarian wine. In 1696 Leopold I. employed Fischer von Erlach to prepare plans for a great chateau to replace the modest hunting-lodge. These plans Leopold's son, Joseph I., was engaged in carrying out on an elaborate scale when his death occurred in 1711. About forty years later Maria Theresa altered the structure into the building of to-day.

The Empress was particularly fond of the pavilion called the Gloriette, which stands in the centre of the grounds. At the close of her life, when her unwieldy bulk and weak ankles made it impossible for her to walk up and down stairs, she had a sort of elevator arranged in the Gloriette, by means of which she could be hoisted to the upper balcony, from thence to enjoy the charming view which stretched across the park and garden to Vienna in the distance.

Constant, Napoleon's first valet de chambre, gives a description in his *Memoirs* of the chateau and grounds as they appeared at the time of the Emperor's second occupation of Vienna (1809), when, as on the former occasion in 1805, he established his headquarters at Schönbrunn.

After describing its situation, and the bridge across the Wien, he tells of the great court, "vast enough to permit the manœuvring of seven or eight thousand men," where the Emperor daily reviewed the troops.

At six in the morning the drums beat the reveillé; some hours later the troops assembled in the court, and on the stroke of ten the Emperor could be seen descending the steps.

Constant says that in these reviews no detail was so small as to be beneath the Emperor's notice. He examined the contents of this one's knapsack, inspected that one's account book. "Halt!" he cried one day, as a long line of wagons was seen filing slowly by. Then, indicating one of them, he turned quickly to the officer in charge and asked what was in it. The officer, having replied in detail, Napoleon had the wagon emptied, its contents noted, and then, to make sure that by accident or intention nothing had been left behind, he climbed up and himself examined the inside. Everything was found to correspond exactly with the report, and the soldiers, hugely delighted, murmured among themselves, "Bravo! That is the way to do. That is the way not to be deceived."

The Viennese used to stream out in crowds to witness these reviews, attracted partly by a natural curiosity to behold what manner of man it was who had conquered Europe, and partly by the novelty of his methods.

One morning in October Napoleon had arrived on horseback, and, after dismounting, was crossing the court with some of his officers, when a young man pushed through the crowd and asked to speak to the Emperor. As he could not give any clear account of

himself, he was refused and conducted back into the crowd. A few minutes later he made another attempt to reach the Emperor's side, but was prevented; there was a slight scuffle, during which a large knife fell out of his pocket. He was, of course, at once arrested and interrogated. He proved to be the son of a minister of Naumburg, who had come to Vienna with the express intention of assassinating the Emperor. Napoleon had an interview with him later in the day, and seems to have been somewhat astonished at the frankness with which the youth told him of his intentions and his reasons. "I wanted to kill you," he remarked, calmly, "because you are the oppressor of Germany." "Suppose I were to pardon you?" said the Emperor. "You would make a mistake. I would try again." "He is mad," said the Emperor, "he is decidedly mad," and he tried to make that an excuse for pardoning him. But as no one else thought so, and the youth gave every evidence of possessing a remarkably clear head, the Emperor at last handed him over for examination by a military commission, who promptly condemned him. Four days later he was executed, the Emperor, who appears to have been fascinated by his fearlessness, postponing the carrying out of the sentence till the last possible moment, in the hope that he might express repentance, on which condition he was to be pardoned.

It has been said that this attempt on his life increased Napoleon's impatient desire for an heir; at all

events, it was immediately after his return to France that the negotiations for his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise were opened.

This union, which Napoleon certainly did all that lay in his power to render a happy one, had endured just four years when, on the 26th of January, 1814, the Emperor parted from his wife and son for the last time, and set forth to attack Blücher at Brienne. The campaign closed with the occupation of Paris by the Allies and Napoleon's abdication.

Marie Louise now found herself in a most distressing situation. Only twenty-two years of age, and with no force of character, the necessity for coming to some decision in this crisis filled her with dismay. She complains bitterly that no one will tell her what to do. Napoleon indeed did not care to have her share his exile, unless she did so voluntarily, saying that he preferred solitude to the sight of melancholy. At last her father, who, now that the necessity for conciliating Napoleon no longer existed, had fully determined to take his daughter back again, visited her at Rambouillet, and advised her to come to Vienna before making any final decision. Accordingly, early in May, 1814, Marie Louise, with the little King of Rome, and an imposing train of attendants and baggage-wagons, arrived at Schönbrunn, which had been made ready to receive her. Here, surrounded by the affectionate solicitude of her relatives, the ex-Empress soon settled down contentedly enough.

The Emperor Francis and Metternich, who between them had brought about the marriage with Napoleon, now exerted every means to estrange her from him. Madame de Montesquieu, the little Prince's governess, on the contrary, constantly alluded to Napoleon in conversation, and saw to it that his memory was kept fresh and honored in the mind of the boy, whom she required to pray for his father night and morning.

During the summer Marie Louise made a trip to Aix for the baths, and then traveled through Switzerland. She was accompanied on this journey by Count Neipperg, a clever and unscrupulous man of the world, whom Metternich had placed near her, with orders to acquire a complete influence over her, and to finish the work of alienation from her husband.

There was one person, however, who, far from joining in this family conspiracy, pointed out the path of duty to Marie Louise in no uncertain voice. This was her maternal grandmother,[1] who, although she had small reason to like Napoleon, seeing that he had deprived her of her kingdom, held very clear ideas as to the meaning of the marriage vow. She told the wavering, comfort-loving ex-Empress that when a woman marries it is for life, and if she could not reach her husband's side by any other means, she

[1] The Emperor Francis, though married four times, left children by his second wife only, Theresa, daughter of Queen Caroline of Naples.

had better make a rope of her bedclothes some night and drop out of the window.

In November the great Congress of Vienna opened, and Marie Louise found it very hard to be obliged to live in retirement at Schönbrunn when all these gay doings were afoot. Many of the distinguished visitors waited upon her, however, curious to see the wife and child of the man whose confinement alone procured them any sense of security.

The Comte de la Garde[1] gives an account of his visit to Schönbrunn, made in company with the Prince de Ligne:

"As we passed through the courtyards, which are exceedingly spacious, the Prince pointed out to me the spot where a young political fanatic attempted to assassinate Napoleon, about the time of the battle of Wagram. . . . We proceeded to the apartments of Madame de Montesquieu, who received us with the most lady-like politeness. As soon as we entered the young Prince jumped from the chair in which he was sitting, and ran to embrace the Prince de Ligne. He was certainly the loveliest child imaginable. His brilliant complexion, his bright, intelligent eyes, his beautiful fair hair, falling in large curls over his shoulders, all rendered him an admirable subject for the elegant pencil of Isabey. . . . We stepped up to Isabey, who had nearly finished the portrait. The likeness was striking, and the picture possessed all

[1] See p. 260.

the grace which characterized the works of that distinguished artist. It was this same miniature which Isabey presented to Napoleon on his return from Elba in 1815."[1]

Another day, when going for a walk on the ramparts, the Comte de la Garde was attracted by a crowd, which he found on inquiry had assembled to watch for Marie Louise, who was calling upon the Empress of Russia. He comments upon the commendable feeling of reserve which, in the "peculiar delicacy of her situation," prevented her from taking part in any of the festivities by which the potentates were celebrating the downfall of her husband. As a fact, however, the ex-Empress would dearly have loved to enter into all the gaieties. Reserve or delicacy of feeling were so foreign to her shallow nature that, prevented by a bare sense of decency from participating openly, she on one occasion posted herself in a screened gallery in the Hofburg, from whence she could observe one of the grand fêtes given to the Congress. The hall was the same in which the magnificent ceremony of her betrothal had taken place a few short years before, while among the guests she could distinguish Eugene de Beauharnais, Josephine's son.

No one seemed to discover any impropriety in her behavior, and indeed the Comte de la Garde, on the occasion alluded to above, heard some of the crowd

[1] *Memoirs of the Comte de la Garde.*

murmur disapproving remarks about the Imperial arms of France, which still appeared on the carriage and the liveries of the ex-Empress; and he notes that from that day the arms and livery were changed.

The universal feeling appears to have been that her marriage was a sort of political alliance, consummated wholly for the good of the State, and of no force whatever when its usefulness was done.

To no one indeed does the news of Napoleon's escape, in the following March, appear to have brought greater dismay than to his wife. She instantly sat down and wrote to the Congress, assuring them that she knew nothing of it, and that she confided herself and her son wholly to the protection of the Allies; then, hardly has the letter gone when she is quite distracted at the thought that, after all, she may have ranged herself on the losing side. Napoleon at large, with all France rising to acclaim him, might yet hold the best cards. Fortune favored her, however, and the sympathetic Viennese gave her a beautiful serenade at Schönbrunn to celebrate her husband's final overthrow at Waterloo. Her future had been provided for by the Congress, which gave to her the Duchies of Parma, Plaisance and Guastella for life, on the trifling condition that she should leave her son at Vienna. Accordingly, accompanied by Count Neipperg, with whom she later contracted a morganatic marriage, she departed very contentedly for Parma.

It was now but little more than a year since Napo-

leon had written to his brother Joseph that he had rather have his son's throat cut than that he should be brought up at Vienna as an Austrian Prince, adding that he had so high an opinion of the Empress as to feel sure that she shared these views, "as far as a woman and a mother can." But just what he most feared and dreaded had already come to pass.

"Oui, l'aigle un soir planait aux voûtes éternelles,
Lorsq'un grand coup de vent lui cassa les deux ailes;
Sa chute fit dans l'air un foudroyant sillon;
Tous alors sur son nid fondirent pleins de joie;
Chacun selon ses dents se partagea la proie;
L'Angleterre prit l'aigle, et l'Autriche l'aiglon!"[1]

After six years of confinement on the island of St. Helena, Napoleon died there of cancer May 5, 1821; while the Duke of Reichstadt did not survive his twenty-second year, dying on the 22d of July, 1832, at Schönbrunn, in the same room that his father had occupied in 1809.

As for Marie Louise, she lived happily with Count Neipperg until his death, in 1829, and shortly after this event she married her father's chamberlain, Charles-René de Bombelles, a member of a French family which had been conspicuous for its devotion to the House of Bourbon and its detestation of Napoleon.

It was at Schönbrunn that one of the many tragedies, which during the nineteenth century have shad-

[1] "Napoleon II.," in *Les Chants du Crépuscule.* Victor Hugo.

owed the Imperial House of Austria, occurred in the death of the adored daughter of the Archduke Albert, uncle to the present Emperor. There had been some indications that the young Archduchess's lungs were weak, and she had therefore been forbidden to smoke cigarettes, an indulgence to which she was much addicted. One evening, however, she disobeyed orders, and was leaning out of her window, in a light dinner dress, enjoying the stolen treat, when the sudden appearance of her father in the garden below caused her to hide the still lighted cigarette behind her. In a moment her dress had caught fire, and before aid could arrive she was fatally burned. A few days later she died, after horrible suffering.

Of all the magnificent fêtes which Vienna has witnessed, none probably have outshone in splendor that which celebrated the unhappy marriage of the late Crown Prince Rudolph and the Belgian Princess Stephanie.

The road leading from Schönbrunn to the Prater, where a popular festival was to be held, had been hedged in by a dense mass of human beings for many hours before the Imperial cortége set forth. Sixty-two Court equipages held the Court and the royal guests, and when the procession reached the Prater Stern, the crowd became so dense, and the eagerness of the people to catch a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom so intense, that the police were unable to keep a way clear. It was not until the Emperor

The Prater Stern

stood up, and in a good-humored little speech implored the crowds to be reasonable, that the procession was able to proceed.

According to one writer,[1] the Empress Elizabeth was at no pains to conceal the strong repugnance which from the beginning she had felt for this marriage. Her manner throughout the festivities was cold and lifeless, and her demeanor towards the King and Queen of Belgium, and Princess Stephanie, so repellent as to create remark.

During the wedding ceremony in the Burg Kappelle (May 10, 1881), this writer states that the Empress actually so completely lost control of herself as to break into a violent fit of weeping—a most extraordinary lapse for one schooled in the severe etiquette of the Austrian Court.

The marriage did indeed prove to be a most unhappy one, and eight years later (January 30, 1889) the Crown Prince Rudolph was found dead at his hunting-lodge of Meyerling, beside the lifeless body of Baronne Marie Vetsera, the young and very beautiful daughter of an Austrian nobleman, whom he had met about a year before, and with whom he had fallen violently in love. The mystery enveloping this double tragedy has never been cleared up. It is surmised that the unfortunate lady, having swallowed a dose of poison which she had concealed about her person, died in the Crown Prince's arms, and that he

[1] The author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress.*

then in despair shot himself. This event, coming as it did on top of a long series of griefs and disappointments, broke the Empress's heart.

When, a high-spirited and sensitive girl of seventeen, she came to Vienna as a bride, the treatment she received at the hands of her mother-in-law, Archduchess Sophie, and later from her sister-in-law, Archduchess Carlotta (afterwards Empress of Mexico), so embittered her, that she gradually came to adopt that attitude of icy reserve which was the cause of most of her unpopularity.

The execution of the Emperor's brother, Archduke Maximilian, in Mexico (1867);[1] the insanity and suicide, in the Stahrenberg Lake, of her cousin, King Louis of Bavaria (June, 1886); the death of her sister, the Duchess d'Alençon, at the Charity Bazaar fire, in Paris, in 1896; and, more than all, the humiliating tragedy of her only son's death, would have completely crushed any less intrepid spirit than that with which nature, in addition to her other wonderful gifts, had endowed the Empress Elizabeth. As it was, she sought by change of scene and environment, to dull the gnawing pain at her heart, and wandered restlessly from place to place, until at last, in 1898, a stupid, senseless crime brought her the long-coveted peace.

The Empress was traveling incognita in Switzerland; with her attendants she had occupied a suite of

[1] See p. 306.

rooms in the Hotel Beau Rivage, in Geneva, on the night of Friday, September 9. On the following morning, as she was about to embark for Montreux, upon one of the steamers that ply up and down the lake, an Italian anarchist, named Luccheni, leaped upon her and stabbed her in the breast. The Empress almost immediately lost consciousness, and expired in a few hours.

Four years have elapsed since this crowning tragedy involved the "Fated House of Habsburg." Three months after the Empress's death, Francis Joseph celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his accession—fifty years which have brought to pass marvelous changes in the policy and administration of the Austrian government. For the first ten years of his reign the young Emperor struggled, as his grandfather's uncle, Joseph II., had struggled before him, to establish a system of centralization, and to lay down in Vienna hard and fast rules for the control of all the varying peoples that dwell within his realm; and he failed, just as Joseph II. had failed. During the succeeding nine years various compromises were tried, but with no success; and then, in 1867, the new policy was adopted. Hungary was granted something like independence; the Emperor and Empress were crowned King and Queen of Hungary, and, with the *Ausgleich*,[1] the Austrian Empire became the Dual Monarchy.

[1] See p. 64.

Bohemia next brought forward her claim to be restored to her ancient rights, as had been done in the case of Hungary, and the Emperor actually issued a proclamation, in 1871, promising to acknowledge these, and to submit to be crowned at Prague as King of Bohemia. So threatening was the excitement among the anti-Slavites, however, when this proclamation appeared, that it was never carried into effect, and the Bohemian question remains to-day one of the most puzzling of the many unsolved problems with which the successor[1] of Francis Joseph will be confronted.

Among these problems, that of the very survival of the State is not the least conspicuous.

Whether, as one recent writer asserts, the presence of an Austrian Empire is of such vital necessity to the well-being of Europe that, "did she not exist it would be necessary to invent her," or whether, when the overmastering personality of the present Emperor is once removed, she will fly asunder, to be devoured by her greedy neighbors, as others would have us believe, is a question to which no convincing solution has as yet been offered.

[1] Francis (born December 18, 1863), son of Archduke Charles Louis, brother to the Emperor, has, since the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph without male issue, been heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN AUSTRIAN HISTORY FROM THE RISE OF THE HABSBURGS TO THE PRESENT DAY.

Note.—In the following table the Emperors are distinguished by Roman numerals; those Habsburg rulers who bore the same name, and were never Emperor, are distinguished by Arabic numerals.

RUDOLPH I., Count of Habsburg, 1273–1291.

1273. Elected Emperor.

1275–1276. Wars with Otakar, King of Bohemia; siege and capture of Vienna; subjugation of Otakar.

1278. Fresh outbreak of war; battle of the Marchfeld; final overthrow and death of Otakar.

1291. Death of Rupert.

Rudolph I. married [1] Gertrude Anne, Countess of Hohenberg, by whom he had three sons and seven daughters; [2] Agnes of Burgundy.

His second son Hartman, and his third son Rudolph (2), Duke of Austria, predeceased him.

ALBERT I., 1291–1308, eldest son of Rudolph I. and Gertrude Anne of Hohenberg.

1298. Elected Emperor, and crowned at Aix la Chapelle.

1308. Murdered by his nephew John.

Albert I. married Elizabeth of Carinthia, by whom he had twenty children, ten of whom—six sons and four daughters—survived their infancy.

Rudolph (3), King of Bohemia, the eldest son of Albert I., married Blanche, daughter of Philippe le Bel, King of France, and died in 1307.

FREDERICK THE HANDSOME, 1308–1330.

LEOPOLD (1), THE GLORY OF KNIGHTHOOD, 1308–1326.

Sons of Albert I. and Elizabeth of Carinthia.

1308. Frederick succeeds to the Austrian provinces. Leopold succeeds to Suabia, Alsace and Switzerland.

1315. Struggles with the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, and with the Swiss Cantons; decisive victory of the Swiss at Morgarten.

1322. Battle of Muhldorf; total defeat and capture of Frederick by the Emperor Louis.

1326. Death of Leopold at Strasburg.

1330. Death of Frederick at the Castle of Gullenstein.

Frederick married Isabella of Arragon, and left one daughter, who married John, Count of Goritz.

Leopold married Catharine of Savoy, by whom he had two daughters; Catharine, the eldest, married Enguerraud VI. de Coucy.

ALBERT (2) THE WISE, 1326–1358.

OTTO THE BOLD, 1327–1339.

Sons of Albert I. and Elizabeth of Carinthia.

1339. Death of Otto.

1352. War with the Swiss Cantons belonging to the League. The Peace of Brandenburg.

1358. Death of Albert at Vienna.

Otto married [1] Elizabeth of Bavaria, by whom he had two sons, both of whom died shortly after their father; [2] Anne of Bohemia.

Albert (2) married Joanna of Ferret, by whom he had four sons and two daughters.

RUDOLPH (4), THE FOUNDER, 1358–1365, son of Albert the Wise and Joanna of Ferret.

1359. Nave and south tower of St. Stephan's Church restored.
1364. Acquisition of the Tyrol.
1365. The University of Vienna endowed.
Death of Rudolph in Italy.
Rudolph (4) married Catharine, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., and died without issue. He was the first to assume the title of Archduke, which was later secured to the House of Habsburg by the Emperor Frederick III. (1440–1493). He had scientific and antiquarian tastes, and greatly increased the power and importance of his house.

ALBERT (3), 1365–1395.

LEOPOLD (2), 1370–1386.

Sons of Albert the Wise and Joanna of Ferret.

1369. Final annexation of the Tyrol by the House of Austria.
1375. Invasion of Alsace and Switzerland by Enguerrand VII. de Coucy, at the head of forty thousand men, six thousand of whom were English. De Coucy had married a daughter of Edward III. of England.
1382. Acquisition of Trieste.
1385. Dissatisfaction in Switzerland.
1386. Battle of Sempach; the Austrians totally defeated by the Swiss Leaguers of Lucerne, Zug, Zurich and the Three Forest Cantons (Uri, Schweitz and Nidwald). Leopold (2) killed.

1388. Defeat of the Austrians at Näfels by the men of Glarus and Schweitz.

1395. Death of Albèrt at Laxendorf.

Albert (3) married [1] Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV.; [2] Beatrice of Nuremberg, by whom he had one son, Albert. He was a peaceable Prince, fond of the study of theology, and interested in horticulture.

Leopold (2) married [1] Catharine of Goritz; [2] Virida, daughter of Barnabas Visconti, Duke of Milan, by whom he had four sons and a daughter.

ALBERT (4), 1395–1404, son of Albert (3) and Beatrice of Nuremberg.

WILLIAM, 1390 (*circa*)–1406.
LEOPOLD (3), 1390 (*circa*)–1411).
Sons of Leopold (2) and Virida Visconti.

1404. Death of Albert (4) of poison, administered at an entertainment given by a Moravian chieftain.

1406. Death of William.

1407. Frederick and Ernest, younger sons of Leopold (2) and Virida Visconti, demand a share in the government.

1411. Death of Leopold (3).

Albert (4), "the pious son of a pious father," married Joanna, daughter of the Duke of Holland and Zealand, by whom he had one son, Albert, and a daughter.

William married Joanna, daughter of the King of Hungary; he died without issue.

Leopold (3) married Catharine, daughter of Philip the Wise, Duke of Burgundy; he died without issue.

ALBERT II., 1411–1439, son of Albert (4) and Joanna, daughter of the Duke of Holland and Zealand. He succeeded to his father's dominions at the age of fifteen.

1415. John Huss burned alive at the Council of Constance.

1415–1435. Struggles between the Emperor Sigismund and the Hussites of Bohemia; Albert assists the Emperor.

1417. The Great Schism.

1431. Council of Basle.

1437. Albert acknowledged King of Hungary and Bohemia.
Death of the Emperor Sigismund.

1438. Albert elected Emperor.

With the exceptions of Charles VII. and Francis I. all the succeeding Emperors were Habsburgs.

Invasion of Servia by the Turks; Albert goes to the assistance of the Hungarians; sickness in both camps; retreat of the Turks.

1439. Death of Albert.
Albert II. married Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Sigismund, by whom he had two daughters and one posthumous son, Ladislaus. Albert was a Prince of unusual ability, judgment and integrity. His reign forms a brilliant epoch in the history of his House.

LADISLAUS POSTHUMOUS, 1440–1457, son of Albert II. and Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Sigismund.

1440. Crowned King of Hungary at Alba Regia, "on the bosom of his mother." Committed to the guardianship of Frederick, Duke of Styria, a descendant, as well as himself, of Albert (2) the Wise.
The Duke of Styria elected Emperor, with the title of Frederick III.

1451. Frederick III. goes to Rome to be crowned by Pope Eugenius, taking Ladislaus with him.
Æneas Sylvius becomes the young King's instructor.

1452. John Hunniades, George Podiebrad and the Count of Cilli appointed Regents

1453. Constantinople captured by the Turks under Mahomet II.
Death of Constantine, the last of the Emperors of the East.

1454–1455. Turkish invasions of Hungary.

1455. Defeat of the Turks at Belgrade by Hunniades.
Death of Hunniades.

1457. Ladislaus Corvinus, son of John Hunniades, treacherously put to death at Buda by Ladislaus Posthumous.
Death of Ladislaus Posthumous on the eve of his marriage with Magdalen, daughter of Charles VII. of France.

With the death of Ladislaus Posthumous the Line of Albert (3), son of Albert (2) the Wise, became extinct. The Line of Tyrol, founded by Frederick, eldest son of Leopold (2), brother of Albert (3), terminated with the death, in 1496, of the feeble and incapable Sigismund, Count of Tyrol, under whom the last of the Swiss possessions were lost to the House of Austria.

The Austrian succession was then reduced to the Styrian Line, founded by Ernest, Duke of Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, etc., fourth son of Leopold (2), and uncle of Sigismund.

Ernest married [2] Cymburga of Poland, from whom the "Habsburg Lip" is said to have been derived.

FREDERICK III., 1440–1493.

ALBERT (5), 1458–1463.

Sons of Ernest, Duke of Styria, and Cymburga of Poland.

SIGISMUND, 1458–1492, son of Frederick (2) of Tyrol and Anne, daughter of the Emperor Frederick II.

1458. Lower Austria assigned to the Emperor Frederick III. (of the Styrian Line); Upper Austria to his brother Albert; and a part of Carinthia to Sigismund, Count of Tyrol. Vienna to be their joint place of residence.
George Podiebrad chosen King of Bohemia.

1459. Matthias Corvinus, son of John Hunniades, chosen King of Hungary.

1460. War with Hungary.

1462–1463. Civil Wars. The Emperor, with his wife and son, besieged in the citadel of Vienna, by his brother Albert.

1463. Death of Albert.

1464. Death of Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius).
1471. Invasion by the Turks.
1473. Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick, affianced to Princess Mary of Burgundy at Treves.
1477. Invasion of Lower Austria and siege of Vienna by Matthias Corvinus.
Marriage of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy.
1479. Hostilities between Maximilian and Louis XI. of France.
1482. Death of Mary of Burgundy.
1486. Maximilian elected King of the Romans (*i. e.*, heir to the Imperial dignity).
1488. The Netherlanders, who, since the death of their Princess, Mary of Burgundy, had been restless under the authority of Maximilian, break out in open rebellion. Maximilian seized by the people of Bruges and kept in confinement; some of the Ministers put to death; others exiled.
Maximilian released on the approach of an army raised by the Emperor.
Peace established in the Netherlands.
1490. Death of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary.
Ladislaus, King of Bohemia, chosen King of Hungary.
1491. Restoration of the Austrian Territories, conquered by Matthias, to the House of Habsburg.
1492. Withdrawal of the Emperor Frederick from public affairs.
1496 Death of Sigismund.
1493. Death of Frederick, aged seventy-eight.

Frederick III. married Eleanora of Portugal, by whom he had a son, Maximilian, and a daughter, Cunigunda, who married Albert, Duke of Bavaria. Frederick reigned as Emperor fifty-three years, the longest reign since that of Augustus. Under him the Empire reached its lowest state of degradation, while the House of Habsburg became more powerful than ever before. He was the last Emperor to go to Rome to be crowned.

1493. Albert (5) married Matilda, daughter of the Elector Palatine. He died without issue.
Sigismund married [1] Eleanora, daughter of James II. of Scotland; [2] Catharine of Saxony. He died without issue.

MAXIMILIAN I., 1493–1519, son of Frederick III. and Eleanora of Portugal.

1494. Marriage of Maximilian to Bianca Maria.
Philip the Handsome, son of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, assumes the government of the Low Countries.
1496. Marriage of Philip and Joanna, Infanta of Spain.
1499. Struggles with the Swiss Cantons.
1500. The Swiss Confederacy obtains a treaty acknowledging its independence of the Empire and immunity from Imperial taxation.
1504. Death of Isabella of Castile. Joanna (her daughter) and Philip proclaimed sovereigns of Castile, with Ferdinand, husband of Isabella, as Regent.
1506. Death of Philip, leaving two sons and three infant daughters.
1515. Charles, eldest son of Philip, assumes the government of the Low Countries.
Ferdinand, second son of Philip, and his sister Mary, betrothed to Anne and Louis, daughter and son of Ladislaus, King of Bohemia and Hungary.
1516. Death of Ferdinand, King of Arragon and Regent of Castile. His grandson Charles assumes the government of the entire Spanish monarchy.
1517. Luther affixes his ninety-five propositions to the door of the Wittemberg church.
1519. Death of Maximilian, at Wels.
Maximilian married [1] Mary, daughter of Philip the Bold of Burgundy. This marriage brought the Nether-

lands to the House of Austria. He left by her a son, Philip, who predeceased him, and a daughter, Margaret.

Philip the Handsome, son of Maximilian I. and Mary of Burgundy, married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon and Castile. By her he left two sons, Charles and Ferdinand, both of whom succeeded, and four daughters: Eleanora, who married [1] Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and [2] Francis I. of France; Isabella, who married Christian II the Bad, King of Denmark; Mary, who married Louis II., King of Hungary and Bohemia, who was killed in 1526 (after the death of her Aunt Margaret, Mary became Regent of the Netherlands); and Catharine, who married John III., King of Portugal.

Margaret, daughter of Maximilian I. and Mary of Burgundy, married [1] John, son of Ferdinand and Isabella, who shortly died; and [2] Philibert II. of Savoy. After the death of her second husband and her brother Philip, Margaret became Regent of the Netherlands. She died in 1530. Maximilian married [2] Bianca Maria, daughter of Galeas Sforza, Duke of Milan, by whom he had no issue. By the marriage of Philip and Joanna, Spain was acquired by the House of Austria; and by the marriage of their son Ferdinand and their daughter Mary to the son and daughter of Ladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia, those two countries were added to the Austrian possessions. Under Maximilian the Empire was divided into ten districts, or circles, each with a Diet, a Director for the maintenance of order, and a Military Governor, or Colonel. Maximilian also established the tribunal which later went by the name of the Aulic Council.[1]

[1] The Aulic Council was a Supreme Court, which, dissolving on the death of each Emperor (of the Old German—Holy Roman—Empire), was re-created by his successor. With the abdication of Francis II. and the end of the Empire, in 1806, it ceased to exist. Since then the term has been applied to the Imperial Council of War of Austria, the members of Provincial Chanceries being called Aulic Councilors.

CHARLES V., 1519–1556.

FERDINAND I., 1521–1564.

Sons of Philip the Handsome and Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon and Castile.

1519. Charles elected Emperor.

1520. Crowned Emperor at Aix la Chapelle.
Capture of Belgrade by the Turks.
Publication of a Bull, the "Execrable Bull of Antichrist," by Leo X., condemning the teachings of Luther.
The Bull, and other decrees of the Pope, publicly burned by Luther at Wittemberg.

1521. Diet of Worms. Charles summons Luther to appear and furnishes a safe conduct.
The Edict of Worms.
Luther concealed in the Castle of Wartburgh by Frederick, the Elector of Saxony.
Austria, Styria, Carniola and Carinthia ceded by Charles to his brother Ferdinand.
Marriage of the Archduchess Mary and Louis, King of Hungary and Bohemia.

1522. Tyrol, and the Suabian and Alsatian Territories, ceded to Ferdinand.
The Spanish-German army defeats the French near Milan.
Marriage of Ferdinand and Anne of Hungary and Bohemia.

1525. Battle of Pavia; total defeat of the French and capture of King Francis I. by the Spanish and German forces, under Colonna, Pescara (husband of Vittoria Colonna) and Frundsberg, Commander of the German Lansquenets.

1526. The Turks, under Solyman II. the Magnificent, win a great victory over the Hungarians, at Mohatz, August 29.
Death of Ladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia. Buda and Pesth surrendered to the Turks.
Ferdinand elected King of Hungary and Bohemia.

1529. A majority of the Diet of Spire (Ferdinand presiding) repeals a decree of religious toleration enacted by the former Diet of Spire (1526). The Lutheran minority publishes a formal Dissent or Protest, from whence the name Protestants.

1530. Charles receives the crowns of the Empire and of Lombardy from Pope Clement VII. at Bologna.
Diet of Augsburg. The Protestants present the Confession of Augsburg, composed by Luther and drawn up by Melancthon. The Protestants form a League at Smalkalde.

1531. Ferdinand elected King of the Romans.

1532. Fresh invasion by the Turks. Gallant resistance of the town of Guntz. Solyman forced to raise the siege, and two months later to retreat.

1543. Philip, only son of the Emperor Charles V., married [1] to Maria, daughter of John III. of Portugal.

1545. Opening of the Council of Trent ordered by a Bull of Paul III.

1546. Death of Luther.
War between the Imperial troops and the Protestant League of Smalkalde. The League crushed.

1548. Marriage of Maximilian, son of Ferdinand I., and his cousin Mary, daughter of Charles V.

1552. Insurrection, headed by the Protestant Maurice of Saxony, aided by the Margrave of Bradenburgh and Henry II. of France.
Council of Trent hastily suspended for two years, "in consequence of the perils of war."
Pacification of Passau.

1554. Philip married [2] to Mary, Queen of England.

1555. Diet at Augsburg. Toleration won by the Protestants.
Death of Joanna, mother of the Emperor Charles V.
Charles abdicates from the government of the Netherlands in favor of his son Philip.

1556. Charles resigns the crown of Spain to his son Philip and retires to the Convent of St. Justus, near Placentia.

1558. Death of the Emperor Charles V. on September 21.
Ferdinand I., as King of the Romans, succeeds to the Imperial dignity, resigned two years earlier by his brother Charles.

1560. Council of Trent re-convoked by Bull of Pius IV.

1562. Seventeenth session of the Council of Trent opened on the 18th of January.
Maximilian, son of Ferdinand I., elected King of the Romans and crowned King of Bohemia.

1563. Twenty-fifth and last session of the Council of Trent.

1564. Death of Ferdinand.

Charles V. married (1526) the beautiful Princess Isabella of Portugal. He was devotedly fond of her, and after her death (1539) he refused to marry again. Charles left by his wife Isabella a son (Philip II of Spain), who succeeded him in the crowns of the Two Sicilies and of Spain and in the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and two daughters, Mary and Joanna.

Philip married [1] (1543), Maria, daughter of John III. of Portugal; [2] (1554), Mary, Queen of England; [3] (1560), Isabella, daughter of Henry II. of France; [4] (1570), Anne, daughter of his first cousin, the Emperor Maximilian by Philip's sister Mary.

Don Carlos, son of Philip and Maria of Portugal, became deeply incensed with his father because of the latter twice supplanting him; first, by marrying the beautiful Princess Isabella of France, whom Carlos was to have married; and then Anne of Austria, who although but twenty-one, his cousin and niece, and the destined bride of his son, Philip took for his fourth wife. Don Carlos exhibiting leanings towards the reformed religion, his father himself arrested him in the middle of the night and handed him over to the Inquisition. He was condemned for heresy and exe-

cuted. By Queen Mary Philip had no children; by Isabella of France he had two daughters, and by Anne of Austria he had Philip (III. of Spain), who succeeded him. Mary, daughter of the Emperor Charles V., married her cousin Maximilian (son of Ferdinand I.), afterwards the Emperor Maximilian II. Joanna married John of Portugal; her son, King Sebastian, was killed at the battle of Alcazar (1578).

Charles V. was the most powerful Prince of the House of Habsburg. He is described as having combined "the phlegm of Frederick III., the address and intrepidity of Maximilian I., the vigor, policy and duplicity of Ferdinand I., the Catholic, and the personal qualifications of his father Philip," this last being a reference to his handsome face and figure. He united under his sole rule the Netherlands, the Spanish monarchy and the Austrian dominions (the last he ceded, however, to his brother Ferdinand), besides being Emperor, and King of Lombardy. The last years of his life were clouded by the constitutional melancholy inherited from his imbecile mother, Joanna of Spain, and by the undutiful conduct of his son Philip.

Among the natural children of Charles V. was Don Juan d'Austria, the famous victor in the battle of Lepanto (October, 1571) against the Moors of Granada. One of the most romantic schemes of his short but adventurous life was a plot to effect the deliverance of Mary, Queen of Scots, whereby he hoped to acquire the crown of Scotland, and ultimately that of England. He died at the age of thirty-three.

Margaret of Austria, also a natural child of Charles V., was one of the most brilliant and accomplished women of her time. She married [1] Alexander di Medici, and [2] Octavio Farnese, by whom she had a son, the celebrated Alexander Farnese. She was appointed Governor of the Netherlands by her brother Philip, but resigned in 1564 in favor of the Duke of Alva.

Ferdinand I. received Austria, Styria, Carniola and Carinthia from his brother, the Emperor Charles V., in 1521, and Tyrol and the Suabian and Alsatian territories in the following year. On the death of Ladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia (1526), Ferdinand was elected to succeed him. He was elected King of the Romans in 1531, and succeeded his brother Charles as Emperor in 1558. He was betrothed in his boyhood to Anne, daughter of Ladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the marriage taking place in his twenty-third year. By her he had fifteen children. Three sons and nine daughters grew up. The three sons (Maximilian, Ferdinand and Charles) founded respectively the Houses of Austria, Tyrol and Styria. Maximilian succeeded his father.

Ferdinand made a morganatic marriage with Philippa Welser, an Augsburg lady of extraordinary beauty.

Charles was proposed by Melville as a husband for Mary, Queen of Scots, and later a match was suggested between him and Queen Elizabeth. Both of these negotiations failing, he married Maria, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria. His eldest son, Ferdinand, eventually succeeded to the Austrian possessions and the Imperial Crown as Ferdinand II.

Ferdinand I., though warmly and sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, was not bigoted or intolerant. He labored earnestly to induce a reformation of the chief abuses and scandals in the Church, and to reconcile the Protestant bodies. He especially advocated a married clergy, and the granting of the chalice to the laity. On his accession, the haughty and overbearing position taken by the Pope, Paul IV., led to a revolt from the Papal authority, and from thenceforward it was declared unnecessary that the Imperial Crown should be received at the hands of the Pope.

Ferdinand was well educated, kindly, generous, a faithful and devoted husband, and a conscientious and able ruler.

MAXIMILIAN II., 1564–1576, eldest son of Ferdinand I. and Anne of Hungary and Bohemia.

1564. Maximilian succeeds to the Austrian dominions on the death of his father.

The Duke of Alva succeeds Princess Margaret of Austria as Governor of the Netherlands.

1566. Fresh invasion of Hungary by the Turks. The small town of Zigeth, with a garrison of fifteen hundred, holds out for thirty-one days against the entire Ottoman army. It is finally taken and the garrison annihilated, the Turks losing twenty thousand men and their Sultan Solyman, who died of fatigue and malaria.

1567. Treaty of peace concluded between Maximilian and the Sultan Selim.

1572. Rudolph, eldest son of Maximilian, crowned King of Hungary.

Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24th.

1575. Rudolph crowned King of Bohemia.

Rudolph elected King of the Romans.

1576. Death of Maximilian.

Maximilian II. had a strong predilection for the reformed faith, but he never left the communion of the Church of Rome. He renewed the efforts of his father to procure a married clergy and the administration of the communion in both kinds to the people. He was the most popular and beloved sovereign of the entire House of Habsburg. He strongly deprecated the harsh measures adopted by the Spanish and French sovereigns against the Protestants, and referred to the St. Bartholomew Massacre as a "foul deed" and "infamous slaughter." "Let Spain and France do as they like," he writes. "They will have to answer for it to God, the just Judge."

By his wife Mary, daughter of Charles V., Maximilian had sixteen children, of whom six sons and three daughters lived to maturity. Rudolph and Matthias succeeded in turn to the Austrian dominions. Anne married Philip II. of Spain (her cousin and uncle), and Elizabeth married Charles IX. of France.

RUDOLPH II., 1576–1612, eldest son of Maximilian II. and Mary of Spain.

1592–1604. Repeated invasions by the Turks.

Ferdinand of Styria, afterwards Ferdinand II., married [1] to Maria Anne of Bavaria.

1603. Hungarian rebellion, headed by Stephen Botskai.

1606. "The Family Treaty of Vienna," an agreement entered into by Matthias and Maximilian, brothers of Rudolph, and their cousins Ferdinand and Maximilian, of the Styrian Line, to force Rudolph to abdicate from the government of Austria and Hungary, on the score of his insanity.

1609. Rudolph grants the "Magestäts-Brief," an assurance of religious liberty to the Protestants.

1611. Rudolph forced to resign the crown of Bohemia to his brother Matthias.

Matthias married to Anne, daughter of Ferdinand of Tyrol.

1612. Death of Rudolph at Prague.

Rudolph's peculiarities amounted to insanity. He remained shut up in his palace at Prague for months at a time, refusing to see any one. He had a constant apprehension of assassination, was moody and at times violent. He took no interest in public affairs, but was an enthusiastic and discriminating collector of sculpture, paintings, minerals, coins and objects of natural history.

Rudolph never married, though he entered into negotia-

tions with a number of princely houses with that end in view. Marie de Medici, later wife of Henry IV. of France, was one of his projected brides.

MATTHIAS, 1612–1619, son of Maximilian II. and Mary of Spain.

1612. Matthias elected Emperor and crowned at Frankfort.

1616. Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, cousin of Matthias, crowned King of Bohemia.

1618. Assembly of Protestants at Prague, under the leadership of Count Thurn, to consider the recent suspension of Protestant worship in Bohemia.

The "Defenestratio Pragensis."

Arrest of Matthias's chief adviser, Cardinal Clesel, by order of Ferdinand.

Outbreak of the Thirty Years War.

1619. Ferdinand crowned King of Hungary.

Death of Matthias.

Matthias, having supplanted his brother Rudolph, was himself supplanted in turn by his cousin Ferdinand. He died, deserted by every one. By his wife Anne, daughter of Ferdinand of Tyrol, he had no issue.

FERDINAND II., 1619–1637, son of Charles, Duke of Styria, and Maria of Bavaria.

1619. Vienna besieged by the Protestant insurgents, under Count Thurn.

Ferdinand sends his family to the Tyrol, and remains in the Hofburg.

Count Thurn, obliged to raise the siege, retires to Prague.

A Diet at Prague declares that Ferdinand has forfeited the crown of Bohemia, and elects Frederick, Elector Palatine of Bavaria, to succeed him.

Ferdinand elected Emperor.

1620. Battle of the White Mountain (November 8). The Bohemian revolt crushed.

1622. Ferdinand married [2] to Eleanora Gonzaga of Mantua.

1625. Wallenstein raises an army of fifty thousand men.
Ferdinand's son crowned King of Hungary.

1626. Death of Mansfeld at Zara.

1629. "Edict of Restitution" (6th of March). A measure for the extermination of all Protestants.
The Emperor induced to dismiss Wallenstein and order the disbanding of his army.
Suspension of the "Edict of Restitution."

1630. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden lands in Germany with a force of fifteen thousand men to aid the Protestants of Germany.

1631. The King of Hungary married [1] to Maria Anna of Spain.
Capture and sack of Madgeburg by the Imperialists, under Tilly and Pappenheim (20th of May); upwards of twenty thousand of the inhabitants massacred.
Battle of Breitenfeld (or Leipsic); complete victory won by Gustavus Adolphus over Tilly and Pappenheim (17th of September).

1632. Death of Tilly.
Wallenstein recalled.
Battle of Lützen (6th of November); defeat of the Imperialists under Wallenstein. Gustavus Adolphus killed.

1634. Wallenstein assassinated at Eger (25th of February).
Battle of Nördlingen (6th of September); decisive victory of the Imperialists, under the Emperor's son, the King of Hungary, afterwards Ferdinand III., over the Swedes.

1636. The King of Hungary elected King of the Romans.

1637. Death of Ferdinand, February 15.

The entire reign of Ferdinand II. was distracted by religious wars. Ferdinand's naturally fine qualities were perverted by bigotry and intolerance. He was ruled by the

Jesuits, and implacable in his hatred of his Protestant subjects. "Better a desert than a country full of heretics," was his motto.

Ferdinand left by his first wife, Maria Anne of Bavaria, two sons and two daughters: Ferdinand Ernest, who succeeded him, Leopold William, who entered the Church, and at the age of fifteen had already received fifteen rich benefices, he was an art collector and the patron of Teniers; Mary, married to Maximilian of Bavaria; Cecelia, married to Ladislaus of Poland. By his second wife, Eleanora of Mantua, Ferdinand had no issue.

FERDINAND III., 1637–1657, son of Ferdinand II. and Maria Anne of Bavaria.

1642. Second battle of Leipsic; the Imperialists totally defeated by the Swedes under General Torstenson (November 2).

1644-1648. Negotiations for peace.

1645. Defeat of the Imperial army at Yankovitz by the Swedes under Torstenson (March 16). Vienna threatened.

1646. Ferdinand, eldest son of the Emperor, made King of Bohemia.

1647. Ferdinand, eldest son of the Emperor, crowned King of Hungary.

1648. Surprise of the Little Town (Prague) by the Swedes. Siege of the Old Town (Prague), and final repulse of the Swedes (July 26 to October 25).

The Peace of Westphalia signed August 6. End of the Thirty Years War.

1653. Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, chosen King of the Romans.

1654. Death of the King of the Romans of small-pox.

1655. Leopold, second son of the Emperor, chosen King of Hungary.

1656. Leopold chosen King of Bohemia.

1657. Death of the Emperor Ferdinand.

The reign of Ferdinand III. fell in the most troubled period of the Thirty Years War. It was almost a succession of disasters for Austria. At his death the Austrian dominions had not yet recovered from the laying waste, burning, pillaging and destruction of the recent campaigns, while the flower of the male population had been exterminated.

Ferdinand had by his first wife, Maria Anna of Spain, two sons, Ferdinand, who predeceased him, and Leopold, who succeeded him, and a daughter, Maria, who married Philip IV. of Spain; by his second wife, Maria Leopoldina, Ferdinand left a son, Charles Joseph; by his third wife, Eleanora of Mantua (niece of his stepmother of the same name), he left two daughters.

LEOPOLD I., 1657–1705, son of Ferdinand III. and Maria Anna of Spain.

1658. Leopold elected Emperor and crowned at Frankfort.

1660–1664. Invasions by the Turks.

1664. The Turks, defeated at Raab, conclude a treaty of peace for twenty years.

1666. Leopold married to Margaret, Infanta (by the renunciation of her elder sister) of Spain.

1671. Invasion of the Netherlands by Louis XIV. of France, who claimed them in right of his wife, who had been Infanta of Spain.[1]

1673–1679. Wars with France, Austria aiding Spain and the Netherlands.

Rise of William of Orange.

1678–1687. Revolts in Hungary.

1683. Invasion by the Turks; Vienna besieged; defended by Count Starhemberg; relieved by John Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine.

[1] She was the eldest daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, but on her marriage she and Louis had resigned all claim to the Spanish succession.

1687. Leopold's son Joseph crowned King of Hungary.

1688–1697. Wars with France. Most of the European States combine against France.

1690. Joseph elected King of the Romans.

1697. Brilliant victory over the Turks, under the Sultan, at Zenta, by Prince Eugene (September 11).
Peace of Carlovitz (November 14). Most of Hungary and Slavonia recovered, and Transylvania acquired from the Turks.

1699. Joseph married to Princess Amelia of Hanover.

1700. Death of Charles II. of Spain without issue.

The Spanish Crown was now claimed by: 1. The Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XV.; 2. Ferdinand, electoral Prince of Bavaria; 3. The Emperor Leopold—all of them descended from Philip and Joanna (Infanta of Spain), father and mother of the Emperors Charles V. and Ferdinand I. The King of Spain, four weeks before his death, had, under the influence of the Church, executed a will bequeathing the Spanish territories to the second son of thé Dauphin, the Duke of Anjou.

The Duke of Anjou proclaimed King of Spain with the title of Philip V.

1701. Outbreak of the War of the Spanish Succession.

1702. Alliance between Austria, England and Holland against France.

1703. Charles, second son of Leopold I. (afterwards the Emperor Charles VI.), proclaimed King of Spain at Vienna.
Outbreak of rebellion in Hungary, headed by Francis Ragotsky.

1704. March of Marlborough from the Netherlands to Bavaria.
Decisive victory over the French by the Allies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene at Hochstädt-Blenheim (the battle of Blenheim), August 15.

1705. Death of the Emperor Leopold I.
By his first wife, Margaret Theresa, Infanta of Spain (by the renunciation of her elder sister), Leopold had Maria Antonia, whose son, Ferdinand Joseph, was, until his death

in 1701, a claimant for the Spanish dominions; by his second wife, Claudia Felicitas of Tyrol, Leopold had no issue; by his third wife, Magdalen Theresa of Neuburgh, he left two sons, Joseph and Charles, both of whom succeeded, and three daughters.

JOSEPH I., 1705–1711, eldest son of Leopold I. and Magdalen Theresa of Neuburgh.

1706. Charles, younger brother of Joseph, married to Elizabeth of Brunswick.
1707. Defeat of the Allies by the French, at Almanza, April 25.
1709. Battle of Malplaquet; crushing defeat of the French by the Allies under Prince Eugene and Marlborough, July 9.
1711. Conclusion of the Hungarian rebellion, and exile of Ragotsky.
Death of the Emperor Joseph of small-pox (April 17).
Joseph I. left by his wife, Amelia of Hanover, two daughters, who were obliged by their uncle, Charles VI., to renounce all claim to the Austrian succession.

CHARLES VI., 1711-1740, son of Leopold I. and Magdalen Theresa of Neuburgh.

1711. Charles elected Emperor.
Crowned at Frankfort, December 22.
1712. Crowned King of Hungary.
Issues an edict of religious toleration.
1711–1715. Peace negotiations.
1713. Peace of Utrecht. (By this treaty Great Britain obtained Gibraltar and Minorca.)
1714. Peace treaty of Rastadt.
1715. Treaty of the Barrier; end of the War of the Spanish Succession. Philip V. is confirmed in the possession of Spain and the Indies, with the stipulation that the crowns of France and Spain are never to be held by the same person.

1716. Campaign against the Turks.
Prince Eugene victorious at Carlovitz.

1717. Splendid victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks; capture of Belgrade.
The Quadruple Alliance between Austria, France, Great Britain and the Netherlands acceded to by Philip of Spain, and the treaty signed at the Hague, February 17.

1720. Pragmatic Sanction published securing the Austrian succession to the daughters of Charles VI.

1736. Marriage of Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of Charles VI., and Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, February 12.
Death of Prince Eugene, April 20.

1737–1739. Campaigns against the Turks; Austrian reverses. Belgrade, Servia and Wallachia ceded to the Turks, September, 1739.

1740. Death of the Emperor Charles VI., October 20.
Charles was the fifteenth and last Emperor in direct male line of the House of Habsburg. By his wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick, he left two daughters, Maria Theresa, who succeeded him, and Maria Amelia, who married Prince Charles of Lorraine.

MARIA THERESA, 1740–1780, daughter of Charles VI. and Elizabeth of Brunswick.

1740. Proclaimed Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. Her husband, Francis Stephen of Lorraine, proclaimed co-regent of Hungary.

1741. Coronation of the Queen at Presburg, June 25.
The Elector of Bavaria crowned King of Bohemia.

1742. The Elector of Bavaria elected Emperor; crowned at Frankfort, February 12, with the title of Charles VII.

1743. Bohemia recovered by Austria.
Maria Theresa crowned Queen of Bohemia at Prague, May 12.

1744. France declares war against Great Britain and Austria.

1745. Death of the Emperor Charles VII., at Munich, January 20.
Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, husband of Maria Theresa, elected Emperor September 13; crowned at Frankfort, with the title of Francis I., October 4.

1748. Treaty of peace signed at Aix la Chapelle, by France, England, Holland, Spain, Austria and Sardinia.

1757. Grand Confederacy against Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.
Breaking out of the Seven Years War.
Prague besieged by the Prussians under Frederick.
Victory of Kolin, won by the Austrians, under Field-Marshal Daun. Relief of Prague, May 14.

1758. Victory of Hochkirchen, won by Daun over the Prussians.

1759. Frederick totally defeated by the Russians, under Soltikoff, and the Austrians, under Loudon, August 12.

1760. The war carried into Brandenburgh.
Berlin taken by the Austrians and Russians.
Archduke Joseph married [1] to Isabella of Parma.

1762. Revolution in Russia. Peter III. deposed; his wife, Catharine II., placed on the throne.

1763. Termination of the Seven Years War.
Treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia, signed at Hubertsburgh, February 5.

1764. Archduke Joseph elected King of the Romans.

1765. Archduke Joseph married [2] to Josepha of Bavaria.
Death of the Emperor Francis I., August 18.
Archduke Joseph crowned Emperor.
Archduke Leopold made Grand Duke of Tuscany.

1770. Marriage of the Archduchess Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin of France.

1772. The partition of Poland agreed upon by Prussia, Austria and Russia, Austria's share being a large part of southern Poland, which was annexed under the names of Galicia and Lodomeria.

1778. France declares in favor of the American Colonies.
The Austrian Court refuses to receive the American diplomatic agents, and prohibits all commerce between the Netherlands and the revolting Colonies.

1780. Visit of the Emperor Joseph to Catharine II. of Russia.
Death of the Empress Maria Theresa, November 29. Her forty years' reign is considered the most glorious period in the history of Austria. At the age of twenty-three she succeeded to dominions divided within and threatened from all sides without; with an empty treasury, a depleted army, food alarmingly scarce, a ministry devoid of men of ability, and the Imperial sceptre lost to her house for the first time in three hundred years. At her death she left her son already Emperor, and in undisputed possession of a vast, prosperous and united State. By her husband, Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine—the Emperor Francis I.—she left four sons and five daughters. Joseph and Leopold both succeeded; Ferdinand became Governor of Lombardy and Duke of Modena; Maximilian was Grand Master of the Teutonic Order.

JOSEPH II., 1780–1790, son of the Empress Maria Theresa and the Emperor Francis I.

1781. Edict of Toleration, securing freedom of religious belief to all denominations.

1782. Visit of Pope Pius VI., to remonstrate with Joseph regarding his reforms.

1786. Death of Frederick the Great.

1787–1790. Revolution in the Netherlands.
Successful campaigns against the Turks. Brilliant victories won by Marshal Loudon.

1789. Outbreak of the French Revolution.

1790. Disturbances in Hungary.
Death of the Emperor Joseph, February 20.
Joseph's career was full of disappointments. His great

schemes of reform were ruined by his own ill-judgment, obstinacy and precipitancy in carrying them out; and one after another he was obliged to abandon them all. By his wives, Isabella of Parma and Josepha of Bavaria, he left no issue.

LEOPOLD II., 1790–1792, second son of Maria Theresa and Francis I.

1790. Leopold crowned Emperor, October 9.
Crowned King of Hungary, November 15.

1791. Recovery of the Netherlands.

1792. Death of the Emperor Leopold II., March 1.
Leopold, in the course of his short reign, had succeeded in restoring peace to his distracted dominions, and had entered into an alliance with Prussia against France. By his wife, Maria Louisa of Spain, Leopold left fourteen children—ten sons and four daughters. Francis, the eldest son, succeeded.

FRANCIS II., 1792–1835, son of Leopold II. and Maria Louisa of Spain.

1792. France declares war against Austria, April 20.
Francis crowned Emperor at Frankfort, July 14.
The Tuileries captured and Louis XVI. deposed and imprisoned, August 10.
Royalty abolished and the Republic proclaimed in France, September 21.

1793. Louis XVI. guillotined, January 21.
Grand alliance of the European Powers against France.
Marie Antoinette guillotined, October 16.
Second partition of Poland.

1794. Kosciusko closes the gates of Cracow and declares the insurrection, March 3.
Kosciusko defeated and taken prisoner by the Russians, at Maccowice, October 4.
Battle of Fleurus. The Austrians, under Prince Coburg, badly defeated by the French under General Jourdan June 26.

1795. Death of Robespierre, July 27.
Prussia enters into a treaty of peace with France.
Battle of Loano. Great victory of the French, under Masséna, over the Austrians, November 23.

1796. Triumphant campaign of Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy.
Victories of the Austrians, under Archduke Charles, on the Rhine.

1797. Peace of Campo Formio concluded between France and Austria, October 17.

1799. Second European alliance against France.
Napoleon proclaimed First Consul, November 9.

1800. Napoleon crosses the Alps and wins the victory of Marengo, June 14.
Battle of Hohenlinden. The French win a decisive victory over the Austrians, December 3.

1801. Peace of Luneville concluded between France and Austria, February 9.

1803. Fresh outbreak of hostilities between France and England in May.

1804. Napoleon proclaimed Emperor, May 18.
The Emperor Francis II. assumes the title of Emperor of Austria (Francis I.), August 11.

1805. Fresh alliance between the European Powers against France.
Surrender of the Austrian forces, under General Mack, at Ulm, to Napoleon, October 20.
Napoleon enters Vienna, November 13.
Battle of Austerlitz. The Allies totally defeated by Napoleon, December 2.
The Peace of Presburg concluded between Austria and France, December 26.

1806. The Confederation of the Rhine (*Rheinbund*).
Francis II. abdicates as German Emperor, August 6. The end of the Holy Roman Empire.

1808. A decree published by the Austrian Government, instituting a *landwehr*, or militia, by conscription, in June.

1809. Fresh outbreak of hostilities between Austria and France.
Rising in Tyrol against the French, headed by Andreas Hofer
Battle of Eckmühl. Archduke Charles completely defeated by Napoleon, April 20.
Battle of Ratisbon. Napoleon again defeats the Austrians, April 23.
Napoleon's second occupation of Vienna, May 12.
Battle of Aspern; great victory, won by the Austrians, under Archduke Charles, over Napoleon, close to Vienna, May 21–22.
Battle of Wagram. The Austrians completely defeated, July 5–6.
Fresh outbreak in Tyrol.
Peace of Vienna concluded, October 14.

1810. Prince Clement Metternich becomes Chancellor of the Empire and Minister for Foreign Affairs.
French victories in Tyrol. Andreas Hofer court-martialed and shot, February 20.
Marriage of Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie Louise, March 17.

1811. Birth of Napoleon, King of Rome.

1812. Treaty of alliance between Austria, Russia, Prussia and Great Britain, and declaration of war against France, August 11.
Successes of the Allies at Kulm, Jauer and elsewhere.

1814. The Allies enter Paris, March 31.
Abdication of Napoleon, April 4.
Napoleon retires to Elba, April 20.
Louis XVIII. makes his public entry into Paris, May 3.
The Peace of Paris, May 30.
Congress of Vienna opened on November 3.

1815. Napoleon escapes from Elba, February 26.
"The Hundred Days," March 20–June 29.
Battle of Waterloo, June 18; final overthrow of Napoleon.

1816. Napoleon consigned to St. Helena, October 16.

1816. The "Holy Alliance" formed between Austria, Russia and Prussia.

1821. Death of Napoleon, May 5.

1830. Revolution in France.
Charles X. abdicates in favor of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux, August 2.
Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, proclaimed "King of the French," August 9.

1832. Death of the Duke of Reichstadt, July 22.

1835. Death of the Emperor Francis, March 2.
Francis II. (I. of Austria) married [1] Elizabeth of Wurtemberg, 1788; [2] Theresa of Naples, 1791; [3] Ludovica; [4] Charlotte of Bavaria, 1816. He left by his second wife, Theresa of Naples, two sons: Ferdinand, who succeeded him, and Francis Charles, whose eldest son, Francis Joseph, succeeded his uncle Ferdinand; and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Marie Louise, married Napoleon Bonaparte.

FERDINAND I. (of Austria), 1835–1848, eldest son of Francis II. and Theresa of Naples.

1848. Louis Philippe abdicates in favor of his grandson, the Count of Paris, February.
France proclaims the Republic.
Outbreak of the revolution in Vienna, March 13.
Prince Metternich resigns from office, March 17.
Publication of the first Constitution, April 25.
The Emperor and Court remove to Innspruck, May 17.
Riots in Prague, June 12–17.
Opening of the Constituent Diet in Vienna, June 26.
Return of the Emperor to Vienna, August 8.
Revolution in Hungary. Kossuth made head of the Committee of National Defence, September.
Murder of Count Latour, October 6.
Imperial family leave Vienna, October 7.
Vienna captured by the Imperial troops, October 31.

1848. The Emperor Ferdinand abdicates, December 2.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, suc. 1848, son of Archduke Francis Charles and Princess Sophie of Bavaria.

1849. Final defeat of the Hungarian revolutionists at Temesvar, August 8.

1853. Attempt to assassinate the Emperor.

1854. Marriage of the Emperor to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, April 24.

1859. Outbreak of hostilities with Sardinia, May 20.
Battle of Magenta; the Italians, under Garibaldi, defeat the Austrians, June 4.
Battle of Solferino; the Italians again defeat the Austrians, June 25.
Treaty of peace of Villafranca, July 11. Austria loses all her Italian possessions but Venice.

1860. Promulgation of the new Constitution, October 21.

1866. War with Prussia.
Battle of Custozza; the Italians defeated by the Austrians, under Archduke Albert, June 24.
Battle of Königgratz, or Sadowa; Austrians completely defeated by the Prussians, July 3.
Treaty of peace signed at Prague, August 23. Austria resigns Venice and withdraws from Italy.
Hungary granted home rule.

1867. The Emperor and Empress crowned King and Queen of Hungary at Pesth, June 8.
Execution of Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

1873. The Great Exhibition held at Vienna.

1889. Suicide of Crown Prince Rudolph at Meyerling, January 30.

1898. Assassination of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva, September 10.
Celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Emperor's accession.

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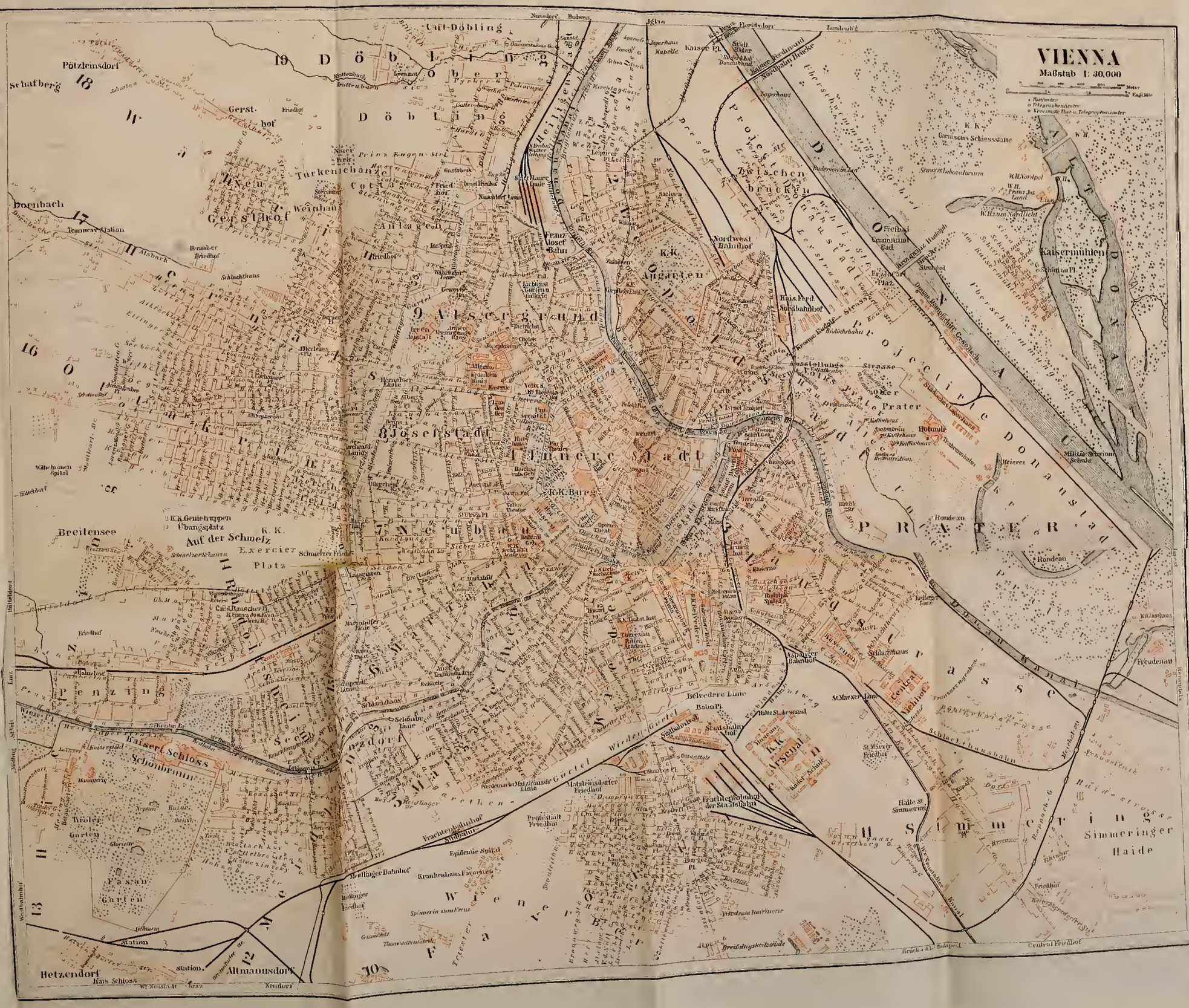
VIENNA
Maßstab 1:30,000
Unt-Döbling
Pötzleinsdorf
Schafberg
Gerst-hof
Döbling
Ober Döbling
Währing
Türkenschanze
Weinhaus
Gersthof
Hernalser Friedhof
Alserbach
Schlachthaus
Alsergrund
Franz Josef Bahn
Nordwest Bahnhof
K.K. Augarten
Kais. Ferd. Nordbahnhof
Leopoldstadt
Inneres Stadt
Josefstadt
Neubau
Mariahilf
Gumpendorf
Penzing
Breitensee
Auf der Schmelz
Exercier Platz
K.K. Genietruppen Übungsplatz
Schönbrunn
Kaiser Schloss
Hetzendorf
Kais Schloss
Altmannsdorf
Station
Favoriten
Wieden
Belvedere
Arsenal
Simmering
Simmeringer Haide
Kaiserwasser
Kaisermühlen
Prater
PRATER
Rotunde
Rondeau
Jägerhaus
Kaiser Pl.
Nordbahn Hendeke
Stadt Wien
Donaukanal
Franzensbrücke
Schwedenbrücke
Aspern Bahnhof
Central Bahnhof
Central Friedhof
Frachtenbahnhof der Staatsbahn
Matzleinsdorfer Friedhof
Prot. Friedhof
Wiener Gürtel
Ring Strasse
Lastenstrasse
Prater Strasse
Hauptallee
Lerchenfelder Strasse
Mariahilfer Strasse
Neubaugasse
Kaiserstrasse
Landstrasse Hauptstrasse
Simmeringer Hauptstrasse
Favoritenstrasse
Belvedere Linie
Franz Josef Linie
Gürtel Linie
Ring Linie
Donaukanal
Wien Fluss
Wienerberg
Spinnerin am Kreuz
Krankenhaus Favoriten
Südbahnhof
Frachtenbahnhof Südbahn
Epidemie Spital
Prot. Friedhof
Matzleinsdorfer Friedhof
Arsenal
Halle St. Arsenal
Halle St. Simmering
Schlachthaus
Viehhof
Gaswerk
Wasserwerk
Pulverthurm
Militär Schwimm Schule
Stadion
Jockey Club
Trabrennbahn
Reitschule
Kaserne
Theresianum
Akademie
Polytechnikum
Universität
Votivkirche
Rathhaus
Börse
Opernhaus
Burgtheater
Hofburg
Stephanskirche
Augustinerkirche
Minoritenkirche
Dominikanerkirche
Karlskirche
Belvedere
Schloss Belvedere
Schloss Schönbrunn
Gloriette
Tiergarten
Botanischer Garten
Palmenhaus
Orangerie
Irrgarten
Labyrinth
Gasometer
Thurm
Station
Bahnhof
Kirche
Friedhof
Schule
Kaserne
Brücke
Steg
Fähre
Wasserwerk
Gaswerk
Schlachthaus
Militär Schwimm Schule
Trabrennbahn
Reitschule
Jockey Club
Stadion
Rondeau
Rotunde
Meierei
Wirthshaus
Restauration
Kaffeehaus
Tanzsaal
Concert Saal
Volks Prater
Wurstelprater
Riesenrad
Schiffahrt Pl.
Landungsplatz
Donau Dampfschiffahrt Gesellschaft
Kaiserwasser
Kaisermühlen
Freihafen
Communal Bad
Stadtbahn
Bahnhof
Haltestelle
Tramway Station
Ober Döbling
Unter Döbling
Währing
Döbling
Alsergrund
Josefstadt
Inneres Stadt
Leopoldstadt
Neubau
Mariahilf
Gumpendorf
Penzing
Hietzing
Favoriten
Wieden
Simmering
Belvedere
Arsenal
Prater
Donaukanal
Wien Fluss
Wienerberg
Spinnerin am Kreuz
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Epidemie Spital
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Riesenrad
Schiffahrt Pl.
Landungsplatz
Donau Dampfschiffahrt Gesellschaft
Kaiserwasser
Kaisermühlen
Freihafen
Communal Bad
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Haltestelle
Tramway Station